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Sree Yôgavāsishtha

Sree Vāsishtha Mahā Rāmāyana

[True translation of the Original Sanskrit Work by
Sage Valmiki into English]

(Volume Two)



UTPATTI PRAKARANA

THE STORY OF LEELA



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P R E F A C E

This is the second volume of the monumental Yoga Vasishtha and the first volume of the third chapter, which closes with the next volume, volume three. This like the first volume is a true, but not a free translation. I have all failings, but no merits. It is for the erudite scholars and worthy readers to judge the worth of the work. I was compelled to undertake by His will single-handed. I have not given the numbers of slokas, as they were not included in the volume.

I am encouraged by the good reviews on the first volume by the "Hindu", the Mountain Path" etc. and the opinions of goodwill by various persons in the country. The reception is encouraging. I am grateful to the Director of cultural affairs the Govt. of Andhra Pradesh for the financial assistance to publish volumes one and two. By God's grace the other volumes are likely to come out in quick succession. Ours is a Coastal town in which facilities for good printing and get up are scanty. But for the cooperation of the Gayatri Press, the book would not have seen the light of day, though late. My thanks are due to the Proprietor and Foreman of the Press.

I pray to the Almighty for giving me strength and resources to see the work written and published in full in my life time. I crave the indulgence of the readers and the scholars for my lapses. I thank all my well-wishers.

As this Chapter III becomes complete with the next volume (Sargas 61 to 122) the glossary, Index etc. will be in the next volume.

—THE AUTHOR.

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Sree Yôgavāsishtha

Sree Vāsishtha Mahā Rāmāyana

VOLUME TWO

Chapter III Utpatti Prakarana

Origin or source of the creation of the world

1. The Cause of Bondage

Vasishtha said "Rama, the knower of the Self, realising the Self by means of the correct understanding of the eternal sentences of the spiritually authoritative Scriptures becomes the Self. The vast illusion that spreads over the Self vanishes just as the object of the dream-state vanishes with the awakening of the sleeper. Realising the Self means realising that every thing is the Self. One who knows this secret is the real knower of the Self. Like the serpent in the rope, the world in the Self is not true. Since there is nothing except the Self, the doubts as to who created the world, where it is etc., do not arise. This truth clarifies such doubts. I shall now tell you the real Truth in full. Hear me attentively.

The Self is as vast and as formless as the sky. See the world as only a dream. The objects of the world are like the objects of a dream. The Self is true, the world that appears in it, its objects are all false. The dream is true but the objects seen in the dream are false and have no real existence.

The non-seeing of the Self as everything but seeing only the world, the objects of the world, is called

drisya. That is the cause of bondage. If that seeing (*drisya*) vanishes, the shackles of bondage are torn asunder. I will tell you how to do it. Hear me. What is born in the world grows itself, and goes to heaven or hell. It attains salvation ultimately. The bondage exists only when there is ignorance of the true nature of Self and it ceases to exist the moment the real nature of the Self is fully known. I will now tell you the origin and source of the creation of the world and how the Self absolutely birthless and deathless begins to think of having both of them. Just as the dream vanishes in sound sleep, the world vanishes in the Self at the time of Dissolution. What remains then has no form or name or visible existence. It is neither Light nor Darkness. For the sake of understanding great men called it by the names of Truth (*Rita*) Self (*Atma*) the Supreme Spirit (*Parabrahma*). Though it is the Eternal Self, it becomes by its own illusion *Jiva*; the individual soul. It later turns out to be the mind having thought and non-thought. It later takes the form of *Prana* and the five elements. Forgetting its eternal state, the Supreme Being appears as the mind having the qualities of thought and non-thought.

Then it possesses the idea of the world with the five elements. The ring or the golden jewel is not different from the gold. In the same way, the world or the objects of the world are not different from the Self. The waves of water in the mirages are false but appear to be real. Likewise, the world, a magic show, is really false but by the power of the mind, appears to be real. Therefore, the wise knowers of the Self named the world as *avidya* (ruined by *vidya* knowledge) *samsruti* (that which takes to heaven and earth) *bandha* (bondage; that curtails the freedom of the Self) *maya*

(false) *moha* (that which causes illusion) *mahat* (that which is very difficult to cross) and *tamah* (that which covers the reality).

I shall first tell you the nature of bondage and then the way by which one can be free from it. The relationship of the reflection of the image of Light and Life of the Seer and the objects seen is called bondage. The Seer is bound by the idea of seeing. If seeing disappears the seer becomes liberated. The illusion of 'you' and 'I' in the world is called seeing (*drisya*). Unless and until it vanishes, there is no liberation or salvation. The words of proximity like "This is not" "This is all false" can not cure the disease of seeing (*drisya*) on the other hand it increases. Mere logic, long pilgrimages, and giving alms can not wipe out the apparent reality of the world. If the world really exists, it never ceases to be, the reason being that reality will never cease and the unreal will never exist. Unless and until the Self does not see Self alone but sees objects (*drisya*) it is bound. All the *drisya* is unreal. The realization of this is possible by penance, meditation etc. When one realizes this he will never find even the trace of *drisya*. As long as one sees the world, even if he hides himself in the atom, he is fettered. Wherever the mirror is placed, either in a narrow place or a wide place, surely it possesses the reflection of the mountains, waters, soil and the streams. As long as the reflection of the objects of the world are seen in the Self-mirror, the *Jiva* possesses ever and anon the ever changing sorrows of old age, death, difficulties, three states of waking, sleeping and dreaming. Even at the time of meditation, the idea that one has ceased to see *drisya* will cause *drisya* later on without fail by its remembrance. When one wakes up from sleep, he will

remember all previous happenings. In the same way, one who is in deep meditation forgetting the *drisya*, the moment he comes out of meditation he remembers the world in all aspects. It is humanly impossible to keep up meditation forever. As long as the mind exists *drisya* remains. None can remain stonelike forever. Even if one remains stonelike forever, he can not attain salvation, the state of peace, knowledge and joy.

Therefore if *drisya* is real it will never cease. Those who think that they can conquer *drisya* by means of penance, meditation etc. are fools. Just as the seed of the lotus possesses the lotus plant that will be born in future, *drisya* will always remain in the *drashta* in miniature. Just as the juice in the nuts, the oil in the sesame seeds, the smell in flowers lie hidden, *drisya* lies hidden in *drashta* himself. Wherever you place the Camphor etc. they will be emitting the smell. In the same way, wherever there is the idea of the *Jiva*, there you find *drisya* without fail. Just as you realise by experience that the objects of the dream, the things of your imagination and the kingdom of your fancy are already in your mind, please realise that the *drisya* and all the objects you see, are in your own mind. The ignorant boy by imagining the presence of a ghost near him is put to death by it. Likewise, the ghost of *drisya* kills the *drashta*. The plant in the seed becomes a tree at the appropriate time of the season and the soil. In the same way, the idea of *drisya* dormant in the mind grows up and appears to be full at the time of suitable place and atmosphere. The seed always is endowed with the tremendous power of sending out the plant, which becomes a tree in course of time. Sometimes the power appears to be absent and sometimes given up. Thus in the mind of the *jiva*, the world always exists.

Some times it appears to be absent and sometimes suppressed as per the circumstances around.

2. The Discription of the First Creator of the world.

I will now tell you the story of the first creator of the world. It will be a feast to your ears. He is the son of *Ākasa*, the *Brahman*. He is hence called as *Akasaja*. The story gives the essence of the chapter.

Once there lived a *brahmin* named *Aakaasaja*. He was the greatest upholder of *Dharma*, lover of meditation and was always interested in the welfare of all. He was living from times immemorial. Once Death thought "I am death, the only deathless in the world. I can devour any body. But, I am not able to devour *Aakasaja*. Just as the thin-edged sword can not cut asunder the hardest stone, I am unable to kill this fellow. Why so?" Thinking so, Death went to the city of *Aakasaja*. It is quite natural for men of effort not to give up effort till they succeed in their task. Death reached the house of *Aakasaja*, who was surrounded by great flames of terrific fire. Somehow Death wanted to catch hold of him with his thousand hands but could not. Can any one catch hold of a man in imagination? In spite of his best efforts using his utmost strength, Death failed, failed miserably. He went to *Yama*, who can clarify any doubt and asked "Sir, How is it that I could not kill *Akasaja* in spite of my best efforts?" *Yama* said "Oh Death, You can not kill with your might only. The previous actions of *Jivas* are responsible for their death, not your might alone. If you want to kill him, first search for his previous actions, if any, by which he is liable to die."

Then Death went round the world, searched the four quarters, saw the rivers, mountains, forests, lakes,

islands, towns, villages etc. Nowhere could Death find out any previous actions of *Akasaja*, just as none can find out anywhere the son of a barren lady or a mountain in the imagination of someone else. Death came back to *Yama* again as he is the knower of every thing and as the doubts of the subordinates will be cleared only by the lords. Death asked "Where can I find the previous actions of *Akasaja*, Sir!" *Yama* replied "Oh Death; *Akasaja* has no previous actions. He was born from *Akasa* (sky) only. As the sky is all pure, *Akasaja* also is all pure. He possesses no previous actions that will aid you to kill him. He is not related to any previous acts. How can one have relationship with the son of a barren lady or a thing having no shape or existence? The sky is the cause for him and nothing else. So he is the sky himself. As such he has no actions as the sky has no tree. He has a sound mind and has no actions. He is eternal. He has no other cause. His form is the sky. Due to ignorance we see in him body and limbs. He has no idea of action of the past or the future. The picture carved on the pillar is not different from the pillar but it appears to be so. Likewise, the world is not different from the Self but appears to be so. This brahmin is not different from the sky. Like liquidity in water, movement in the wind and the vacuum in the sky the brahmin is in Self. He has no actions of any kind. Hence he is not bound. Having no other reason than himself, he is called *Svayambhu*, self-born. When the Jiva thinks that he is the body made up of the five elements, you can catch him and kill him. He has absolutely no relationship with the five elements like the earth etc. Hence he has no form. You can not catch him, just as even a strong rope can not tie up the sky.

Then Death asked *Yama* "Sir, the sky is a vacuum. How is this brahmin born from the sky? What is the reason for the existence of the earth etc. sometimes and their non-existence some times?"

Yama replied "Oh Death, this brahmin was never born. He has no birth at all. He is eternal. He is the personification of *vijnana*, knowledge. At the time of Dissolution, nothing remains. The Brahman or the Self which is One, Calm, Eternal, Vacuum, Lustre, Endless, Formless and Ageless only remains. This is the brahmin's real form. Next, before the Parabrahma at the time of creation, there stands the effulgent gigantic form of the *Viratpurusha* to some extent as if saying "I am the body." Then this false and illusory form of the Brahman is found by people like us. This brahmin is that *Viratpurusha*. At the time of creation He appears as *Paramakasa Chidanandarupa*. He has no body, no action, no idea of the subject, no *vasanas*. He is the form of knowledge the Only One and the Form of the Pure Sky. As lustre personified, he is the sky personified. He has no other form. You can not catch him. Don't waste your time and energy. None can catch hold of the sky."

Hearing these words of enlightenment, Death went away.

Sree Rama then asked *Vasishtha* "Please tell whether the brahmin you told me of is Lord *Brahma*, the Self-born, the Un-born, the One and the personification of knowledge." *Vasishtha* said "*Rama*, Yes. I told you of him. Death wanted to devour him and talked to *Yama* as at the end of the creation it is Death that devours all. People generally find interest in the actions they do regularly. Death the natural devourer of all

desired to devour even *Brahma*. *Brahma's* body is the sky. So Death could not catch him. He is *manomatra*, only the mind *samkalpamatra*, only imagination. He is not bound by reason; he is birthless. Just as the imaginary or fanciful man appears in the mind, the self-born *Brahma* appears resplendent with ornaments bedecked with gems, rubies etc. having nothing to do with the elements like the earth etc. In the pure blue sky which is not connected with the earth etc. there appear garlands of corals due to illusion. In dreams and in imagination we see the towns and cities. In the same way, we see the body of *Brahma*, who is self-born. He is the great *Brahmin*. He is neither the seer nor seeing; *drashta*, *drisya*. He shines as self-born. To imagine or to fancy is the nature of the mind. This mind is *Brahman*. In the mind of the painter, there exists the outline first. Thus *Brahma* is first born as the mind and shines. This *Brahma* is nothing but the *Chidakasa*, having neither the beginning, the middle nor the end. He is the only One. Though he is self-born, by his mind he shines like a formless man. But really he has no body just as the son of a barren lady has no body.

3. The main reasons for bondage.

Sree Rama asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, You said that the mind is pure and has nothing to do with the elements like the earth etc. You also said that this mind is the *Brahman*. For the bodies of you, me and others the previous actions are responsible. Then *Brahma* also must have his previous actions or their remembrance as cause for his birth. What wrong is there to suppose so?"

Sage Vasishtha replied "*Rama*, the previous actions, will be the reason for their next birth. *Brahma*

Utpatti Prakarana

has none of them, he has no remembrance of the past actions. Hence, he is said to be self-born. The mind which is the form of the Self is the cause for his body; it may be said. He is not different from the Eternal One. He is thus called the *Swayambhu*. His body is *aativahika*, the smallest body which goes through the Sun or the Moon to different ethereal worlds. He is birthless; he does not possess the physical body.

Rama asked "Sir, all the beings have both the *aativahika* as well as *aadhibhoutika* bodies. How is it that *Brahma* possesses only one?" *Vasishtha* replied "*Rama*, all the *jivas* have both the bodies as they have the cause of the five elements, which *Brahma* does not possess. He is the cause for all beings and he has no cause at all for his body. Therefore he has only one body, even that is born from his will, *samkalpa*. He has the sky as his body and created the beings, who are all the possessors of the sky-bodies. The thing which is born without the aid of another reason, is not different from the thing from which it is born. *Jiva* who is originally the personification of all knowledge becomes the mind by illusion, really he is the personification of the form of *Chidakasa*. He will never change as a physical man. He is the first cause for the birth of all *jivas*. From the movement of his body, *ahamkar*, egoism is born. Just as the wind will have movement, his body moved; people like him were born. They are all *Brahman*, but they appear to be *jadas*, lifeless. The *jiva* thinks that it is true, what is untrue may appear as true. Copulation with the lady in a dream is untrue but it appears to be true. Thus, the Self-born is shapeless, devoid of elements and is devoid of the body but he shines as one who has a body. The birth of this self-born is an illusion; he has no birth. We in our ignorance

think that he is born. He appears to be so. He is the main cause for the *jivas* of the worlds. As per the previous actions of the *jivas*, whatever shape their thought takes, in that form he appears. As per the line of your thought, the object say a mountain, takes its shape. Forgetting the truth, the *jivas*, who are really formless, shine as human beings, shine as ghosts; with their physical bodies. The main cause for the birth of the worlds with illusion is the Pure Self, devoid of ignorance. It will not forego the *aativahika* body. First the ghosts of the physical bodies are not born. Hence they will not trouble as they are false like mirages. Brahma is only the mind; not the physical bodied. So the whole world is mental, it has nothing to do with the physical. The effect is not different from the cause. The birthless Brahma has no co-causes, as such the world which is born from Brahma also has no-causes. There is no difference in the cause and the effect. Thus the three worlds are not at all different from the *Brahman* or Self. Lord Brahma created the three worlds from his mind. Just as liquidity is not different from water, this world is not different from the Pure Self. It is the mind that creates this vast world like the imaginary town, or the city of the *Gandharvas*, which is all false. Just as there is no serpent in the rope, there is no *bhutattwa*, possessing the elements to this world. Brahma and others are the highest realisers of Self. They can not have the elements in them. The knowers of the Self do not possess the *aativahika* bodies how can they then possess the *aadhibhoutika* bodies? The world is the mental fancy of the man called mind, but fools take it as real. The mind is the body of the creator. It is imaginary. It is it that creates the worlds. Brahma is the form of the mind, which is the body of him. There are no elements in this body. It is the mind

that creates the elements like the earth etc. Just as the seed of the lotus possesses the lotuses, the mind possesses all the objects seen in the world, the *drisya*. The mind is not different from the *drisyas*. The fancies and imaginations are in the mind, thus the *drisya* is in the mind. The imaginary ghost kills the boy; thus the imaginary *drisya* kills the people. The sprout in the seed comes out and grows up at the appropriate time and place. So also the *drisya* which is in the mind of the *drashta* comes out and spreads at the suitable time and place. If the *drisya* spreads, there can never be the cessation of sorrows. If the *drisya* does not disappear the *drashta* can never attain salvation. If there is no *drishya*, the *drashta* can never have the idea of the seer. Therefore, the destruction or effacement of the idea of the *drisya* and *drashta* is called salvation or *moksha* by the wise."

4. The creation of the objects; Arthakalpana

While *Vasishtha* was teaching *Rama* the eternal truth, in the best way humanly possible, all the people there with rapt attention were curious to hear what he was saying. All were quite silent and were single-minded. The small bells were silent. The parrots and other birds in the beautiful cages observed pin-drop silence. The women-folk forgetting their love-sports were very attentive to hear the great sage. All who were sitting there were as if statues or painted pictures. It was evening. The Sun-shine became thin. Along with the rays of the Sun, the activities of the people became thin. The wind-children came silently bringing along with them the fine fragrance of the fully-blossomed flowers. They appeared as though they came to hear the words of the sage silently and sincerely. The Sun-God after hearing the words of the sage appeared as though he was going to a remote corner to ponder over

the meaning of the great words of wisdom, in the western region, as he stopped his great journey. Like the only single peace of mind, the result of hearing the great words of knowledge, the single sprinkling snowfall occupied the wood-lands. As almost all people finishing their daily duties gathered there to hear the great saint, there was no traffic on the roads in the town. Then the shadows of human beings as well as all objects became longer. It appeared as though the shadows became personified and came there with uplifted necks to hear the glorious words of the great sage. Then the gate-keeper came and informed the king that it was time to perform the day-break duties. Hearing the words, the sage said "thus far, you heard to-day. The next you will hear to-morrow."

Then *Dasaratha* for his welfare and the welfare of all people worshipped the gods, the saints, and the *brahmins* with fruits, flowers, gifts and alms etc. Then the saints, kings and others stood up. Their faces shone with lustre, their chests with garlands of gems most beautifully, and their ornaments with light and delight and the wasps coming out from the flowers of garlands worn around the heads began to sing songs of joy. The lustre of the gold ornaments worn by the kings made the quarters bright. The great sky-roamers and the earth-roamers and the roamers in the wind grasping the glorious message of the sage went to their respective places. Then the dark coloured damsel of night appeared, like a lady coming out of the crowds of people. The Sun-God has gone to illumine another hemisphere. It is the natural quality of great men to give light and life to all. It is their everkeeping vow. Then the Goddess of *Dawn* appeared with innumerable stars resembling the Goddess of the *Kimsukavana*, of

blood-like red flowers. Just as good qualities gather round pure hearts, good birds gathered round the big trees, great temple-towers and the nests in the houses. The western mountain-God wore the clouds-cut-pieced dress, red with the rays of the Sun and the garland of stars and appeared like Lord *Vishnu*. The Goddess of *Dawn* made her exist after being worshipped by all. Then darkness spread like ghosts. The fine breeze with the fragrance of the fully blossomed lilies and the smallest dew-drops began to move the new sprouts. No stars were yet visible. The four quarters appeared like four windows, becoming blind with sorrow and spreading the black and long hair around, with thick darkness. Then the Moon full of nectar-like moon-shine, as if to fill the world with the ocean of milk appeared on the firmament. The darkness disappeared like the ignorance of the people after hearing the great teachings of *Vasishtha*. The saints, kings, queens and the people got peace of mind and rest by the sage words of *Vasishtha* and took rest in their respective places.

The night as black as the body of *Yama* and as fierce as he disappeared. The Goddess of *Dawn* with the sprinkles of snow-fall slowly appeared. Like fallen leaves due to the morning winds, the stars disappeared from the sky. Slowly opening the eyes of the sleeping men and women, like discrimination just entering the mind of a virtuous man, the Sun rose. Then the eastern horizon full with particles of clouds becoming red by the rays of the Sun resembling the colour of *kumkum*, resembled lord *Vishnu* wearing the yellow silken cloth-like clouds and the bright star-like garland of gems, in the sky.

All the sky-roamers and the earth-roamers finishing their morning duties reassembled in the great hall

of *Dasaratha's* court. The assembly shone with delight like a vast garland of flowers fully blossomed. Then *Rama* asked with all humility to tell him as to by whom the world shines and also to let him know the form of the mind.

Sri Vasishtha replied "*Rama*, the sky which is a vacuum, has no other form; in the same way, the mind which is also a vacuum has no other form inside or outside of it. In spite of it, it is everywhere, like the sky. Like water in the mirage, from this mind the world is born. As such, the imagination of its form is false like the appearance of the second moon. It is an illusion. The form of the mind is that which shines in the shape of true and false objects. It has not other shape or form, except this. The formless *chit* shines as objects and that is called the mind. Except this it has no other form. The mind is nothing but wishing, *samkalpa*. The water is not different from liquidity; the wind is not different from movement. Thus the mind is not different from *samkalpa*, wishing. Often, wherever there is will or thought there is the mind. Both are not different. None experienced the difference of both anywhere. *Padarthapratibhasanam*, appearance of the objects is the mind, whether they are real or false. The mind is *Brahma*, *Pitamaha*. *Brahma* who is in the form of *aativahikadeha* is mind. He is creating *Buddhi*, the *aadhibhoutika*. The wise know that the world that appears to the eye is the mind, ignorance, the creation, bondage, *mala* and *tamah* (*Avidya*, *samsruti*, *chitta*, *manah*, *malah*, and *tamas*). The mind has no other form except the external world; Really the external world also has no real birth. I tell you again. Just as the lotus plant is in the lotus seed in the miniature form, the world is in the atom called *chit*. Light in the

light-giving objects, movement in the wind, liquidity in water exist. In the same way in *drashta*, there is the *drisya* implied. The ornament in gold, water in mirage, the walls in the town of the dream are false. In the same way the idea of seeing in the seer also is false. All the *drisyas* are in the *drashta* himself, you will soon realise. I shall wipe off the dirt in your mind's mirror. Due to this dirt or dust, you see the *drisya*. If the dirt or dust is removed, you will be pure like the mirror. If there is no wind, the trees and creepers will not move. If the mind becomes one with the Self, the vasillation of the mind also stops. Attachment and hatred will vanish. So also the subtle desires or *vasanas*. By the knowledge of *chit*, the quarters, earth, the sky etc shine. This shining is the shining of the Self. If you realise that *drisyas* like "I" "You" "The Worlds" are nothing but false, the *drashta* (yourself) devoid of the dust or dirt attains emancipation. If the shadows of mountains and other outside things will not fall on the mirror, the mirror remains pure. In the same way, if you do not feel "I" "you" etc. you have no *drisya* and you will be the only ONE Supreme.

Sri Rama then asked "*Sir*, the *Sat* has no destruction. The *asat* has no existence. I am unable to realise that the constant *drisya* which appears as true with innumerable drawbacks is *asat*, false. Kindly enlighten me how this sorrowful disease of *drisya* will disappear."

Sri Vasishtha replied "*Rama*, I will give you the spell by which *drisya* will disappear. Please hear carefully. The bodies etc which are full of *chaitanya* are disappearing. Then is there any doubt as regards the transiency of the inanimate objects? The real will never be destroyed. At the time of sleep the real will

submerge itself in *buddhi* and at the time of *pralaya* in *prakriti*. At the end of sleep and at the end of *pralaya* it will appear again in the form of *drisya* like the mountains etc. It does not mean that there is no emancipation; there is the standing example of the saints; gods and men of knowledge who attained *jivanmukti*. The *drisya* outside will not harm, but it should not be inside. If it is there no salvation is possible. The elements like the sky etc., that appear before you outwardly and egoism like *aham* inwardly are said to constitute the world generally. But in reality they are the *Brahman*, *ajara* and *amara* changeless and deathless. There is nothing like the world but every thing is *Brahman*. There is nothing else than that. In the personification of fulness, it shines as Fulness; in the personification of Peace, it shines as Peace; in the sky it shines as the Sky; in the *Brahman* it is the *Brahman*. In reality there are no three things as seer, seeing and the seen. They are neither vacuum nor inanimate; they are merely objects full of Peace.

Then *Sri Rama* asked sage *Vasishtha* thus "Sir, the son of a barren lady is grinding the mountain to dust; the hare's horn is singing melodiously; the stone stretching forward its hands is gladly dancing; the sand is emitting oil; the daughter of a stone is reading and the clouds in the picture are roaring. Your saying that the world does not exist is such a saying. Having birth, old age and death, full of mountains and forests if the world does not exist, what is it that I see around me? The world did not exist before; it does not exist now; it will not exist hereafter, what does it mean? Please tell me."

Vasishtha replied "*Rama*, my word is not inconsistent. I will explain presently. Really the world is

false like the son of a barren lady. I see it you said. It is not correct. It is the mind's fancy like the house etc in the dream. The mind also is not born. It has no body. Just as the dream leads to another dream i.e. the dream within a dream, though the mind is not true, by its wish, it creates its body and from it it spreads the world as if in magic. The mind only having the power to move appears, turns round, goes up to heaven and down to hell and other regions and comes back. It begs. It is enticing itself in family life. It kills. It goes down and soars to higher regions. It gets its emancipation. Every thing is the work of the mind. There is no world but the mind."

5. The root Cause of Devaswaroopa

Sri Rama asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, you said that the mind also is false. Wherefrom did the cunning mind emerge? Kindly enlighten me over this point."

Sage *Vasishtha* said "*Rama*, at the time of the great Dissolution the whole creation, the seen world; disappears. Then, the Peaceful *Brahman* alone remains. It has neither birth, lustre nor dissolution. This is the original form of every thing. It is the Almighty, the Supreme Soul, Maheswara. It is beyond words and beyond understanding. Only the realized souls can understand. The names *Atma*, the *Brahman* etc., are created in this. They are not natural. The *Sankhyas* call it *Purusha*; the *Vedantins* the *Brahman*; the *Vijnanavadins* call it *Vijnana*; the *Sunyavadins* call it *Sunya*, vacuum. It makes the light-giving Sun etc. shine bright. It appears as *Vakta*, the speaker, *manta* the thinker, *ritam*, truth, *bhokta*, the enjoyer, *drashta*, the seer, *karta*, the doer. Though this is *sat*, it appears as *asat* though it is in the body, it appears as though it is far

away. Like the Sun, it is ever effulgent. It is *chit*. Just as innumerable rays come out of the Sun-God, from the *Brahman* come out the creator, *Brahma*, the sustainer, *Vishnu* the destroyer, *Siva*, the *devas*, the gods etc. Just as bubbles are born from the sea-water, worlds come out of the *Brahman*. As the rivers flow towards the ocean, all the *drisyas* go towards it. Like light, it shines itself and makes other objects shine. It is prevalent in the sky, in our bodies, in stones, mountains, in the wind, in the other worlds and everywhere. It makes the senses of action (*karmendriyas*) and the senses of knowledge (*jnanendriyas*) do their respective duties. Due to it, the idiots are becoming dumb; it makes the stones immovable. It makes the sky a vacuum, the mountains hard and the waters liquid. The Sun sheds lustre due to its command. Just as the thickest cloud showers forth incessant rain, from this Supreme Self the continuous and constant rain of *samsara* continues unabated. Like waves in the waters of the mirage, the waves of the three worlds will be coming out of it. Being prevalent in the hearts of all beings and objects, being eternal it appears to be transient. In spite of its being the highest, it appears as equal in all. Like a gust of wind, it shakes the creeper of *Prakrit* with the leaves of senses, the fruits of the worlds and the mother root *chit*, and makes it dance with joy and sorrow. It is this *Brahman* that kept in the boxes of bodies, the mind which is full with *chit*. Just as the cool rays come out of the *Moon-God*, innumerable rays of the series of worlds come out and go down from it. In the sky of the *Brahman*, the lightnings of creations shine very brightly; From it innumerable beings like showers of rain come out as a flow of nectar. It is this that creates the false objects. It is this that makes the beings and objects shine resplendent. By its very presence, the

inanimate objects move and shine. It is this that makes the animate objects invigorated. It makes the bodies move. By its power, the highest and the superlative, time and place, movement and other activities occur. This *Brahman*, the highest thinks of the different objects and takes their shapes and forms. Having created the vastest worlds, it appears as though it knows nothing. It is changeless and indomitable. It has no rise or set; it has no existence or non-existence. It stands as *nirvikara* as the only One. Except this there was nothing else then.

6. The exhortation for effort to the seeker of self-realisation

This *Brahman* is the highest *God* of all *Gods*. To be one with him is possible only by knowledge, the realisation of the Self not by any other means, much less the method of action, which leads to sorrow after sorrow. The illusion of *samsara* is like the illusion of water in the mirages. This illusion will be dispelled only by the knowledge of the Self. But for that and that alone, the illusion will not vanish. This *Brahman* is neither far off nor very near; neither easy of access nor difficult. This *Brahman* can easily be visualised in one's own body, as the form of light and lustre. Penance, charity, vows etc. can not give the knowledge of Self, which always is nothing but resting in one's own Self. The association with the saintly, the following of the spiritual scriptures in practice naturally confer on one the spontaneous knowledge of the Self. If one attains the knowledge that he is the Supreme Self, the God of all Gods, he will have no sorrows to experience. He is called the *Jivanmukta*, one who attains salvation while he is still alive."

Sri Rama asked sage *Vasishtha* "Sir, I learn from you that by knowing the Self, the God of all Gods, the diseases of birth and death will vanish. Will you kindly tell me by what severe penance or actions can I attain the permanent, sure knowledge of the Self quickly?"

Sage *Vasishtha* replied "*Rama*, One by sincere attempt acquires discrimination. With the help of it, he can realise the Self but not by penance, sacred bath in holy rivers etc. The conquest of desire, anger, pride, lust, jealousy etc. is very important but not penance, charity, sacred bath etc. They are only givers of exertion and sorrow. They do not lead one to salvation. Falling a prey to attachment and anger the money earned by fraud and foul means is given in charity, one will not gain anything. Good results if any will go to the original owner of the money. Falling a prey to attachment and anger, one who performs actions or observes vows, gains nothing. Therefore by constant effort get at the association of the saintly and the understanding of the spiritual holy scriptures, which are the patent and famous medicines for the disease of *samsara*. The real seeker of Truth must conquer attachment and anger to get rid of all sorrows. For any, self-effort is the best way to attain salvation, which is possible only when the diseases of attachment and anger are cured.

First the earnest seeker after Truth must mould his behaviour in such a way that it is not at all against any of the injunctions of the Scriptures or the etiquette of the world. He must remain always contented, leaving aside once for all the desires for worldly enjoyments. One must as far as possible without any emotion or undue eagerness strive for the association of the saintly and the correct understanding of the Scriptures. Being pleased with what little he gets naturally, giving

up the prohibited actions, if one gains the association of the saintly and the understanding of the Scriptures, he attains salvation quickly. The wise one, who by discrimination realises the Self and attains glory, will be the object of the mercy and kindness of *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, *Maheswara*, *Indra* and other Gods. That wise man, who is eulogised by many wise men as a saintly man, is the man who attains the knowledge of the Self, he is the man of renunciation. Such one must be pursued relentlessly at any cost and worshipped with all respect.

Of all kinds of learning, the learning of the knowledge of the Self is the highest. The Scripture that gives that knowledge is the greatest. A clear and clever understanding of that Scripture leads to salvation quickly.

Just as the paste of the *kataka* seed destroys the dirt in water and makes it pure, the knowledge of the Self destroys the filth in the mind and makes it pure. The great renunciation attained by the association with the saintly and the understanding of the Scripture destroys ignorance completely and leads one to quick salvation.

7. The utter falseness of *Drishya* emphasized

Sri Rama asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, You speak of the *Brahman*. You say that knowing him is salvation. Where is the *Brahman*? How to know him? Please tell me plainly."

Vasishtha said "*Rama*, the *Brahman* is not far away from you. He is in all the bodies known as *Chinmatra*, the only ONE living-force. He is the world. Nay. There is only ONE, the *Brahman*. There are no two things, the *Brahman* and the world. *Siva* is that

ONE *Brahman*; the Sun is that ONE *Brahman*. So also *Brahma*."

Rama exclaimed "Sir, if the world is only the *Chinmatra*, every one is sure to know it. Where is the need for other's exhortation or teaching? then."

Vasishtha said "*Rama*, as long as you think that the world is *Chinmatra*, so long you will not be able to understand the method of destroying the *samsara*. *Samsara* means the sum total of those cattle-like people who believe that essenceless *samsara* as having essence. It results in the fruits of birth and death etc. Forgetting the fact that he is the eternal *Brahman* and thinking that he is the body and the *jiva* due to ignorance, he is undergoing unnecessary hardships. The *Brahman* is complete in itself and ever effulgent. If this is realised, the activities of the mind refuse to go outside but go inside, where the complete *Brahman* shines resplendent. This is called the realisation of the Self. Those who are blessed with this realisation have no sorrows or troubles. The innumerable doubts from their minds will vanish forever and their past actions destroyed. By temporary control of mind, *drisya* will not be destroyed. *Drisya* is the result of false illusion. Unless this point is correctly realised, *drisya* will not disappear. The firm establishment of the utter falseness of *drisya* is the right royal road to salvation. Control of *drisya* by *Yoga* is of no avail."

Rama asked "Sir, by thinking whom as *jiva*, the *samsara* will never vanish, who is the form of the sky, by not knowing whom people are called cattle, where is he and how is he living? What is the nature of him who is well-known to the wise men having the association of the saintly and the understanding of the Scriptures? Pray enlighten me."

Vasishtha said "*Rama*, those who treat as *Paramatma*, the person who wanders in the forest of births and deaths are called idiots though they are scholars. Why because the illusion of *jiva* is the root cause for *samsara* and the consequent sorrows. Mere knowing is useless. The idea of *jiva* should be given up once for all and that he is the *Brahman*, the *Paramatma* must be realised. Then all sorrows will vanish just as the evil effect of poison will vanish with the vanishing of the deadly disease."

Then *Rama* requested the sage to describe the form of that *Paramatma* as it is, by hearing which all the illusions will vanish. *Vasishtha* said "*Rama*, the original-form of the knowledge of which will go to very distant places within the twinkling of the eye is the real form of *Paramatma*. In the vast ocean of the great knowledge of which the ever false world floats is the real form of *Paramatma*. That form of the knowledge in which the triple ideas of *drashta*; *drisya* and *darsana* appear to exist though really not existing, is the real form of *Paramatma*. That which is not the sky but is compared to the sky is the form of *Paramatma*. Though the world is false, that in which it appears to be true, is the real form of *Paramatma*. The stream of creation, which has no beginning at all, appears in which as false and shines likewise, is the real form of *Paramatma*. That which is really *chinmatra*, but appears as a big stone motionless, is the real form of *Paramatma*. That which appears really a *jada* but not at all so, is the real form of *Paramatma*. That which mingling with the internal and external things, becomes fit for day-to-day worldly affairs is the real form of *Paramatma*. Just as light is the form of the light-giving objects, vacuum is the form of the sky, that in which it prevails is the real form of *Paramatma*."

Rama enquired as to how he could definitely know that *Paramatma* alone is *sat* and the seen worlds are *asat*. *Vasishtha* clarified thus "Rama, Just as in the formless and colourless sky, blue, black and other colours appear, in the *chinmatra Brahman* the illusory worlds appear. This knowledge leads to the knowledge of the real form of *Brahman*. There is no other go to know the real form of *Brahman* than by definitely knowing the utter falseness of the *drisya*. At the time of *Pralaya*, Dissolution, all the *drisya*s disappear. The *Paramatma* alone will remain. He is the personification of knowledge. From him all come out. In the absence of *drisya*, there will be no reflection of the *Brahman*. There can not be a mirror without reflection. If the utter unreality of the *drisya* is not well understood, none can understand the *Brahman*. No body ever did realise it."

Rama queried the sage "Sir, what is the unreality of the seen world? How is it unreal? In the small *Brahman*, how is the world hidden? Is it possible for the Meru Mountain to be in a mustard seed?" *Vasishtha* replied "Rama, for some time, have the association of the saintly and understand the Scriptures. I shall drive away the illusion of *drisya* rampant in your mind, like the illusion of water in the mirage. If the *drishya* disappears, *drashta* and *darsana* do the same at once. Then the *Brahman* alone remains. If there is *drisya*, there will be a *drashta*. If there is *drashta*, *drisya* exists. If there is two, there will be one, if there is one, the second also appears. In the world if there is no 'one' there can not be 'two'. If the ideas of one, two, the seen and the seer disappear the One Self remains, the only one, Eternal. I will see that you fully realise that the world is untrue; I will wipe off the dirt of your mind's

mirror, the dirt of egoism and the *drisya*s. The untrue can never be true. The true can never be destroyed. The really untrue will vanish itself. It is not difficult to do away with the truly untrue, The wide wide world which we see around us is never created. The pure and true *chaitanya*, the Self which has no birth, growth or death is mistaken as the world, the true nature of which is the *Brahman*, the Self. Only gold is real, the ornaments are not, they are but the gold. The world is unreal, the *Brahman* is real. It is not existent; it is neither created nor is. Therefore wipe out the idea of the world from your mind. It is not difficult to do so. To show you the real pature of the *Brahman* clearly, I will describe it elaborately with innumerable arguments. Just as a lake in the sandy desert, and the second moon in the only one moon is impossible, the world in the *Brahman* is unreal. How can the unborn, non-existent world continue? There can not be a son to the barren lady; there can not be water in sandy deserts; there can not be a tree in the sky; the world can not exist in the *Brahman*, its existence is a delusion. What you see is nothing but the *Brahman*. I shall explain to you this later, with many arguments.

It is highly unwise to look down upon the teachings of the wise full of subtle arguments. Rejecting them and following the words of the unwise is foolish indeed. Such one is called a big fool by the really wise."

8. The True Scripture

Rama asked *Vasishtha* to tell him about the true nature of the knowledge of the *Brahman* and the arguments that aid to realise it as he wants nothing else."

Vasishtha replied "Rama, every one is greatly affected by the disease called the false knowledge or the

Self-knowledge, and who though awake lives unattached like one asleep, unchanged. He is called a *Jivanmukta*, whose face does not show a blossom at the time of joys and not become small at the time of sorrow, always is above both good and bad and remains calm and who is fully contented with what he possesses. He is called a *Jivanmukta*, who though awake is like one who is asleep by being immersed in the knowledge of the Self which is changeless; who though asleep is ever awake in the Self as his ignorance is completely destroyed; who has no *vasanas* by knowledge pure. He is called a *Jivanmukta* who behaves outwardly as if he has fear, anger, attachment etc., but inwardly shines as pure as the sky. He is called a *Jivanmukta*, who does not do anything with *aham*, 'I' 'Me' etc., whose mind remains unaffected whether acting or non-acting. He is called a *Jivanmukta*, whose *Chidatma* creates and dissolves worlds within the twinkling of an eye and who sees the three worlds as he himself. He is called a *Jivanmukta*, who does not terrorise the world or is not terrorised by the world and who is beyond *harsha*, joy *amarsha*, anger and *bhaya*, fear. He is called a *Jivanmukta*, whose interest in *samsara* is completely subsided, who though possesses the body is really bodyless and though has mind, he has not as it is destroyed in knowledge. He is called a *Jivanmukta*, who is though engaged in all day-to-day affairs, but is not affected by any and who sees all things as Self. Such a *Jivanmukta* after leaving aside the body here becomes a *Videhamukta*, who is never born again like the wind which does not move, is never dead, and no question of his being restive or restless. He is neither far nor near; he has no difference between him and others, because he is all. Becoming the Sun, he gives light; becoming *Brahma* he creates worlds; becoming *Vishnu* he protects the worlds;

becoming Rudra he destroys; becoming the sky he becomes the source of the wind; becoming the Meru Mountain he becomes the dwelling place of the *Rishis*, gods and the rulers of the quarters; becoming earth he bears the entire creation; he becomes the grass, the shrubs, the creepers and gives fruits; becoming water he bears liquidity; becoming fire he bears the power to burn; becoming the moon, he gives coolness and nectar; he becomes the deadliest poison (*halahala*) and kills; he takes the forms of the quarters and spreads darkness as well as light; becoming vacuum he occupies the sky; becoming the mountains he occupies the ground-space; becoming the full-fledged power, he creates the animate and the inanimate; becoming the ocean he serves as the round belt-ornament to the lady, land; wearing the form of the highest *Sun* lightens every nook and corner of innumerable worlds and cools down and remains calm in all the smallest atoms even; he is the shining, the shone and the would be shining; he is the seen, the unseen and the seeing."

Rama then asked "Sir, is it not impossible to attain *Videhamukti*? The mind is always fickle and is incapable of attaining it. There is no go to that state of blessedness, I believe."

Vasishtha said "Rama, every thing, *Mukti*, *Jivanmukti*, *Videhamukti* all is *Brahman*. The only way of attaining it is the firm knowledge that all the seen world, appearing with the mind of egoism is completely false like the son of a barren lady."

Rama said "Sir, you told me that the wise who attained *Videhamukti* shine as all the three worlds. Hence I think that they who attained *Videhamukti* changed as the three worlds. What do you say?"

Vasishtha replied "Rama, if at all the three worlds exist, you may say that they changed as the present generation; there is absolutely nothing like the three worlds; it is a delusion; thus the idea that the *Brahman* changed into the three worlds is also an illusion. *Brahman* is that which has no change at all. Therefore the word '*Jagat*' the world is nothing but a mere figment of imagination. Like the pure peaceful sky, the *Brahman* alone is in the form of *Chit*; the worlds do not exist at all. This fact will be plain when one realises the *sat*. On deep reflection I find only the gold not any ornament of gold; I find only water and not the stream or the ripples; I find only the wind and never find the movement as separate from the wind. The vacuum is not different from the sky; the sultriness is not different from the desert sands. The light is not different from the *Sun*. Thus the world is not different from the *Brahman*. All is *Brahman*."

Rama then asked *Sri Vasishtha* "Sir, please tell me by what knowledge of negation, the seen world disappears and by what knowledge ignorance will be destroyed. Please describe to me the state of the original *Brahman* after the mutually dependent ideas of the 'seer' and the 'seen' are completely annihilated. Kindly let me also know by what method the true and great knowledge of the *Brahman* is possible and by getting which, no other method is necessary."

Vasishtha replied "Rama, the false notion of the world is deep-rooted in the mind of man from a very long time. This vicious disease of false notion will be cured only from the spell of deep reflection. But it is very difficult to get at it as it is very difficult to get up and down the mountain that is not slant but perpendicular. At the same time it is very easy by practice

right argument and correct teaching. I will tell you how; hear attentively. You shall attain salvation in the true form or knowledge if you follow me. I now reveal to you the origination of the world. It will reveal to you the fact that the delusion of the world is like the delusion of the sky, which is birthless and deathless. As the world is not real, at the time of the great Deluge, it, full of the gods, demons, *Kinnaras* etc. filled with innumerable things animate as well as inanimate, all, the seen disappears gets itself destroyed along with the great Gods like the *Rudras*. Then there will be no light or darkness. A certain unnamed and invisible *Sat* remains. It is neither a vacuum, a formless; a *drisya*, a *darsana*, any of the five elements nor any other thing. It can not be specified as this or that. It is more full than the full. It is neither *Sat* nor *asat*, but both *sat* and *asat*; It is neither nothing nor some thing. It is purely *chit* endless, having neither beginning, middle, old, unhealthy nor anything else, but full of auspiciousness. That highest thing, the original, both *sat* and *asat*, is but nothing. A certain arrangement of pearls gives the form of a swan, the world has a form in that highest thing. Though it has no eyes, ears, nose, tongue, or skin, it is seen everywhere, at all times; it hears, smells, tastes and touches. By the light of this highest thing, the *sat* or *asat* objects are seen; the beginningless transient creation is seen; the original form of *Brahman*, the whole creation as *Brahman* is also seen when one high concentrated in between the two eyebrows with eyes half-shut sees within. Just as the hare has no horn, the *Brahman*, the all-spread, has no reason. Just as the waves rise in the ocean, the creation rises from the *Brahman*, which brightening the three worlds, it takes the smallest shape of lightning and lives in the mind. If this lightning power is absent, even the greatest

luminaries like the Sun and the Moon become dark. The three worlds shine like mirages in this. As per its desire the three worlds come out as sparks of fire coming out and subside in the *Brahman* like the sparks in the fire, when it desires so. By the simple desire and non-desire of the nature of the eternal and indestructible *Brahman*, the creation, retention and destruction of the worlds go round like the potter's wheel. The highest thing the *Brahman* is like the air everywhere, full of movement and non-movement. Though it appears to be different from its Fullness and Reality, it is not so. The *Brahman* is always awake and asleep; it is really neither awakened nor asleep. In it are peace, movement and the three worlds. This is One, Indivisible. This is all-comprehensive. Though it is in everything, it will not die with the thing, like the fragrance which does not die with the flower. Like the whiteness in the white cloth it is evident. Though it is mute, it has all power to talk; though it is like a stone unchangeable, it has the power of meditation; though it is evercontented, it eats; though it has no action, it is the subject; though it has no shape, it has innumerable forms spreading throughout the length and breadth of the world; though it has no organs, it makes all the organs work; though it has no mind, it does all the actions of the mind. Inability to see this highest thing the *Brahman*, the *Jiva* is full of delusion and illusion and the great dread of the serpent of *samsara*. The *vasanas* and the desires run away from one who realises this. The public performances and dancing programmes are possible if sufficient light is available. Thus, due to the endless light of this and its existence as witness, the different activities are possible. Just as the bubbles and other changed phenomena appear in the water of the ocean, all the actions and things like the *ghata* (pot)

and *pata* (cloth) are coming out from this *Brahman*. Just as the only one gold appears differently as the different ornaments, the only one *Brahman* appears as the different things of the worlds, of different forms. If you realise the existence of the *Brahman* in you, you will find absolutely no difference between you and any thing in the world. Otherwise, the difference between 'I' 'You' and 'He' exists; that is ignorance. Just as the waves rise from water, the worlds which we see come out from the *Brahman*, in whom finally they dissolve themselves. From the *Brahman*, the seen world comes out and is experienced; from the *Brahman* time is born; from the *Brahman* light comes out and makes the objects bright; from the *Brahman* comes out the mental creation. We are understanding from the *Brahman* the form, the liquid, the smell, sound, the touch, the actions and the animate objects. All these are nothing but the *Brahman*. The very knowledge of them comes from the *Brahman*. If you have concentration of mind, you can easily realise the *Brahman* the witness between the seer, the seen and sight. Then you will be knowledge personified.

The *Brahman* has no birth, death, decay, beginning, middle and end. It is eternal, everlasting, all-auspicious, all-sacred, all-glorious, always worthy of worship; unblemished, the reason of all reasons, ununderstandable, understandable only by personal experience, and the only knowable.

10. The Description of the Sat remainings at the end of the Kalpa

Rama said "Sir, I have absolutely no doubt about the fact that the *sat* that remains at the end of the world, at the time of the great *Deluge* is devoid of

name or form. How is it that it is neither a vacuum, light, darkness, the *tamas*, the *chit*, the *jiva*, *buddhi*, *manas* nor anything but at the same time everything? I am unable to understand. Please clarify."

Vasishtha said "*Rama*, your query is a very difficult one. But just as the *Sun* dispels all darkness in a minute, I shall dispel or clarify your doubt; hear attentively. The *Sat* that remains at the time of the Great Deluge is not a vacuum. I will tell you how. The figure even before it is chisled on the wooden-pillar by the carpenter is there in the pillar itself. In the same way, the world before its creation is in the *self*, the *Brahman*. Hence it is not a vacuum. The wide wide world created for the enjoyment of the *Jiva* - let it be true or false, somewhere or everywhere, that is a different thing but the *Brahman* was not a vacuum. Even before the creation, the creation was in the *Brahman* just as the figure was in the wooden-pillar it was carved on the pillar. Just as the wood and the figure are not different, the world and the *Brahman* were not different. It was never a vacuum. In the still waters of the lake, there are waves (dormant) but no waves (apparent). In the same way, the *Brahman* is not a vacuum as the world is in it (dormant) but there is no world (apparent). Though the time and place are favourable, the figure can not be carved on the pillar without the desire or intention of the carpenter. In the same way, though the time and place are favourable without the desire or the intention of the creator, the world will not be created. The creation of the world is compared to the carving of the figure on the pillar. The comparison is not apt in every respect but apt in one respect only. Really, the world is never born from the *Brahman* and it never dies in it. It is never different from the *Brahman*.

It is the *Brahman* itself. ^{now being} It is said that it is a vacuum meaning thereby that it is not. How can vacuum and non-vacuum come out of vacuum? The *Sun*, the *Fire*, the *Moon*, the *Stars* and other light-shedding agents can not give light to the *Brahman*. Hence, the undecaying *Brahman* has really nothing to do with these luminaries. The absence of the physical light is called darkness. Though the *Brahman* has no physical light, it is *Self-effulgent*; so it is never dark. The *Brahman* is the personification of Light; it is always *Self-effulgent*; it illuminates the mind by being in it; nothing can illuminate it. Therefore the *Brahman* is beyond light and darkness. It is eternal, evanescent and has no end like the sky. It is the source for the existence of the world. Just as there is no difference between the *Aegle Marmelos* or *wood-apple* and its central substance, there is absolutely no difference between the *Brahman* and the world. Just as there are waves in water and pot in the clay, the world is in the *Brahman*, which can never be a vacuum. But the comparison and the examples are not apt because the *Brahman* is formless and so the world in it also is formless. The *Brahman* which is like the sky is purer than the sky; as such the so called world in it also is such. Just as we do not experience ^{any} thing else than heat from the rays of the *Sun*, in the *Brahman* we see only the *Brahman*. *Chit* and *achit* are both in the *Brahman* itself; it appears both as the *drisya*, the sight ^(seen) and *darsana*, seeing, but really it has neither; thus, it has no world also. It is the *Brahman* that is all the outside forms and the inner knowledge as well whatever may be the form and size of the world, it finally finds itself in the *Sushupti* state, ever sleepishness. The *Yogi* who is in that state, though acts in the worldly sense finds himself in the *Brahman* peaceful and ever shining as well as nonshining. In the cool, calm waters different

waves lie hidden; in the same way in the formless *Brahman* is found the formless world. All those that appear to emerge from the formless *Brahman* are indeed formless and are used to prove this. So also the world. Fullness is the quality of that which emerges from Fullness, the *Brahman*. So the world though appears to emerge from the *Brahman* does not emerge from it; it is itself. The *Jnanis*, the knowers of truth do not find any difference between the *drisya* and the *darsana*. For them the world as well as the *Brahman* are one and the same. If there is none to feel, the heat of the rays of the Sun, the heat can not be felt; if there is none to understand this, the truth can not be understood. The apparently real objects seen and the mind that creates them are indeed false. Then where is the scope for the idea of *Jiva*? The *Brahman* is smaller than the smallest atom; bigger than the biggest thing; vaster than the vastest sky; purer than the purest thing; more peaceful than the middle of the sky; formless it has no boundaries or quarters; it is all-spreading; it has no beginning no middle and no end; it is self-effulgent; there is no place where it is absent; if it were absent, there will be no *vasanas*, *buddhi*, *chitta* and the *indrias*, (subtle desires, brain, mind and the sense-organs) more over life. In this way, we are able to see the Full, Formless, undecaying, ever Pure and the highest state."

Rama asked *Vasishtha* to tell him again for clarification and confirmation of knowledge, in a nutshell, the form of the Ever Blessedness, the *Chit*.

Vasishtha said to *Rama* "I shall now describe the *Parabrahma*, the cause for all causes, that remains at the time of the Great Deluge. When the actions of the mind are completely controlled and the mind itself is dissolved what remains as the witness, the indescribable

Chaitanya is that *Parabrahma*. Its form is the form of the dissolution of the three - the seen world, the seeing and the seer. That indestructible form which remains after the destruction of the destructible in the *Jiva - Chaitanya* and which is only the *chit*, the Pure the Peaceful and the All-perfect. Form is the form of the *Parabrahma*, or *Paramatma*. That is the form of *Paramatma* the state when the mind does not at all feel the changes of touch, hurt etc. of the body by the inclements of weather etc., The *Chaitanya*, the true form that remains at the time of the *Pralaya* is that form which remains at the time of sound sleep when the mind is free from dreams, when it is endless and when it is free from the stonelike *judatwa*. The form of the *Para Brahman* is that form of the heart of the sky, of the stone and of the mind. It is the form of that eternal Peace which is attained when the *Jiva* is devoid of the idea of its *Jivatwa* and *chittatwa*. Understand that the form of the *Brahman* is that eternal form which is found in the great lustre of the *chit* the brightness of the sky and it is that power of the *chit* which is beginningless and endless and by which the *drisyas* and the darkness are visible. The form of *Paramatma* is that form in which the world appears though it is not at all different from it but appears as quite different. The real form of *Paramatma* is that which is as motionless as the hardest stone in spite of its being the cause of all affairs of the world. It is that form of the sky, though not at all the sky. The real and the ever unattainable form of *Paramatma* is that from which the ideas, the knower, the knowing and the knowable arise and finally dissolve themselves in it. The true form of *Paramatma* is that from which the reflections of the three ideas knower knowledge and the knowable are found just as in the great mirror, the reflections of objects are

found. The form of *mahachaitanya*, the personification of all power and activity when it is devoid of the mind and the states of wakefulness and the dreaming state stands pure in the state of sound sleep. In that blessed state *Paramatma* remains when the whole animate and inanimate world dissolves itself at the time of the Great Deluge. If the inanimate motionless objects without having the mind, the senses and the intellect possess only infinite power and activity, they can easily be compared to the *Paramatma*. When *Brahma* the creator, *Vishnu*, the sustainer, *Siva*, the destroyer, the *Sun-God*, the Lord of the Heaven and other gods dissolve in *Parabrahma*, the only true *Parabrahma* alone remains. As that *Parabrahma* has no form or shape or *upadhi*, he remains in a changeless, motionless blessed state. He leaves aside the sign of the world but remains *Chaitanyamaya*.

11. The description of the Paramartha

Sri Rama asked *Vasishtha*, "Sir, At the time of the Great Deluge, where will this world which is seen with this form and beauty remain?" *Vasishtha* put *Rama* a counter question "Wherefrom does the son of the barren lady come and where and how does he go? Wherefrom the forest in the sky came? Where does it go?" *Rama* answered "Sir, the son of the barren lady and the forest in the sky are not now existent, they will not be in future. Hence they have neither existence nor non-existence." *Vasishtha* said "*Rama*, the son of a barren lady, the forest in the sky are not existent so also the world has no existence. It was neither born nor destroyed. The existence of the world is a myth. When it does not exist at all, there is no meaning in enquiring about its birth, growth and death." *Rama* said "Sir, What harm is there if we say that the world exists,

grows and perishes? like the son of a barren lady and the forest in the sky?" *Vasishtha* explained "*Rama*, if there is no second object resembling the first, wise men compare it with itself. There is resemblance between the son of a barren lady and the forest in the sky. The gold jewel though appears separately is not different from gold. The jewel is not different from gold. There is no separate jewel. Thus, in the sky, we do not find a vacuum separately. Though the world is in the *Brahman*, it has no separate entity. It has no separate shape. The eye-wax and blackness, snow and its coolness are not different. In the same way, there is no difference between the *Brahman* and the world. The moon-shine and coolness, the ice and coolness are one and the same. Likewise, there is absolutely no difference between the *Brahman* and the world, in any respect. The water in the mirage and the moonness in the second moon have never any existence. In the same way, the world though seen by the physical eye has no separate existence. Due to causelessness, the object which has no existence before or now has no destruction. It is definitely non-existent. Inanimate objects like the earth may have an inanimate object as the cause, but the *Brahman* is not an inanimate object. The sun-shine is not the reason for the shadow. Likewise, The *Brahman* can not be the cause of the world with opposite qualities. Nothing will happen without any cause. But the *Brahman* is the original cause of all causes. It appears as the world. Ignorance is the cause for this. This world does not create. As such the appearance of the world is like the appearance of objects in a dream. The dream-object is no object at all. In the same way, though there is no world in the *Brahman*, it appears due to utter ignorance. The seen world is nothing but the *Brahman*, the eternal. The world is not born. It is

not created. It is not destroyed. Just as the water takes the liquid form, the wind the form of movement and the lustre the form of light, the *Brahman* has the form of the world. The power of activity of the *seer* in dream takes the form of the towns and cities in the mind. Thus the *Brahman* appears in the form of the world. It appears to be real though not at all real."

Rama asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, if the seen world is poison and is false like the experience in a dream what is it that man from times immemorial has the utmost faith in the world? If there is *drisya*, there is *drashu* and vice versa. If there is one, there is no bondage; if there are two, there is bondage between the two. If of the two, any one is absent, both will have liberation. As long as the idea of *drisya* is not completely annulled so long there is no salvation. If there is *drisya* in the beginning, later with the real understanding of it, we can not say that it will be annihilated, as it may appear again in the form of *samsara*. Therefore it is impossible to say that the dangerous bondage will vanish. Wherever there is mirror, there will be the reflection of the objects. Thus, in the mirror of the *chit*, in whatever state it is, in it there will be the reflection of the idea of *samsara* coming out of remembrance. If it is said that *drisya* has no existence and false really as it is experienced, salvation becomes impossible. Therefore kindly tell me the means by which the *drisya*, the great obstructor of salvation, is got rid of for good."

Vasishtha said "Rama, please here me saying by means of long stories how the whole world full of everything is really false but appears to be real. Unless and until you hear these stories and understand their import you can not wipe out the idea of *drisya* from your mind. Think by discrimination that the state of the world is

nothing but illusion and that the *Brahman* alone is true and eternal. Always rest yourself in the thought of the *Brahman*, then just as a great mountain can never be hit by arrows, you will never be troubled by the pairs of opposites or ideas good or bad and the day-to-day affairs. *Rama*, there is only the *One Brahman*, the ever changeless. I will tell you how it took the world-form. It is the *Brahman* the all-pervading that took the form of the *drisya* seen by the senses like the eyes and understood by the inner senses, the mind and the world - form dissolves itself in the *Brahman*.

12. The creation of the world

The all-sacred, the all - peaceful *Brahman* gave rise to the seen world. How, you will know presently. Just as the state of sound sleep appears as the dream-state, the real form of *Brahman* shines as the world. The world is nothing but the power of the *Paramatman*, which is the personification of endless lustre and endless *chinmayata*. It is subtler than the sky and very pure. At first 'aham' egoism is found with knowledge. From this the ideas of knowledge with other ideas arise and goad the mind. This is called *chit* when it acts with attitudes resembling the attitudes of the mind. Then the *Paramatma* descending from the glory of its *Paramatmatwa* becomes *Jiva* with the evil effects of *samsara*. But still the idea of its being the *Brahman* will not go as the *Brahman* itself became the *Jiva* without any peculiar changes. With the brightening of the power of *Jiva*, the power of the sky originates. This sky with its quality of emptiness or a vacuum becomes the source of the quality of sound and its future name the sky or the firmament. Then with the power of time, with its egoism and attachment of the *jiva* originate. These are responsible for future creation and the prevalence

of the world. The creation with the sky, egoism and time prevails on account of the *Brahman* and not of the *Hiranyagarbha*. The unreal world originates from the *Paramatma* but shines as real. The *Jiva* with the qualities of egoism etc. is the seed for the tree of *samkalpa* idea or thought. From it wind, with its quality of movement is born. The power of the sky with its egoism is called *Sabdatanmatra*. From it in due course *Akasatanmatra* is born. (*tanmatra* is a subtle and primary element; its own form in miniature). The *sabdatanmatra* is the root cause for the spread of the vast tree, the world of words. From this vast tree come out the *Vedas*, the words and sentences of which are authoritative. From the *Brahman* in the form of the *Vedas* with words full of meaning the goddess of the fortune of the world arises. The *Pranatattwa*, the future *jiva* is the cause for the forms etc. known to the senses. From this great wind *Prana* are born the fourteen worlds, the four varieties of living beings. The bodies are formed by the power of the *pranatattwa*. The body is called *sparsatanmatra*. From the tree of *sparsatanmatra* forty nine varieties of branches to the wind-tree are born. They manage the work of movement for all the beings of the world. From it by the idea of effulgence the *tejotanmatra* is born. From this tree of effulgence the Sun the Fire and electricity etc. are born. By innumerable varieties of forms, the world-process increases by leaps and bounds.

The *Paramatma* by a mere thought takes the form of water. The taste of it is called *Rasatanmatra*. It is the cause for all liquids. This tree of tasting liquids is enjoyed by the senses. It thus increases the world or *samsara* or creation. The *Brahman* by its power of creation creates the *Gandhatanmatra*. From it, the Earth

is born. It is the basis, the living ground for all beings. It is full of *Gandhatanmatra*. It is the future *Bhugola*, the globe of the world. From this earth, the *samsara* increases. The *Brahmanda*, the sum - total of all the worlds is formed by the combination of the *tanmatras*, born by the thought of the power of *Brahman* just as the infinite bubbles change as water. The *tanmatras* remain combined for some time and later become separate, till the Great Deluge when all these will be destroyed. When they are not destroyed, we can not know that they are full of the power of the pure *chit*. Just as in a small seed, many trees lie hidden, all these *tanmatras* remain in the sky. Again from these the sky etc. are born. They shine. Coming out of the smallest seed, growing and becoming a tree with many branches, yielding fruits - all these are found in the smallest atom - but still this is unreal, illusion. All the five *tanmatras* sometimes change; sometimes do not change; sometimes they become very small; sometimes very big. They become *tanmatras* by the power of *chit* and become *trasarenu*s, smallest particles of dust. Sometimes they become formless. The *panchatanmatras* are the causes for the seen world. They are always connected with the *Paramatma*. The power of illusion, *mayasakti*, is the direct cause for the *panchatanmatras* and *Parabrahma* is the whole and sole cause. The main cause for the *Adisakti* or *mayasakti* is *Paramatma*, which is to be known by experience. It is the first idea, It is not born, it is the form of the *chit*. Due to all these the goddess of the world or creation or *samsara lakshmi* grows and glows.

13. The creation of the Self-born

"*Rama*, the sky, the light and the darkness have no individuality, no power of their own. They are

there due to the power of the *Parabrahman*, which first creates the idea of *chit*, the idea of *jiva* mixed with it and the knowledge of *aham*. Due to the change in *aham*, intellect grows. This intellect mixing with the *tanmatras* changes as mind, having the qualities of *manana*, remembering again and again. The mind mixing with the *tanmatras* changes itself into the great elements and appears as the thick forest of the world. Just as in a dream the unmade article appears all of a sudden, the *chidatma* joining the mind sees the world. This seen world appears in the sky of the *chinmaya* and disappears. The *chidatma* is the seed of the world-wood. This seed need not be planted; it requires no water, no earth and no light. It becomes a plant on its own accord. The *Paramatma* in the form of *chit*, like the creation in a dream creates the elements like the earth etc. Wherever this pure *chaitanya* is, it should be understood that it is beyond or contrary to the seed of the world. Its nature is non-attachment. The seed for the physical world is the *panchatanmatras*. The seed for the *Panchatanmatras* is *chaitanya*, eternal and changeless. Thus the whole world is full of the *Brahman*. Thus before creation in the *mahakasa* there will be the *panchatanmatras*, which are created by the *Chaitanya* by its own power. The *panchatanmatras* are false. They grow and become the physical world. Therefore in *sat*, the root cause of all creation, the world appears like the false objects in a dream. Hence it is evident that every thing is that and that only; never different from it. How can fiction or fantasy be true? In the beginning of the creation, the *panchatanmatras*, the world of the elements are apparent in the *Brahmachaitanya*. The *Brahman* is the cause of the world and also the effect of the cause. No object like the world was ever born. None saw ever its birth. Just as the towns etc.

found in a dream are experienced though quite false, in the sky of the *Brahman*, the true nature of which is to be ever effulgent, the created false world appears as true. In the pure and *chinmaya Brahman*, the existence of the earth etc is impossible. Hence, like the appearance of the towns of the *Gandharvas* in the sky the *jiva* shines in the *Brahman*. How the *Paramatma* lives in the physical body, shining as *sat* in the sky of the sum-total of the *jivas*, I will tell you now.

First like an ember of fire, the idea of *jiva* and the creation of *jiva* starts a little to *Paramatma*. By the power of creation; the *sthula jivi* is born. Just as the imaginary moon, though false, is taken as real, the *jivabhava* though false appears as real. By the power of imagination then the *drisya* of the *drashya* also changes. Then the *jiva* forgetting its ember-like form thinks that it is *sthula* and becomes *sthula*. Just as one experiences his own death in a dream, the only one object appears as two, which it really is not. The *lingadeha* by the imagination of *jnana* and *chitta* takes the physical body and appears in different forms. It forms the basis for the future *sthuladeha*. Just as one thinks himself as a pilgrim in a dream, he thinks himself as the physical bodied. Whatever shape the mind likes to take, the body takes that shape. The great Hill is outside the mirror but it appears as if it is in. In the same way, the all-pervading *Brahman* develops attachment to the lustrous *lingasareera* and thinks that it is that *sareera*, body only. Just as one who falls in a deep well can not come out of it, the *Brahman* is unable to leave aside this attachment. Just as the imagination of a thing and its appearance happen in a dream in this body, the *jiva* in the ember-like *upadhi*, with egoism, thinks that he is in and enjoys the body which is false. This idea

of *jiva* is mixed with the mind and the power and lives in the middle of the *lingasareera*. If there is the idea 'I see', the eyes go to see: the future outside *drisya*. That by which we see; is the eye; that by which we touch is the skin; that by which we hear is the ear; that by which we smell is the nose; and that by which we taste is the tongue. That by which there is effort and glow of the senses of action and which moves is the wind, which causes the outward and inward knowledge is the *Brahman*. The *Brahman* having the *aativahika* body takes the physical body and attains the physical sight. He serves as the sky between the physical objects like the *lingasareera*. By imagining that which is utterly false as true, the *Brahman* takes up *jivatwa*, which explains the meaning of the word *jiva*. The *Brahman* having the *aativahika* body, from the covering of the *stuladeha* looks at the wide wide world, created by his own intellect. Of the *jivas*, one the world, another his own entire emperorship and still another the future wide wide world see, experience and enjoy. The *jiva* from his own mind, which is his own inner dwelling place enjoys as per his imagination time, action, creation and materials; he is becoming bound by them. As it is originally false like the object in a dream, it is called a myth. Hence it is said to be unborn. It may be said that though false, *Viswarupa*, the first lord, *swayambhura* is thus created. In this vast, vast illusion there is nothing but the first lord or *prajapati*, the personification of the *aativahika* body. There is nothing in it; nothing is born in it; nothing is seen. There is the sky of the *Brahman* like the endless sky.

The creation appears to be full of reality, but it is false like the town seen in a dream. It is not made of any substance; it is not of any colour. But wonderfully

it shines. It appears to be very real though it is not created by any one and though it is not experienced by any one. At the time of the Great Deluge, surely *Brahma* and others will be annihilated. It goes without saying that their creation will be annihilated. As is the creator, so is the creation. When the world disappears in a dream, the *Paramatma* shines only as one *Brahmaswarupa*. Then there will be no *drisyas* whatsoever. The objects like the houses seen in a dream, after one wakes up from sleep are experienced only in the form of remembrance. In the same way, the cause of the world in the true form of the sky, also is experienced as the form of the world. As liquidity is not different from the water, the creation is not different from the *Paramatma*. The *Brahmanda* is as pure as the sky; it is calm; it does not depend upon any thing; it does not allow anything to depend upon it; it is never two but is always one and it has no equal. It is created and at the same time not created from the *Brahman*. Like the *Paramakasa* it is always a vacuum; it shines as very pure; really there is no creation; it is neither independent nor interdependent; it is neither *drashya* nor *drisya*; why many words, in it there is nothing called the *Brahman* or *Brahmanda*. All these are vain senseless words. There is nothing animate or inanimate. Just as water produces whirlwinds and annihilates them in itself, the *Brahman* on its own accord creates them in it and annihilates them sooner than later. In the *drisya* stage they shine as *asat* but is experienced in the form of *drisya*. Experiencing one's own death in a dream, after waking up, he finds it as false. Thus experiencing the creation as an enjoyment in ignorance, one finds it as false when he has the light of knowledge. Then, he experiences in the sky of knowledge only the *Brahman*, which is one, indivisible, beginningless and endless. In

that *Paramakasa*, the first progenitor shines having a physical body but the *aativahika* body. Hence, like the never born horns of the hare, the never born Earth etc. are not true.

14. Establishment of the Brahman

All the *drisyas* like the world polluted by egoism etc. are not any thing. As they are not born, there is no question of their existence. What exists is only the *Brahman*. Hence it alone is *sat*; all the rest is *asat*. Just as the calm ocean changes into big fickle waves, first the *Paramakasa* without leaving its *aakasah* shines as *jiva*. Like the mind in a dream or imagination takes up innumerable forms, the *chit* takes up innumerable forms and appears as innumerable *jivas*. The first *jivi* called the *Virat* or *Prajapati* possesses the sky-body in the form of the *chit*. It is called the *aativahikasareen*. It appears falsely as the mountain in a dream. It is like the army imagined by the painter in a concentration mood. It can also be compared to the pillar on which the picture is not carved. The first progenitor, *Brahma*, is called *swayambhuh* as he has no reason for his birth. The old progenitors having no cause for their birth attained salvation at the time of the Great Deluge; as they had no previous works or actions, they did not bind them. Like a wall reflected in a mirror the first progenitor ought to have been a *drisya*, but he does not appear as he is interdependent and never independent. Without being *drisya*, *darsana* and *drashta*, he is becoming all, as the lamp is lighted by another lamp, all the *jivas* are born from him.

Every thing comes out of him or from him just as a dream comes out of another dream and one fancy comes out of another fancy. Just as the branches come out of the tree, the *jivas* come out of him by his touch

or movement. The cause and effect become one and the same when there is no co-cause. Hence there is no difference between the creation and the *Brahman*. That person in whom the false and transient things like the earth are found, is called *aadibrahma*, the first progenitor, whose real form is *jivakasa*. He is also called '*viratatma*.'

Sri Rama asked "Sir, is the *jiva* limited or unlimited? Is he one or many? If there are many are they like the mountains movable or immovable and endless? Like the drops of rain from the clouds, small particles of water from the ocean and like embers from the heated iron rod, wherefrom are the *jivas* emerging? Please explain."

Vasisitha replied "*Rama*, there is not even a single *jiva*. Then wherefrom innumerable *jivas* come? Your words are like the words of a man who says "He is going with a horn of the hare." There is no *jiva*; there is no multitude of *jivas*; there is no mountain-like mass of *jivas*. The idea of *jiva* is not real. There is nothing else except the *Brahman*, which is Pure, Holy and All-in-all. As it is the All-mighty, the genius of all creations rest in it. The activities of ideas and thoughts reflect in *chaitanya* and are born as objects with shape and without shape. They are found in the *Brahman* only. The glow of these activities is like the creeper full of flowers that blossom. It is the *Brahman* that sees the objects. The *jiva*, the *buddhi*, intellect, *kriya*; action, *manah*, the mind; the *dwaitabhava*, dualism and *swasatta*, the power of the self are to be clearly understood and known. The *Brahman* alone is the ever-remaining power. Other objects remain for some time by the power of the *Brahman* alone. A real understanding of the power of *Brahman* dispels the darkness of

ignorance, which is impossible to define and locate. By the light of the lamp, no doubt, darkness vanishes. What is darkness none can define. So ignorance vanishes by knowledge. But what is ignorance, none can say. All this is to say that the *Brahman* is the *Jiva*. It is indivisible, endless, all powerful, beginningless, truth and the form of *chaitanya*. The *Brahman* is the original form of every thing. There is no difference between this and any other thing, much less the world or creation, which is nothing but the *Brahman*, when really seen."

Then *Rama* asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, you say that all the *jivas* are nothing but the *Brahman*. Then if one *jiva* has any desire or idea will all the *jivas* have the same as all the *jivas* are not differentiated from the *Brahman*?" *Vasishtha's* reply is this "*Rama*, the *Brahman* is the form of the sum-total of the *jivas*. It appears as the individual self by its desire. The whole creation or the world-process is as per the desire of the *Brahman* in him and he is all-powerful, indivisible, endless and is the *mahajivi*. Whatever he wants, it happens at once. As per his desire the *mahajivi* becomes the individual *jivi* and vice versa. He creates the *jivas* desiring that it should happen so. His desires bear fruit at once. The individual *jivas* become the *Brahman* and the *Brahman* becomes the individual *jivas*, as per his desire. It is a play thing for the *Brahman* to do so. The *jivas* are the particles of his own power. As he desires them to become, they become. The individual *jiva* has to put forth effort to see his desire fructified. As regards the great sages whose desires will be fulfilled at once, it should be noted that it is the desire of the *Brahman* that the individual desire should be fulfilled. Against the desire of the *Brahman* nothing happens. As per the

desire of the individual *jiva* nothing happens. In the case of the sages, it is evident that their desire is the desire of the *Brahman*. The *Brahman*, the *mahajivi*, has no beginning and end. He is the real form of multitudes of *jivas* and *mahajivas*. Nothing is there which he is not. There is difference in *upadhi* only between *jiva* and *Brahman* but not in *chaitanyamsa*. The individual *jivi* has three bodies *sukshma*, *karana* and *sthula*, whereas the one who is the sum-total of the *jivas* has only *karana* and *sukshma* bodies. This difference of *upadhi* is the reason for the *vritti*, *iccha* and *phala-temperament*, desire and the result. With the association of the inanimate objects, the *Brahman* gets *jivabhava* and *samsara*. If this association is far away, there will be *samatwa*, equality. Copper becomes gold by *rasayoga* or by the touch of the touch-stone. Thus *jiva* becomes the *Brahman* in course of time or at once by acquiring the sum-total *jivabhaga* or direct desire of the *Brahman*. The soul, which is nothing but the real form of *mahakasa*, which shines in the heart, sees in it though false the world as real. Truly this is nothing but the wonder of the *Brahman* and nothing else. This wonderful capacity of the *Brahman*, on its own accord takes the future shapes and names, bodies and egoism. These wonders of the *atman* are innumerable. They are the reflections of the *chaitanya*. It is this that reflects in the form of the world in the *chaitanya* of the soul. The brightness of this is the brightness of the *Brahman*. The brightness is permanent. Though this is not different from the latter, it appears to be so. This also happens by the power of the soul. The world or creation is nothing but the illusion of the same experience of *chetana*, *jada* and *jadaprakasa*-active force, inactivity and the glow of inactivity. The wide wide power of the *Brahman*; the real form of activity is subtler than the sky. It is this

that casts egoism. The water and the waves are not different in reality but they appear to be so. In the same way, the wide wide world or creation is not different from the *Brahman* because the *Brahman* witnesses in itself the creation, the root cause of which is egoism. The world or creation is that beautiful and wonderful change created by the power of the *Brahman* in its original form. The intellect or the egoism is the change created by the *Brahman*. This is not real, but is only a false one. Thus the *panchatanmatras* also are the changes of the *chaitanya*. So also the dualism and non-dualism. If you leave aside the *vasanas* and the works (actions), the idea of difference like 'you' 'I' 'He' then truth alone remains, while non-truth disappears. If the sky is covered with thick clouds, we can not find its real nature purity. With the disappearance of the clouds in the sky, we see its purity. In the same way if the *drisya* vanishes, we see the original and natural glory of the *Brahman*, which is always pure. The world which is in the form of mind and works or actions is a vacuum. The physical body with the senses, the world fit for the dwelling of the gods, all are vacuums. They are the changes and developments are not different from *chaitanya*; they are its own changes and expansions. A thing that is born from it is not different from it. This is true even in the case of objects with limbs. The case of objects without limbs, one need not say. The power of *chit* is self-effulgent. It has no names or forms. The world is nothing but the *sphurana*, a flash of the mind reflected in the *chit-sakti*. The mind, intellect, egoism, the five elements, the mountains and the quarters are nothing but the manifestation of *chaitanya* in which alone the real form of the world is found. The world or creation is the quality of the *chit*. If the world is left over, it is not understand the power

of *chit*. If the idea of the world is got over, the change in the inanimate objects also is due to the power of the *chit*. If it is far away, the idea of the world as different from the *chit* will not vanish. Where then is the world independent having its own individuality? The power of showing the world lying dormant in the power of the *chit* appears in the form of *jiva* and *tanmatra* and the apparent existence of the world is the result. The flash of egoism with the *chit* appears as *jiva* with life. The power of *chit* and its appearance are separated by egoism and get the name of *jiva*. But as the separation is false, there is no difference in reality. The subject is the egoism to which *chaitanya* is important. The object is *prana* to which *kriya* or action is important. There is no difference between these two. The quality of the subject is object. Hence it is said that the object is *jiva*. This *jiva*, full of actions, is the mind. The mind is seen by the senses and appears in ever so many forms. The idea of the world's cause and effect is false. Therefore, there is no difference between the two.

The soul can not be cut into pieces; it can not be burnt; it can not be dried up; it has no sorrow; it is eternal; it is in every thing; it is rock-like in stability; it can not be moved. To fall in utter illusion and make others fall in it and to dispute the correctness of the authority are one and the same. We are rid of all illusions and delusions. We realised the *Brahman*. It is the ignorant who see the *drisya* and are dis-illusioned, but not the wise, who see the *chidakasa* and experience bliss, in which all the good things are dormant. The tree called *chit*, at the time of the spring season called *maya*, illusion acquires the quality of liquidity called the power of *jadata*; rock likeness and makes the flowers of time etc. fully blossom. It is only the

Brahman that appears in the form of the sky, the wind, the light, the ocean, the earth, the moon and the Sun. Their power is the power of the *Brahman*; they have no individual power. If the *drisya* disappears by the knowledge of the Self, the *chit Brahman* shines as before. In the three stages, waking, dreaming and sleeping soundly, it is the *Brahman* that is prevalent. These three stages are only in the idea of *jadatwa* and *kriyatwa*, stability and activity and the idea of the mind. The stability of the world is got from the stability of the *Brahman*. Really the world is false. The world is the idea of a vacuum in the great sky of the real form of *chit*. It is the movement of the wind, which is the real form of *chit*. It is the black spot of the utter darkness, which is the real form of *chit*. The world is the false creation of day of the Sun of the real form of the *chit*. It is false as well as true; false in reality, but true in its form. If the light is extinguished, only the blackness remains; if the world is destroyed, only the *chit* or *Brahman* remains. The world is the heat of the fire, which is the form of the *chit*. It is the whiteness of the conch-shell, the real form of the *chit*. It is the liquidity of the water, the real form of *chit*. It is the sweetness of the sugar candy; the real form of *chit*. It is the greasy part of the milk, which is the real form of *chit*. It is the coolness of the snow, the real form of *chit*. It is the flame of the fire, the real form of *chit*. It is the oil of the mustard seed, the real form of *chit*. It is the wave of the river, the real form of *chit*. It is the sweetness of the sweet-meat, the real form of *chit*. It is the ornament of the gold, which is the real form of *chit*. It is the fragrance of the flower, the real form of *chit*. It is the fruit of the creeper, the real form of *chit*. The power of *chit* is the power of the world. The power of the world is the form of *chit*. The sky appears to be

blue. But in reality it is false. In the same way, the peculiarities of differences appear in the *Brahman* but they are not real. All the worlds are false but appear to be real. Hence the use of the term *sat*. The power of the created things is not different from the power of the original thing the *chit*. Differentiating the *chit* and the world as *nirakara*, the formless and *sakara*, with form and saying that there will be no equal power to both is to be shunned. This kind of saying is false like the horn of the hare. When there is no individuality or independence to the great earth which bears great oceans and mountains, how can there be power to falsely created petty things? The crystal appears to be full inside as well as outside, but there is the pure sky inward. Hence various things reflect in it. Thus the illusion which is full of *chit* appears as *jada* inward as well as outward, but the reflection of *chit*, falls in it. The world appears in the illusion with the reflection of the *chit*, though false. In the sky of the objects there will not be the wind etc. born from the sky. In the same way, in the sky of the *chit*, there is no dirt of *sat* and *asat*, you and I. The small sinews found in the sprouts are not different from the sprouts, though they appear to be so. Thus, the world though appears to be different from the *Brahman* is not. Though the *Brahman* and the world are not mutually different, the *Brahman* bears the world. The *Brahman* is the cause of the cause, the root cause. It is the *Brahman* that is in the mind as *chaitanya*. Generally there is no reason for the *chit*. For all the objects, the original form is *chit*. The *chit* is only to be experienced. It has no outward affair. *Rama*, understand that all the worlds existing in the great *chit*, having no difference are the forms of the *Brahman*."

By that time, the day was to end. The Sun set and it was time to perform the religious rites at the time of dawn. Those who assembled there saluted the sage and went to attend to their duties. The next morning they gathered again in the assembly by the time the Sun rose.

15. The Story of Mandapa or The Story of Leela

Sage *Vasishtha* continued "*Rama*, the world is nothing but the *chidakasa* or the *Brahman*. Like the illusion of pearl-necklace in the clear blue sky, the illusion of the world appears in the *Brahman*. The picture of the three worlds are in the pillar of the *chit* uncarved as there was no sculptor adept in the art of carving. Just as it is natural for the waters of the ocean to have speed and quick movement, it is natural to the world to appear in the *Brahman*. The world to the ignorant is real and physical. To the man of knowledge it is unreal as world but real as *Brahman*, like the multitude of particles or atoms seen in the Sunshine the rays of the Sun passing through the holes of the window. Without Sunshine, the small particles can not be seen. In the same way, without the knowledge of the Self, the world can not be seen as the *Brahman*. The world which is nothing but the real form of *chidakasa* is seen in the form of the earth etc.; it is false as the dream. The water in the mirage appears as real to the ignorant, who will not have a real understanding that it is not water but a mirage. In the same way, the world in the form of the sky of *vijñanakosa* can not be seen by the ignorant as the *Brahman*. Like the flow of water in a mirage, like the imaginary town or that seen in a dream, the formless world seen by the ignorant is only an illusion. In the waking state, the objects in a dream state appear to be

unreal. Men of knowledge alone can see the world if different as *asat*. They see it only as the *Brahman*. The ignorant see the *Brahman* and the world as different, but not men of knowledge. Just as the Sunshine in the sky, the imaginary cloud in the small cloud shine, the world is shining in the *Brahman* full of *chit*. The town in a dream; the town on earth are both false. So also the world as well as the imaginary world are both false. They can be compared with each other. Therefore realise that the world is not different from the *chidakasa*. The world, and the *mahakasa* are one and the same. They are the other forms of the *Brahman* full of *chit*. The *jagad-drishya* is never born; it has no glow, no form real; it is non-existent. The world is in the *mahakasa* but can never cover the *Brahman* in any way. Like the sky it is pure, formless. Like the imaginary town, it shines in the *mahakasa* as a picture full of the sky. To prove this, I will tell you the story of *Mandapa* or *Leela*, very sweet to hear. By it, your doubts will vanish and you will have absolute peace. *Srirama* requested the sage to tell him the story. *Vasishtha* narrated it thus :

"Once upon a time there lived a king on earth called *Padma*. He was a man of discrimination, very wealthy and the father of many sons. He was like a lotus in the lake of his family. He never went astray like the ocean. He was the Sun to the darkness of enemies, the moon to the lilies of young ladies, the fire to the dry straw of vices. He was the *Meru Mountain* to the groups of gods, the moon of fame to the ocean of *samsara*. He was the lake called *manasa* to virtues called the *swans*. He was the pure Sun to the lotuses of fortunes, great wind to the creepers of war, and the fierce lion to the elephant, his mind. He was the fountain of all virtues, lover of knowledge and tolerant like the churning rod of the ocean of milk. He was the

god of the spring season for the flowers of love-sports. He was the Cupid in beauty and fair appearance. He was the wind of amour swinging the creepers of love-pranks. He was lord *Vishnu* in daring and great jubilation. He was the moon to the lilies of elegant behaviour. He was terrific fire to the poisonous creepers of bad deeds.

Leela, full of beauty and virtues was his dear wife. She was the personification of all that was good and she appeared as the goddess of fortune, who came down to the earth. Her behaviour towards all was very charming. She was of sweet words. She was ever joyful and slow-going. Her smile was so happy that her face shone like another moon. The lotus-like face of *Leeladevi* was very beautiful with the wasp-like front hair of her head. She shone like a walking lotus. She was like the goddess of the spring season with the glow of beautiful flowers wearing tender creeper-pieces, fair flowers and sprout-like hands. She was pure and holy as the Ganges and when she went swan-like, her mere touch used to give great happiness. She appeared as though *Rati*, the wife of *Cupid*, born as king *Padma* to shower happiness upon people, came to serve her lord and husband. When he was uneasy, she used to be uneasy. When he was happy she used to be happy; when he was worried she used to be worried. When he was angry, she used to be afraid of him. She always used to follow him as a shadow.

16. Description of the King and the Queen

King *Padma* and queen *Leela*, who was the heavenly damsel on earth had natural and infinite love and affection towards each other and enjoyed true love in the pleasure gardens, in *tamala* woods, in sweet

bowers of fair and fragrant flowers, on the beds of roses in the harem, in the streets filled with fresh fully blossomed flowers, in swinging pastime in the pleasure gardens of the spring season, in artificial lakes of lotuses, amidst the *chandana trees*, under the shades of desire-yielding trees, in the pretty houses of *kadamba* and *neepa trees*, amidst the *parijata trees*, in the fragrant spots of honey of the fully blossomed flowers of *kunda*, *mandara* etc.; in the gardens of the spring season where the koels sing songs of love, in the soft green grass grown in abundance, in the places where the rivulets and streamlets shower and sprinkle small dew drops, in the mountains full with precious and fair gems and rubies, in the temples, in hermitages, with lilies during nights, with lotuses during the day, in the forests full of flowers and fruits. They immersed themselves in love sports and copulation; cutting jokes with each other, telling good stories each other, playing many games, reciting verses from dramas and stories, revealing each other the inner meaning of slokas or verses, making each other laugh and enjoy, talking to each other news of the day-to-day affairs, wearing varieties of ornaments and flowers, walking with all delicacy, eating sweets, chewing pan with varieties of fragrant substances, hiding and appearing behind shrubs of flowers, stinging with nails at secret places, running catching each other, embracing each other as tightly as possible, dragging each other's garlands, swinging in the creeper and flower swings, getting into small pleasure boats in artificial lakes, riding on elephants, horses and the caravans, bathing playfully in lakes, exchanging slant glances of love, dancing, singing, singing while dancing and dancing while singing, imitating and exhibiting different dance poses in the gardens, shores of rivers and in the middle of the houses.

Thus enjoying the maximum happiness on earth *Leela* once said to herself thus "The king my husband is more than my dear life. What is the device by which I can make him immortal ever young and ever beautiful? How can I enjoy him eternally without becoming old or a prey to death? I shall perform severe penance and take recourse to such other devices as will make my husband go beyond old age and death. I shall enquire the old men in penance, in knowledge and erudition how to get rid of death." Later, she sent for pious *brahmins* and asked them again and again how deathlessness can be achieved. They all said in one voice that any thing and every thing may be obtained by penance etc. but not deathlessness. *Leela* was much afraid that her husband might die some day. She thought "If I die before my husband dies, I shall not grieve, I shall be most happy. But if my husband dies before I die, I shall see that his *pranas* will not go out of the house. He will be roaming in my harem seeing me every second. Then I shall be happy. I shall commence my penance etc and worship mother *Saraswati*, the form of *chit*." Thus deciding *Leela* began to undergo all the hardships of severe penance without informing the same to her husband. Fasting she worshipped gods, the *brahmin* community, the teachers and the scholars. After doing so for three days, she used to take her meal. The next day she used to fast again. Doing thus with full faith in the *sastras*, she used to worship her husband at the proper time, in the proper way, with the proper effort as per the dictates of the *sastras* and pleased him most. She performed this three nights vow hundred times. Then Goddess *Saraswati* appeared before her, being pleased with her vow and said "*Leela*, your penance with the utmost devotion towards your husband pleased me most. Desire what

you want. I shall see that it is fulfilled." The queen said "Victory to you, oh Goddess, the moonshine coloured, the destroyer of birth, old age and death by the fire of your looks. Victory to you the Sunshine which destroys the darkness of ignorance rampant in the hearts. Victory to you Mother, Mother to the entire world. Pray give me two boons and save me. The first is that the soul of my husband after he dies should not go out of my harem; the second is that you should appear before me when I desire it."

Hearing the words of *Leela*, Goddess *Saraswati* granted the two boons and disappeared like the wave in the ocean. *Leela* was overwhelmed with joy for the grace of the Goddess, like the deer overwhelmed with the great joy of music. The wheel of time, with the circumference of fortnights, months and seasons, the planks of days, the rod of years, the navel of seconds, the Sun of movement, began to turn round, in its routine course. Then king *Padma* died. Like the juice in the dried up leaf, his soul left his body, physical and entered the *lingadeha*. Looking at the dead husband in the middle of the house, *Leela* looked pale like the lotus out of water. By her hot sighs, her tender lips became black. Like a deer hit by an arrow, she fell as if dead. Just as the beauty of the house disappears with the extinguished lamp all the glow of *Leela* disappeared with the death of her husband. After the water in the lake is dried up, the lake becomes a barren land. Thus, with the death of the husband the wife became weak and dispirited. She began to weep at times, be silent at other times and desire death like the *chakrawaka*, the ruddy goose while in dire separation of the spouse. When the waters of the lake are completely dried up the fish will be in deep sorrow.

The first rain takes pity upon it and rains. Thus, goddess *Saraswati* took pity upon *Leela* and appeared before her.

17. Description of the Kingdom

Saraswati said to *Leela* "*Leela*, cover the dead body of your husband with flowers and keep it safe. You will get your husband again. The flowers will not fade away. The body will not be spoiled. Your husband will get life again and will take you. His soul as pure as the sky will not go anywhere leaving your harem." Hearing these words of great comfort, *Leela* and her relatives were happy. Like the lotus - lake with the coming of water, *Leela* became fresh and sorrow-ridden.

Leela then covered the body of her husband with flowers and kept it secret, like the poor lady hiding her money carefully. Again *Leela* became sorrowful at the loss of her husband. When all were sleeping at dead of night, she prayed to *Saraswati* sincerely. She responded at once. She came and asked *Leela* "Why my child, did you invite me? What is the reason for your sorrow? Don't you know that the world is an illusion and like the mirage vain?" *Leela* said "*Devi*, where is my husband now? What is he doing? How is he? Please take me to him, I can not live without him even for a second." *Devi* said "My child, the sky is of three kinds-*chittakasa*, *chidakasa* and *akasa*. Of these, *chidakasa* is a greater vacuum than the rest. The soul of your husband is in *chidakasa*. If you meditate upon it, you will see your husband there. *Chidakasa* is *Brahman*. If you meditate on it, You will see every thing and know every thing. Within a second the mind can run from place to place. It is the *Brahman*

that makes the mind shine. This lustre or light is called *Samvit* or knowledge. The one that makes the *mahakasa* and *chittakasa* shine and the prop for both is this *chidakasa*. If you conquer the activities of the mind and keep it firm on *chidakasa*, surely you will get salvation; you will acquire the state of the *Sarvatmaka Brahman*. In that state, you will also see the emptiness, the non-existence of the seen world. This knowledge is impossible to get, but by my grace, you will get it." So saying, she disappeared. *Leela* by her grace went into *nirvikalpasamadhi*, the state of undisturbed unconscious self-forgetful oneness with the *Brahman* very easily and without any previous practice whatsoever.

Leela leaving aside attachment to the physical body which was unbreakable like an iron cage and which included the *antahkarana*, the inner mind went into the *chidakasa* like a bird flying into the sky leaving aside her nest. In that *chidakasa*, king *Padma* with innumerable kings was on his throne engaged in his royal duties. The court was shining bright with flags. At the eastern gate there were saints, seers and *brahmins* blessing king *Padma*. At the southern gate, there were kings and great kings. At the northern gate there were elephants and horses. At the western gate there were young and fair ladies. One messenger came and informed the king of the news about the war on the southern border of the country. Another messenger came and informed that the king of *Karnataka* was occupying the eastern side of the country. Still another messenger came and informed the king that the king of *Sourashtra* conquered the *mlechhas* of the northern side. And still another came and informed the king of the occupation of the *Malava* kingdom by the enemy. Yet still another told the king of the news of the western *tangana* country. Another came and informed of the

occupation of *Lankapura* situated on the shore of the southern ocean. One *Siddha* living on the *Mahendra* mountain on the shore of the western ocean came and told the king of the sacred *Ganges*. The ambassador coming from the shore of the northern sea began to describe the war with the followers of *Kubera*. One living near the shore of the western ocean began to describe the Sunset there. Before the front of the assembly, in the house, some kings were found imprisoned. In the sacrificial grounds the *brahmains* were repeating the *Vedas*. Their beautiful tones far excelled the sweet sound of the fine musical instruments. Hearing the praises of the *Vandimagadhis*, the wild elephants resounded and the sky was full with the resounding of the sweet sounds of the fine musical instruments. The sky appeared as though it was covered with the clouds when the dust that arose by the horses and the elephants rose above. The building was covered with the fragrance of flowers and camphor and the *chandan* paste. The subordinate kings came and paid their homage and awaited orders. The palaces were white like the heap of fame and touched the sky. They were with great pillars of the same description. The kings were immersed in doing great deeds. They ordered the expert masons to construct various edifices. Like the snow falling from the sky, *Leela* in the form of the sky entered the king's assembly full of the sky. None could see *Leela* roaming there as the imaginary lady could be seen by none, and as the town in the mind can never be seen by anybody. *Leela* saw the old familiar kings, who appeared as though they changed from one town to another. All of them were the same as she saw them previously. Their behaviour was the same. The same young ladies, the same ministers, the same kings, the same scholars, the same inner cabinet, the same friend

and the same citizens attending to their works. It was the same noon time of the day, the quarters appeared as red with the wild fire; the Sun, the Moon, the sky, the clouds and the wind were there. The creepers, the trees, the rivers, the mountains were the same. The villages, the towns and the forests were the same. But the king leaving aside his old body appeared very young, ruling the country. *Leela* began to think that the people of the town might have died. At that time by the grace of *Saraswati* she went to her harem and saw the servant-maids sleeping as before. She woke them up and asked them to take her to the throne-side of the king as she would live only if she looked at the audience otherwise she would die. The sleeping people woke up and informed the citizens to protect the life of *Leela*. Then the servants with big sticks in their hands brought the citizens to the assembly like the rays of the Sun to earth. Like the day of the *sarat* season clearing the sky which became dirty by the clouds of the rainy season, some were clearing the assembly hall. The lights decorated wonderfully, like stars began to drink away the water. The assembly was filled with people in a moment just as the dried up ocean becomes full with abundance of water at the time of the deluge. Just as at the beginning of creation, the lords of the quarters having their birth and occupying their positions, the ministers and the subordinate kings came and occupied their seats. Then by the fall of snow, the air became cool and the winds began to blow along with the fully blossomed-flower-fragrance. The saints living on the *Rishyamuka* mountain felt the heat of the scorching Sun. To give them coolness, the clouds form. In the same way, the gatekeepers stood with white dress at every gate to look to the comforts of the assembled. Like the stars, which the *Dooms* day winds force to

fall, the flowers fell on the assembly with white lustre and drove away the darkness. Like the swans increasing the beauty of the lake of fully blossomed lotuses, the subordinate kings of king *Padma* came and taking their seats with royal dress increased the beauty of the assembly. Like *Rati* occupying the heart of *Manmatha*, the *Cupid*, *Leela* occupied the golden throne by the side of the royal throne, saw the kings, the teachers, women, friends and citizens and relatives who were as before. *Leela* felt very happy seeing every thing as before and came to the conclusion that except the king all the others were living.

18. The Illusion of the World

After a while, *Leela* rose from her seat and went into the harem, approached the place where the body of the king was hidden with flowers and began to think thus: "How wonderful is the illusion! The citizens are all here in the *chidakasa* are in the subtle forms just as they were previously in my husband's royal court. As I saw there the forest of different trees, I see here too. Just as a thing appears in and outside the mirror as the same, the creation appears to be the same as in *mahakasa* and *chidakasa*. Which is real and which is false? I shall request Goddess *Saraswati* to clarify." Then she meditated. Goddess *Saraswati* appeared before her in the form of a *Kumari*, virgin. *Leela* made her sit on the golden chair, herself sitting on the ground requested her thus: "*Devi*, Will you kindly clarify my doubt so that I can rest assured that your kindness towards me is fruitful? The mirror of the world is purer than the sky. In it *drisya*s wider than one crore *yojanas* appear to be small. The great sentences in the *Vedas* call this as full of infinite light; very *sukshma* subtle and cool. The quarters, times and the sky shine

due to this. It has no cover. Nothing makes it shine. Every thing shines by it. It commands all. It is never commanded by any. All objects reflect in it. They finally dissolve in it. The goddess of reflection of the three worlds appear in and out of this *chidadarsa*, mirror of *chit*. Of the two what is false and what is real? Please tell me."

Devi asked a counter question "*Leela*, When the creation itself is false, unreal, what is again real and unreal in it? Please tell me." *Leela* said "*Devi*, You and I are here. This is real creation. The way in which my husband now is false creation. I believe so why because that is a vacuum having no place and time." *Devi* said "*Leela*, from reality unreality will not be created. There can not be a different action from the same cause." *Leela* said "*Devi*, I will give you many examples of many actions quite different from the cause. The mud the cause of the pot is unfit to be in water but, the pot can safely be placed in water!" *Devi* said "*Leela*, the action that results from co-cause may appear a bit different from the main cause. Is there any reason for your husband being here one way and there in a different way? The five elements earth etc., are not the reasons for the creation of your husband. If you say that he was born here and went there, where is this earth? Has this gone there? If not, how is the same form of creation possible? There is no co-cause, which causes difference from the birth of your husband. Hence, what is born without a different cause, must have the *vasanas* of the actions of the previous births as causes." *Leela* said "*Devi*, I understand that the reason for the creation of my husband is the knowledge of the previous births and that increases and becomes the cause for the ever increasing creation.

Devi said "*Leela*, the action of the previous birth having no cause for the future birth takes the form of the sky. Though this kind of creation is being experienced, learn that it is the form of the sky." *Leela* said "*Devi*, You said that the creation of my husband, being the result of *smriti*, is the form of the sky. Therefore the seen world is also born of *smriti* and so it is also the form of the sky, I believe. What do you say?" *Devi* said "Certainly. The creation of your husband is *asat*, false. So the creation of the world also is false." Then *Leela* said "*Devi*, Please tell me in detail how the creation of my husband happened from the creation of the form of the sky. Then by it my illusion vanishes."

Devi replied "*Leela*, I will now tell you how the creation shines from the *poorva smriti*; the past remembrance only, like the illusion of a dream. In a certain corner of *chidakasa* there is a *mandapa*, edifice high above the earth, called *samsara*, the world covered by the glass called the sky. There is a great pillar called the Sumeru Mountain to the edifice. On the mountain the Lords of the worlds live. On the pillar the pictures called the ladies of the gods are carved. The fourteen worlds are the rooms in it. The three worlds are the ditches in it. The Sun is the lamp in the house. The *jivas* are the infinite heaps found in the remote corners. The mountains are the pieces of grass that grows over it. The old aged and the father of endless family; the progenitor is the *brahmin* living there. The *jivas* are getting themselves bound like birds entangling themselves in their own nests. The sky is the black spot high above. The heavenly beings roaming in the sky are the masquitos of the house. The open windows are the bamboo sticks in the house. Those who roam in the aeroplanes are insects of the place. The house is full of

noise made by the playing boys of *suras* and *asuras*, the gods and the demons. The worlds, towns and cities and villages are the pots lying here. The land here is being made wet by the water of the lakes called oceans. The nether world, the earth, and the heaven are the pits of the house. In the edifice of the world in every corner, under the clods of earth, there are innumerable mean pits. In this country filled with rivers, forests and mountains lives a *brahmin* with wife and sons. A daily worshipper of the Fire-God, he is devoid of ill-health, fear of the king and others. Peaceful, he is a lover and server of the guests. He is quite just. He has a lot of the fortune of cows.

19. The Death of the Brahmin

The *brahmin* is like *Vasishtha* in affluence, age, erudition, effort and glory but does not possess the priesthood to the *Ikshwakus*. The *brahmin's* name also is *Vasishtha*. He has a wife, the beautiful moon-faced. Her name is *Arundhati*, the pious star on earth. She resembles in all respects the wife of the sage *Vasishtha* with the only exception that that *Arundhati* attained immortality but this *Arundhati* did not attain immortality still. She walks soft and steady with a sweet smile on her face. The *Brahmin* has all love real, not apparent, towards her and so he satisfied her in many ways. She is every thing for him in *samsara*. Once the *brahmin* sat on the green grass by the side of a mountain and saw a king coming there for hunting with all his attendants, and army. The sound produced by the army was so great that it was afraid that the mountains may break, and the *Meru* torn to pieces. His flags and fans showered moonshine in the place of creepers there. With the white umbrellas, it appeared as though the sky is covered with white palaces. The dust raised by the

feet of the horses rose high and covered the sky. The elephants and the decorations above stopped as it were the wind-flow. The sound of the army's march produced great and reverberated sound. Every one was with garlands bedecked with diamonds and gold and ornaments of gold and gems. The *brahmin* then thought for himself thus: "How grand is the kingship, when can I be born as king and have all the *paraphernalia* of him like this? When can I fill the quarters with such army as this? When can I drive away the sweat that is gathered by my copulation with the beauties of the harem with the sweet wind coming from the fully blossomed flowers of *Mandara* etc? When can I make the faces of the beauties of the harem with camphor and the quarters with fame like the rise of the moon shine bright?" So thinking the *Brahmin* continued his religious rites every day. Old age came and occupied the *Brahmin* and made him weak and pale like the snow-thunderbolt destroys the lotus blooming in water. His wife seeing her husband likely to die soon began to fade away day by day like the creeper of the spring fades away with the fear of the summer heat. That *brahmin's* wife *Arundhati* like you, knowing that immortality is not possible prayed to me and requested me to see that her husband's soul would not leave her house. I granted her request. The *brahmin* died. His soul began to roam in the house itself due to the influence of the past *vasanas*. The *brahmin* became a very powerful king in the same sky by the power of his strong desire. He conquered the earth occupied the heaven and ruled over the *patala* with compassion. Thus he conquered the three worlds. He became the wildfire to the trees of his enemies; cupid to young ladies, the *Meru mountain* to stop the fickle winds of fortune and the Sun to the lotus-like virtuous men. He

became the mirror for all *sastras*, the *kalpavriksha* to the *beggars* the prop for the *brahmins* and the full *Moon* to the nectar of *dharma*, righteousness. The *brahmin* leaving aside the physical body acquired the body of *chittakasa* and roamed in the *grihakasa*. His wife became sorrow-stricken the moment she saw the dead body of her husband. Her heart broke into two. She also left her body and taking the *aativahika* body she followed her husband. Like the river joining the ocean and becoming overjoyful, she reached her husband and became overjoyful like the creeper in the Spring time. It is eight days since the *brahmin* couple died. Their soul leaving aside the physical bodies live in the same house in *Girigrama*. There, their lands, movable and immovable properties, money, gems and houses are as before.

20. Description of the Paramartha

That *brahmin* is your husband *Padma*. He became king and is now ruling. You are the wife of that *brahmin*. You are *Arundhati*. The *brahmin* couple you were both and you lived like *Parvati Parameswara* on earth. Now you are experiencing separation like the *chakra-yaka* couple. You were ruling the kingdom. I told you that the previous creation is an illusion, false. By illusion, the *chit* acquired *jivaswaroopa*. Due to the illusion *chidakasa* has the reflection of the illusion. If you know whether it is true or false, there will be an end of the matter. You will know that the world is all false."

Leela then said with wonder-struck eyes these sweet words: "Devi, your words appear to be inconsistent. Can it ever happen? The *brahmin* died in his mean house. We are here. My husband is now in another world. How can the lands, mountains and the

quarters be accommodated in the small house? Can we in a mustard seed imprison the mighty *Iravata* elephant? Can a mosquito fight with a lion? Can a small wasp being in the lotus devour the *Meru mountain*? Hearing the sound of the clouds in a dream, will the peacocks dance? As these are impossibilities, it is also very absurd that the *brahmin's* house contains the earth etc. *Devi*, please enlighten me. The great will never be angry if the persons whom they grace speak or ask irrelevently. *Devi* replied "*Leela* I am not uttering a lie. I will tell you again. Please hear. It is I that commanded that none should speak a falsehood. Shall I the commander break the commandment? Then who will respect our commandment? The *jivatma* of the *brahmin* in the edifice of the sky acquired the form of the sky and is seeing the kingdom of the sky. In the dream, the past remembrances will be lost. In the same way, after death the past remembrances will not remain. Hence you are unable to remember that you were the *brahmin* couple. In a dream, in imagination to see the worlds, to see water in the mirages and the *brahmin* seeing in his house-sky the earth with the forests and the hills are equal. A big thing in a small mirror and the wide wide world reflected in the minute *antahkarana* are false, the forests etc found there are false. They are the reflections of the true form of *chidakasa* only. Therefore, in the *Parabrahma* the false creation appears to be true. There is no real reality in the world. The truth of *chidatma* in the *kosas* is reflected in the false world. Just as the waves of water in a sandy desert are not true, the earth etc. born from the false remembrance are also not true. Understand that this house, you and I and other things found in the sky of the house are all *chidakasa* and not any thing else. The lamp is the main reason for showing the

things in darkness; imagination, dream, illusion, experience etc are the main things by which we know the utter falseness of the world. In this house the *brahmin* is in *chidakasa*. Just as the wasp is in a corner of the lotus, the world with the oceans etc is in the *Parabrahma*. The illusion of garlands and hair appear in the sky. In the same way, the illusion that there are houses, bodies etc in *chidakasa* is prevalent. *Leela*, In a *thrasarenu*, the smallest atom there are innumerable worlds. Then what wonder is there if the earth etc are found in the house of the *Brahmin*? The mind is the smallest atom of *chit*, in it there is the world. You know. Why then you doubt a small thing?" *Leela* exclaimed "*Devi*, you said that the *Brahmin* died eight days back. We are here from many years. How is it possible?" *Devi* replied thus: "*Leela*, there is no length and breadth to earth. It is infinite. In the same way, there is no length and breadth to time. Why? How? I will tell you. Like the creation of the world, time also is creation of second, minute, *kalpa* etc is false. It is the *Brahmin*, nothing else. Minutes, ages, worlds you and I etc are nothing but the *Brahman*. I will tell you presently. Hear attentively.

For a second *jiva* falls in illusion and false attachment and forgetting his past thinks otherwise. Then the *jiva*, who is in *chidakasa* in the form of the sky thinks thus: "I am the prop for every thing but now think that I have a prop. This body with the hands and feet is mine. I am living here. I am the son of this father. I am aged so much. These are my relations; this is my house. All these are mine. I was born. I spent the boyhood. I am now young. I am old. My relatives and friends are as before. By the power of *chittakasa* such illusion arises. Like the experience of the dream, the experiences of the other worlds occur.

It is why I told you that the *drashta* and *drisya* are the natures of *chit* and really they are *chidakasas* and nothing else. The power of *chit* is all - pervading. It is this that sees the dream. It is this that is the real form of *drisya* and *darsana*. As it appears in dream it also appears in another world or *loka*. Hence the false worlds are appearing as true. Just as there is no difference between the water and the waves, there is no difference between this world, the next world and the dream-world. The idea of difference comes out from the illusion. The idea of the world is the result of illusion hence it is non-existent. As it is not-existent, it is unborn and indestructible. What appears is nothing but *chit*. This is always the form of *akasa*, the sky. All the *drisyas* are attributed to this. They have no separate existence or entity, or power. Just as the waves are not different from water, the illusory world also is not different from the *chidakasa*. As the waves in water, the horn to the hare are false, there is no other creation than *chidakasa*, the apparent creation is false. The *chidakasa* by its own power appears as the world. As there is absolutely no *drisya-padartha*, object seen, the ideas of *drashta* and *drisya* are false. As soon as the *jiva* gets the illusion of death, he sees the *drisya* of the three worlds. It will be as per the previous remembrance. The *jiva* who wears the body of the *chit* finds again what he saw previously, time, beginning; order, world, father, mother, age, knowledge, relatives, servants, effort, place, loss, gain etc. The knowledge that 'I am born; I am a boy, this is my mother this my father etc. comes from the past remembrance power. Next the knowledge of place, time etc occurs. Then as the fruit comes out of the flower, the past remembrance occurs. Then, he will imagine the period of one *kalpa* in a minute, just as

king *Harischandra* thought of a minute as twelve years, as the separated spouse thinks a day as an year. Then, he will have the ideas of 'I am born. I am dead, my father, my mother etc. like the illusion of taking meal for one who never ate. Then he sees the vacuum as a row of people, the sorrow as joy; deceit as gain. Just as pungency in black pepper, the uncarved picture on the pillar are, even though the illusory seen world is in the unborn and eternal *Brahman*, the liberated souls realise that it has no real existence.

21. Teachings of Saraswati

Just as one when he opens his eyes sees innumerable forms, the man after death sees innumerable illusory worlds. The quarters, time, sky, *dharma* and *karma*, righteousness and action remain till the *Dooms Day*; *kalpanta* stable. All these are apparent in that *chidakasa*. Incidents unexperienced and unseen and actions never performed come to the remembrance then, like death in a dream. Though there is no reason for this illusion like the imaginary world, it exists in *chidakasa*. Later, this illusion changes as 'this the world, this the creation, this is far, this is near, this is a second, moment, this the short time' and the past remembrances are enhanced. The experienced as well as the inexperienced remembrances both exist in the causeless *chidrupa*. In the illusion of a dream; there is a good remembrance of things. In the same way, the father comes to remembrance when one sees the father-like man. Thus the unexperienced things also appear as experienced and enjoyed. This world full of imagination at the time of creation is dormant in the imagination of the creator, later, it becomes increased and gradually takes form. Some are experiencing the *drisya* of the world in remembrance only; some in the form of

experience practical; for some it is an experience casually without any remembrance. The complete forgetfulness of this *samsara* or world is called *Moksha*, liberation, it is said. Therefore there is nothing to desire and nothing to reject in this *samsara*. Liberation can not be attained without having the knowledge of *aham* and of utter non-existence of this seen world. As long as the serpent and its meaning are attributed to the rope, the fear of the serpent will not disappear. One may say that in the mind of a *yogi*, peace prevails. Really it is no peace as when there is a fall in the *Yogi's* mind, the previous illusion catches hold of him again just as an idiot will be caught by another devil when one devil leaves him. It is only the knowledge of the self that is the cause for salvation. If this knowledge is acquired, one experiences the world as nothing but the *Brahman*.

Leela asked "Devi, I understand that the previous *samskara* is the cause for the creation. Wherefrom the *samskara* that is the cause for the birth of the *brahmin* and his wife came? I never experienced that." Devi said "Leela, after death the reason for seeing the *drisya* is not *samskara*, it is due to the *smriti*, remembrance of the creator. But *Brahma*, being a liberated soul, has no past remembrance, hence this is not the reason for his seeing the *drisya*. *Maya* or illusion which is the reason for the creator's previous body, with the influence of *chaitanya* changes into a new progenitor. Thus one progenitor is born from another progenitor. He will have the notion that he is a *prajapati*, progenitor. To some among the progenitors, their glory enhances with their past remembrance. All the creations thus in the form of illusion appear as born in the sky of the *chit*, but really, they are never born. The reason for the two kinds of remembrance is *Parabrahma*, which alone shines in *chidakasa* being in the true form of cause

and effect. The action, the cause, and the co-causes exist only for the *Parabrahma*. The knowledge that both have absolutely no difference leads to liberation. Without this knowledge, there is no liberation. Therefore, understand that the past remembrance is indivisible *chinmaya*. The words, cause and effect, are in them. Really, there is no separate power for them. Therefore, it is said that the *drisyas* like the world are not born. They shine only in *chidakasa*, the only form of the real *Paramatma*." Leela said "Devi, by the grace of your divine vision I am able to realise the highest knowledge just as the physical eyes can see the outer world clearly. I have a desire to see the house of the *brahmin*. Please take me to that place." Devi replied thus: "Leela, you must first leave aside your physical body by means of *samadhi* and become pure and become *chidrupa*. Then you will, just as a man living on earth can see the sky-town by means of his imagination, see the creation in the real form of the sky in *chidakasa*. This physical frame is a hindrance to have a glimpse of that creation." Leela then enquired the reason why one can not see that creation with this body. Devi replied "Leela, really this seen world has no form. Knowing that the ring is gold one calls the ring as ring not as gold. Really there is no ring at all except gold. In the same way, the creation or the seen world is only the *Brahman*. It has no separate entity. But ignorant people call it the world or creation. It is a myth. The sky of the world is nothing but the *Brahman*. There is no dust in the ocean but the reflection of dust appears in the ocean. In the same way in the formless *Brahman*, the false reflection of the world appears. 'The world is false, I am the *Brahman*' - this idea alone is true. This is enlightenment. The science of philosophy, the experienced *Gurus*, the realised souls and experiences of the

self are the authorities to say so. The *Brahman* sees the *Brahman*. That which is not the *Brahman* can not see the *Brahman*. The creator of the world is the *Brahman*, whose nature is to call itself the world. In the *Brahman* there is no cause or the effect for the world. There is not even the co-related cause. By constant practice, you must get rid of the idea of the world and confirm the idea that it is nothing but the *Brahman*. That is the *Brahmadarsana*, seeing the *Brahman*. By constant practice one must have *unshaken*, incorrigible and ever doubtless knowledge of the *Brahman*, by which he becomes that. My body, like the imaginary town, is the form of the sky. Hence I am able to see the *Brahman* even in this. *Leela*, the bodies of *Brahma* and other great gods or men also are full of pure knowledge. Hence being in the world which is no other than the *Brahman* we are seeing the *Brahman* everywhere. Lack of practice makes your body not the real form of the *Brahman*. So you are unable to see the village of the *Brahmin*. You are unable to see in your own body the town of your imagination. Then how can you see the imaginary town of another of a different body? So leave aside this body and acquire the real form of *chit*. Then you can see the *Brahmin's* house. In the body of the mind, the mental town and in the physical body, physical town can be seen. It is the desire, *samkalpa* that helps to see the *samkalpanagara*. From the beginning of creation the illusion of the world exists. It makes *niyati* strong." *Leela* accepted to leave aside the body and become the pure mind, the form of *visuddhatattwa* and go there. She enquired how *Devi* would go there. *Devi* replied "*Leela*, though you see the imaginary tree, it is nothing but a vaccum. In the same way, though you see my body, it is formless. The vaccum can break the vaccum. Two formless things can never be mutu-

ally hindrances. My body is created by the quality of pure *sattwa*. It is the form of *chit*. As such it is not different from *Parabrahma*. I need not leave this body. I can go over there with this body. Fragrance with the wind, water with water, fire with fire, wind with wind join. Thus my body of the mind can join the body of my mind. The real hill can never fall upon the imaginary hill. The physical body can never join the spiritual body. So you must leave the body. Though your body also is *aativahika* but it has been imagined from a very long time as physical, it has become physical. In a dream, in long deep meditation, in illusion, in imagination, in the town of the *Gandharvas*, as the knowledge that they are false increases, they disappear. In the same way, if by knowledge, your *vasanas* vanish, the idea that the body is physical vanishes and it becomes *aativahika*." *Leela* asked "*Devi*, if by the methods of *samadhi* etc. if the *aativahika jnana* becomes strong, what will happen to this body?" *Devi* replied "*Leela*, the reduction or destruction is possible with regard to the real things. As regards false things, the question does not arise. In the rope there happened the illusion of the serpent. After the illusion vanishes, will the doubt arise as regards the serpent, whether it is dead or has run away? With the knowledge of eternal truth; the idea of the physical body vanishes and the idea of the *aativahika* body will be fully confirmed, like the vanishing of the serpent from the rope after it is realised that it is only a rope. The false creation disappears the moment the truth is realised by the teaching of the wise. The stone that never existed, never exists. We see all the bodies in their fullest form in the *Parabrahma*. We see them in their true form. As you have the lack of that knowledge; you are unable to find this truth. At the beginning of creation when the nature of *chit* was

created, the *drisya* has been taken as the *Brahman*, the one and the only one." Hearing this *Leela* asked, "Devi, where is the need for false creations when there is the only One, *Brahman*, never two or more, and never separated by quarters, time etc.?" *Devi* replied thus: "Leela, ornament in gold, wave in water, truth in dream-desires none can find. In the same way, in the *Brahman*, which is purity itself and the only truth, there is no false creation at all. At the beginning of creation, there was no form at all for the *Brahman* like the sky having no dust or rust at all. That *Brahman* was calm, non-duel, and unborn. Whatever shines in the gem is its reflection in the same way every *drisya* is the reflection; of the *Brahman* itself." *Leela* then asked *Devi* as to who it is that is responsible for making them fall into the illusion of dualism and become fools. *Devi* replied "Leela, what makes you fall in the illusion so far, is *moha*, which is the result of *avichara*; absence of deep thought or correct thinking. The natural *avichara* vanishes with *svavichara*. This *avichara* also called *avidya* is destroyed by *Svavichara*, correct thinking or knowledge. This *avichara* or *avidya* is not different from the *Brahman*. Really speaking there is no *avichara* or *avidya*; no bondage or liberation; there is only one Pure *Brahman*. The world is that. As you did not realise it so far, you are disillusioned. By knowing this you are enlightened, you are endowed with great discrimination. The *vasanas* disappeared; you attained the highest. In your mind there will be no *drisya* of *samsara*. Dualism will never come to you. In deep meditation of no disturbance whatsoever, your mind struck up to *advaita* firmly. There are no *drashta*, *darsana* and *drisya*. Even though a bit of *vasana* seed begins to sprout, anger and love find no place in you. Anger and love are causes of *samsara* when they are destroyed

you can be firm in your deep meditation ever. Then the black mark of *samsara* will go forever. In a very short time, as in the sky by becoming the pure, calm *Paramatma*, you will attain *moksha* or liberation with the destruction of illusion, its cause of desire and other things of the sort.

22. Practice of Knowledge

Knowing a dream as a dream, the illusion of the nothingness of the dream will vanish. In the same way with the vanishing of the *vasanas*, though the physical body is present the knowledge that is *asat*, false occurs. After knowing the dream as dream the body of the dream vanishes. Thus with the vanishing of the *vasanas*, the body of the waking state also vanishes. Waking up from dream, after the imagination fizzles out, the physical body is seen. Thus, after getting rid of the waking consciousness the *aativahika* body shines. After the *vasanas* vanish completely, the dream stage ends and the sound sleep stage enters. Thus, salvation is attained by one, when the idea of the physical body and the seed of the *vasanas* vanish fully. The *vasana* of the *jivanmukta* is no *vasana*. At the time of sleep, when the *vasanas* are absent, the stage is called the sound sleep stage. At the waking stage, when the *vasanas* are sleeping, the stage is called the *moha* stage. If the *jagrat* and *sushupti* stages are devoid of *vasanas*, it is called the *tureeya* stage, which is attained only when the *vasanas* disappear by knowledge. This stage is also called the *Brahmaprapti*, the attainment of salvation. There is no better stage than this. Even if one is in *samsara*, if his *vasanas* vanish, that stage is called *jivanmukta* stage. The fettered *jivas* can not know this state. Just as the snow changes at once as water the moment it is heated, the mind devoid of *vasanas* attains

pure *sattwaswabhava* it becomes *aativahika*. Awakened by knowledge when the mind becomes *aativahika* it can join with other minds, the things of other births and with the things of other creations. By the power of practice if the attachment to the body is far off, the *drisya* also vanishes and you will then attain infinite knowledge. The knowledge of the *aativahika* is hardened and becomes permanent you can see the sacred worlds. Therefore, *Leela*, see that your *vasanas* are destroyed. If that state is attained and if that state is permanent, you can attain *jeevanmukti*, salvation with the body. Until the cool moon of knowledge arises, leave aside the physical body and see the other worlds. The body of flesh can join with the body of the flesh. It can not do anything joining the body of *chit*. This is my past experience. I told you the same. All know it. Like the boon or the curse this can not happen by the power of *siddhi*. By the practice of constant knowledge, the *vasanas* go and the body becomes *aativahika*. After death every *jiva* gets it. None can see its birth. People can see only the dead bodies and not the *aativahika* bodies. *Leela*, in the opinion of a realized soul, the body has no birth or death; both are illusions like the desire in a dream. The birth and death of the imaginary person are both false. In like manner, the birth and death of the body are false."

Leela said "*Devi*, when I hear your sweet and great words the disease of my seeing the *drisya* is cured. Pray tell me what practice is necessary for me and to confirm it for good what action is necessary for me. If I do the same what is that I get?" *Devi* replied it "*Leela*, whenever, wherever and whoever does an action, without good practice it does not bear fruit. Therefore, thinking of the *Brahman*, speaking of the *Brahman*,

teaching about the *Brahman* constantly is called practice of the *Brahman*. The great, who shun the *samsara* and do not at all give place to the desire for enjoyment of the senses in the mind in order to destroy the cycle of birth and death, are always victorious. They are really great whose intellect is beautiful with broad-mindedness, full with renunciation and enjoyment of bliss absolute. The practisers of the *Brahman* are those who with suitable authority realise the utter falseness of the knower and that which is to be known. At the beginning of creation, there was no *drisya*. Really it is never existent; at other times also. Therefore, there is no world. You and I do not exist - this knowledge is called the practice of the *Brahman*. The impossibility of *drisya*, the destruction of attachment and enmity when unrealised and when efforts are made, they are called foolish, sorrowful and painful. The knowledge of the impossibility of *drisya* is understood as *jnana* and *jneya*. The practice of this is the greatest practice. It is called *Nirvana*. The drizzling of snow in the *sarat*, stops with the fierce rainfall, thus, the great sleep called the attachment or the fascination for the night of *samsara* of the mind will be destroyed by the wash of water, of daily and constant practice of discrimination.

By that time the Sun set, evening it was. The audience stood up, saluted the saint and went away to attend to their evening religious rites. The night passed, the day dawned. The audience came to the court of the king with the rays of the Sun and took their seats.

23. Roaming in the sky with the bodies of Knowledge

Leela and *Saraswati* were talking that night thus. The servants after carefully closing all gates were in sound sleep. The place was filled with flowers, and

fragrance. At the place where the dead body of *Padma* was covered with flowers they were in *samadhi* and their limbs were calm. From their faces brightness spread like moonshine from the full moon. They were shining like pictures carved on the pillar. The movement of their senses stopped. Like the evening lotuses they had contracted faces. They became at that time calm and were like clouds at the end of the mountains where there were no winds. Both of them took recourse to *Nirvikalpasamadhi* and completely annihilated the knowledge of the physical frame and senses, like the creeper in the new season leaving aside the plant juice of the previous season and acquires the new plant juice of the new season. *Rama*, the devil of *drisya* disappears to those only who are fully aware of the fact that 'I' and the seen world '*drisya*' are utterly false and illusory. Like the horn of the hare, like the mirage, the false and illusory world appears to us. Then both the ladies *Leela* and *Devi* leaving aside the ideas of *drisya* and *darsana* attained absolute peace like the sky which is devoid of the Sun the Moon, the stars etc. Goddess *Saraswati* took the body full of enlightenment and *Leela* the body devoid of the physical attachments etc. of meditation and knowledge. From the limited sky of the home they were able to wear the form of *chidakasa* in the distant sky. Then the two ladies with fair eyes went a long distance guided by their previous knowledge. Remaining there itself they were able to roam in the wide wide sky in very very distant places by the power of the *chit*. Though their bodies are full of *chidakasa*, as they had minds having the previous *samkalpas* they were able to see each other with friendly looks.

24. Description of the sky

Mixing up their hands with friendly feelings both of them went up to a great distance and began to see the sky. The vast sky resembled the great ocean in width and depth in purity and elegance. They were happy with the soothing cool winds. The sky was very beautiful, giving great joy and calmness and coolness like the pure heart of a great soul. They used to take rest in the places of gods which were like the pieces of clouds formed on the *Sumeru* mountain and as wide orbits of the full moon. They got over the orbit of the moon and enjoyed the fine fragrance of the garlands of *mandara* flowers of the *siddhas* and the *Gandharvas*. When felt the prickly heat of the Sun, they used to bathe as if in a lake in the clouds sweet with water with occasional flashes of light resembling the red lotuses. They used to roam in the *Himalayas* and the *Kailasa* mountain situated on the four quarters and the beads of lotuses. They appeared as two beautiful wasps, black bees, roaming in the lake of lotuses. Becoming wet in the flow of the sky-Ganges, they used to enter mistaking the wind-moving platforms of the series of clouds as dry-houses. Later the two fair creatures with their power used to travel in the vacuum, take rest there and see innumerable buildings there. In the great middle of the vast sky, innumerable worlds were spread one after the other. In spite of the fact that there were crores and crores of worlds, they occupied only a small place and the vastest sky was still there. Above that place there were innumerable earths, shining very peculiarly. Above them and above them and above them also there were worlds with very peculiar *vimanas* at great heights. On all the four quarters there were great mountains like the *Sumeru*, full of gems and rubies, the brightness of which was so great as at the

time of the Deluge when twelve Suns shine with infinite brightness. A place where the shining of the pearls of the mountains falls, appears as beautiful as the plain of snow and another place where the gold colour of the golden mountain falls appears as an ore of gold. A still another place where the light of the *marakatas* (a kind of green gem) appears as a green grassy field. The twinkling of the light appears as darkness just entered. Above the forests of the *Parijata* trees and creepers many *vimanas* fly with flags. They appear from near as flowery shrubs of forests and from a distance as earth full of *Vaidurya* gems. The *siddhas* go there with mental speed, which far excels the speed of the wind. The houses in the *vimanas* were full with the sounds of the musical instruments of the divine damsels. The place can never be full even if all the worlds were brought there. The *suras*, gods and the *asuras*, demons who roam there can not see each other. At the far ends of the place there were the groups of the varieties of the evil spirits called the *Kooshmanda Pisachas*. The pilots of the aeroplanes speeded up them as per the ups and downs of the flow of winds. Before the sounds of the planes, the sounds of the clouds were not at all audible. By the movement of the stars and the planets, it appeared as though the wind-machine moves. The average *siddhas* who were near the Sun were unable to bear the heat and so they used to leave their places. The aeroplanes there were being burnt by the fire of the sighs of the horses of the chariot of the Sun. The lords of the quarters and the heavenly damsels roam there. Hence the place appeared as fickle but the ladies in the barem used to light the lights and camphor, the smoke of which appeared to cover the sky with garlands of clouds. The ladies in heaven called by Indra, Chandra and others go to them in haste while their ornaments used to fall

down on earth. The fourth rate *siddhas* lost their glow and the darkness of their ignorance, used to increase. By the coming and going of the strong *siddhas*, the clouds used to scatter hither and thither and fall on the Himalaya and *Meru* mountains nearby and the mountains appeared to wear clothing. At still another place, crows, owls and the falcon-raven group gathered. Like the waves in the ocean, the *dakinees*, a kind of mean evil spirits, began to dance. The crow-faced, dog-faced, camel-faced and donkey-faced groups of *yoginis*, another mean variety of evil spirits, vainly roam and come back to the same place empty-handed. In the buildings of the clouds covered with the darkness of the smoke love-lorn pairs of the *siddhas* and the *Gandharvas* before the lords of the quarters used to forget themselves and celebrate the festival of copulation. Their love songs made the heaven-going people love intoxicated. In the *Jyotish chakra*, which turns round ever and anon, the division of month into the white fortnight and the black fortnight was clearly seen. In the wheel of the wind, the waters of the sky-Ganges were flowing. The children of gods used to run there to witness the peculiar flow. The gods whose weapons were the *vajra*, *chakra*, *soola*, *sakti* etc were going there hither and thither. Some unbuilt wall-less houses were seen. The divine musicians Tumburu, Narada and others were singing. At one corner, there were clouds as fierce as the clouds at the time of the Deluge. At some other place, clouds quite noiseless appeared like pictures. At still another place, the clouds were rising like the *anjana* mountain. The evening clouds were very beautiful like the flow of gold. At some other place after the rainfall the clouds appeared like the clothes of the *Risyamooka* mountain. Some other place, a place of vacuum appeared like calm ocean. At another place

aeroplanes flying in the river of the wind were seen like the sprouts of trees. At some other place, the flying wasps, black bees were shining with the brilliance of their wings. At some other place, the formation of the wind with dust raised by it appeared like the Meru river. Another place was peculiar with the gods roaming in the aeroplanes. At some other place, the *matruganas*, a kind of mean evil spirits danced naked. At some other place there were the *yogini ganas*, groups of a different species of spirits, quite perturbed. Some other place was the abode of men who took rest after their *samadhi*, with peace of mind. All these places were calm and fair like the minds of *sadhus* static. At some other place the *kinaras*, the *Gandharvas* and the womenfolk of the gods were singing. At some places there were static as well as wandering towns. At one place there was the town of Rudra. At another that of the *Brahma*. At still another place there was the town of illusion. The future town was found somewhere else. There was an illusory lake outshining the beauty of the moon. It was moving. A static lake was found somewhere else. The *siddhas* wander at some place, at another the moon was rising. The Sun was rising at some other place. It was night at another place. Some other place was filled with snow. Snowlike clouds gathered at some other place. Some other place contained clouds full of rain. The lords of the quarters were taking rest at another place as on earth, in the sky. There was terrific of the gods and the demons going and returning from the upper and the under worlds. At some other place the four quarters had men and women going hither and thither. At another place there was no mountain at all over a very extensive place. Some other place appeared as a mountain cave as it was full of darkness. Another place was full with great

lustre; there the Sun also appeared like a big ball of fire. At another place the place called the Moon was full with icy coolness. At still another place there was a forest full of the *Kalpavrikshas*, desire yielding trees. At another place the demons were trying to destroy the town of the gods. At another place the pilots of the aeroplanes were falling down like stars in accidents. Some other place was full with flags tossing each other and flying. At another place all auspicious planets gathered together at the height of glory. The darkness of the night filled some other place while the light of the day spread at another place; Thus at one place there was great roaring sound of the clouds; at another place there were calm clouds, pure and clear. The pieces of clouds while flying in the air appeared as white flowers. A still another place was pure, peaceful, one, joyful, smooth and sacred like the heart of the realised soul. At some other place there was non-stop crying of the frogs, the *vahana*, carriage of *Sukra*. The fields of the sky-livers were filled with the water of space or vacuum. Another place was the abode of the *vahanas* of the ladies of heaven and the ladies of the *vidyadhras*, the peacocks and other beautiful birds. Another place in the clouds the peacocks, the *vahanas* of Lord Kumara were dancing. Another place was filled with the parrots, the *vahanas* of Angi, the fire-God and that place appeared as green grassy land. Some other place was with the buffalos, the *vahanas* of Yama, the God of death fighting with dark clouds suspecting them as rival buffalos. At one place the horses tried to eat away the clouds suspecting them as dry grass. Fierce winds blew in the middle of the towns of the gods and the demons and so they were unable to wander, or go to other towns. At one place Bhairava like the Malaya mountain was dancing. At another place the Garuda bird very big in

size was freely moving, like the winged mountain. At another place, fierce winds moved fast the winged mountains in the air. Some other place appeared as the town of the Gandharvas and another as that of the ladies of the gods. The array of the clouds was high at one place as the trees of the moving mountains fell upon them. Some other place was filled with sky-lotuses quite illusory and water cool but false. Another place was filled with chill winds attracting the cool moonshine. At another place trees and shrubs, hills and mountains were being burnt by the fire of great fumes. At another place cool and happy winds blew silently. At another place many clouds were rising like mountains with keen edges. At another place there was the fiercest roaring of the clouds of incessant rain becoming quite mad. Another place was the sight of the war between the gods and demons, which was impossible to cross over. The sky-lotuses fully blossomed at one place and invite the male and female swans to enjoy. Still another place was full with the fragrance of the lotuses stolen by cool winds coming out from the cool waters of the river *Mandakini*. At another place as the waters of the holy *Ganges* touched them, the fish, crocodiles, tortoises and other water-creatures were rising up. As the *Sun* was away in the *patala*, ether world, some places witnessed the *Suryagrahana*, the eclipse of the *Sun*; as the shadow of the earth fell, some other places witnessed the *Chandragraha*, the eclipse of the Moon. At one place the flowers of the illusory pleasure-garden fell by the fast winds of heaven. At another place the ladies in the aeroplanes were suddenly shaken by the fall of the flowers and the drops of snow upon them when they unconsciously immersed in pleasures. The people of the three worlds roamed there like masquitos in the *udumbara*, ficus glomerata, tree. Observing all

these, the ladies went forth. Taking rest in the sky for some time they again went towards the earth.

25. Description of the Earth

Leela and *Devi* wanted to go to *Girigrama*, the name of the place of the *brahmin*. *Saraswati* by the power of her creation showed to *Leela* the earth. The orbit of the earth is the heart-lotus of the man called *Brahmanda*. The eight quarters are its petals. The mountains on the four sides are its filaments. The lotus of the orbit of the earth shines beautiful with its own fragrance. The rivers are the great beads of the filaments of the lotus, the water inside is the net work of the drops of snow. The night-wasp turns round it. The multitudes of *jivas* are the masquitos. The middle of this is filled with the threads of pleasures. The ether world full of water is its hole; the water is flowing around it. This is shining at the sight of the day. This earth-lotus is wet with the sentiments of love etc. The *Sun* while going in the sky is the swan that follows it. It is contracting itself in the night. The trunk of this lotus is *Vaasuki*, who is in the mud of *Patala*. The ocean is the prop to this lotus. If the ocean shakes the petals, the quarters also shake. In the trunk of the lotus, there are the thorns of gods and devils. The mountains are its seeds; Their prop is the creeper called the ladies of the demons. It has the *Jambu Dwepa*, island called after *Jambu* in the central part of the lotus the towns are its trunk; the villages its filaments. The central part is full of the seeds of the seven Great mountains called the *kulaparvatas*. Its central seed the *Sumeru* Mountain is encroaching upon the sky. All the lakes are the drops of snow on the petal of this lotus. The forests are its dust. The *jivas* living in the central place of this earth-lotus may be compared to the black

bees, wasps. Every full moon day, the wasp-like oceans spread on all quarters over vast areas rise and touch the lotus. On the petals called the quarters the gods, the oceans-like wasps take rest. Nine brothers divided the earth as nine parts and named them as Bharata, Bhadrassa, Ketumala etc. The land is extended over a lakh *Yojanas*; it is full with particles of dust. On this there are many snowdrops called the villages. The salt ocean twice the size of this is around it like the ornament around the hand. The *sakadweepa* is twice its size. On the four sides of it the *ksheerasamudra*, the ocean of milk surrounds it. It is happy-cool. Next, there is the *Kusadweepa* twice its size with over-population. It surrounded the four sides the *dadhisamudra*, the ocean of curd. It gives satisfaction to the gods daily. Like this is the *Krounachdweepa*; which is like the new capital of a king with deep ditches. The *ghritasamudra*, the ocean of ghee surrounds it. Next there is the *Salmalidweepa*, full of sin. Next there is the *surasamudra*, the ocean of wine, white as flowers. It surrounds the *salmalidweepa*, like the thousand hooded Sesha surrounds Lord Vishnu. Next there is the *Gomedakadweepa*, surrounded by the *Ikshusamudra*, the ocean of sugarcane juice, and the mountains of snow. Next *Pushkaradweepa* is surrounded by the fresh water ocean. Next; there is a great hole, which leads to the *patala*, the nether world. It is very dreadful. From this deep pit arose the great *Chakravala* mountains. Half of it is full of darkness, hence it appears as though it is covered by the big garland of black lilies. The mountain-ends are replete with many kinds of gems, red lilies and lilies etc appearing like the lusty hair of the goddess of the three worlds. Next there is a forest ten times bigger in size than this. No creature lives there. Next, a very deep ocean ten times bigger than

this spreads like the sky. Next there are flames of fire ten times greater than this. They appear to melt away even the Meru and other mountains. Next there is the vast flood-like flow of the wind, which is as it were ready to make mountains dust or lift them up to the skies. As it is a vacuum the sound produced by it is inaudible. Next the sky ten times bigger than this spreads its vacuum. Next spread over one crore of *yojanas*, very thick there is a golden wall gigantic in stature. It is in two parts. Thus Leela and Devi seeing worlds full with oceans, great mountains, lords of the quarters, towns of the gods, the sky and the earth, then saw the *bhuloka*; the world of earth.

26. The appearance of the Siddhas

Then they entered the house of the Brahmin after roaming over the entire globe or the universe; unseen by others. They saw in the house sorrow-stricken servants, grief-fallen pale-faced ladies like the dried up lotuses; the house appeared as a town devoid of joyful festivities, like the empty ocean, the waters of which sage Agastya drank completely, like the pleasure-garden completely faded by the severe heat of mid-summer, like a tree burnt by the fall of a thunderbolt and so on. The house with the owner or the master of the house dead, appeared as fierce wind-tossed, broken to pieces—cloud, a lotus destroyed by a heavy fall of snow, a lamp with almost nil-oil, the pale worried face of the man ready to die in minutes, the forest full with dried up trees and a place destroyed by famine and rainlessness. Leela, who attained pure knowledge by constant practice for long, like the gods became so powerful as her every idea fructified. She thought that the inmates of the house should see herself and Devi as ordinary women. At once all the inmates of the house saw them

both, who were like Lakshmi and Parvati. Both Leela and Devi appeared as decorated from head to foot with fresh and fragrant garlands, like the personifications of the Spring Season making the forest full of glow by their presence, and the rise of two moons showering joy filling the forests; medicinal plants and all places with beautiful moonshine full of nectar. With luxurious abundant black hair long and lovely like the big black bees fickle and fascinating eyes they shone as black-lotuses, showering divine *malati* flowers, with their bodily shining like the flow of the stream of liquid gold, they made the whole forest full of gold-coloured brilliance. They were like the swinging cots to the goddess of elegance and beauty, the naturally beautiful waves in the ocean of the Brahman. Their hands were red and like elegant creepers. With them they appeared as though they were creating new and beautiful pleasure-gardens of the desire-yielding trees. Their feet were like fully blossomed and unfaded lotuses, eminent earth-lotuses. By their touch, the earth became more beautiful than ever. By their fair slant looks, the faded and dried up trees also began to sprout again, it appeared. "Salutations to the two goddesses" saying so the eldest son Jyeshthasarma with others there offered handful of flowers to the two ladies and showered upon them. The flowers were like drops of snow on the flowers of the lotus-creeper. Jyeshtha Sarma and others said "Goddesses, you have come to console us, who are immersed in great grief. Good people always try to save the wicked by showering their grace." Then the two ladies enquired as to the cause of their grief. Jyeshtha Sarma said "Goddesses, there was here a pious brahmin couple, the great prop to the guests and the duties of the brahmin race and all-kind to the poor and the needy. They were my parents, who left this

world leaving behind sons, relatives, cattle and sweet home. Hence with their death, the worlds became a vacuum and vain for me. Looking at the dead bodies, the birds flew to the top of the house, move their wings and weep in pitiable cries. The mountain opening its mouth, its cave, with sorrowful cries, emits the river of tears. The quarters leaving aside their dress the clouds, heaving hot sighs became sorrow-stricken and the atmosphere of great grief here makes even the gods shed tears of sorrow. All the village-folk in continuous grief beating their own limbs became weak and dull. They do not take their food and are awaiting their death sorrowfully. The trees daily shed tears of sorrow in the form of the drops of snow from their eyes, the leaves and sprouts being burnt by the fire of sorrow. As there is no traffic the roads or paths became lifeless and ugly like the ladies who lost their husbands and with them their all joys and hearts. The creepers hurt by the sighs of hot winds and the rain of tears weeping with the cries of the koels and the sound of the wasps bit themselves with their own hands, the sprouts. The streams of the mountain in deep sorrow fall in the pits under the rocks down as if to cut themselves into pieces. These houses losing all their glow became silent, dark forests as it were. Even the fine fragrance emitted by the flowers in the pleasure garden, full with the cries in the form of the sounds of the wasps, appears as if it is bad and hateful smell. The branches of the living trees are becoming dried up day by day and their eyes, the clusters of flowers, fade away and looked like holes. The rivers with the sound of their ripples began to run; striking against the ground, to leave their bodies altogether. All the wells and lakes are at a standstill posture; even the fall of a mosquito makes them stir. Our loss of parents is a gain to the gods. Therefore, the

gods, the *kinmaras*, the *gandharvas* and the *vidyadharas* sing with joy welcoming my saintly parents. Pray drive away our sorrow. The presence of the great will never be fruitless."

Leela bent herself and touched the head of Jyeshtha Sarma, like the lotus bending and touching the lower part of its own petal-bottom. Just as the mountain touched by the cloud of the rainy season loses its heat of summer, Jyeshtha Sarma got rid of all sorrow. All the others in the house also became joyful and happy leaving aside their great grief."

Then Rama asked Vasishtha the reason why Leela did not show her form to her own son. Vasishtha replied "Rama, to one whose mortal mind sees the elements as elements cannot see them otherwise. The realised souls always see the elements as *chidakasa*. The idea of the elements makes one see the false things as true. If the boy is in the know that there is ghost, he will never see the ghost. If one is conscious that the dream is false, he will never think that the objects in a dream are true. Thus, if one is in the waking state full of knowledge, he will see the elements also as false. One who is suffering from mental unsoundness finds the wall as gate and the gate as wall. Thus, if one looks at the elements as *akasa*, vacuum, they surely appear him so. The dream objects are all false, but the lady in the dream, though false, satisfies the thirst for lust. In the same way, if the sky is thought as of the elements, it appears to be so. In a state of coma, the next world also appears. The boy looks in the sky the ghost; the dying man the forest; some a cluster of hair and one of the disease of the eye sees in the sky pearls. Men of fear, men of madness, men half in sleep and those who travel in a ship see in the sky always trees and also always experience them. Thus, the form of the objects is a creation.

In reality, the objects have no forms. Leela understood the earth etc. as false. She clearly and firmly understood that the *Chidakasa* itself appears in innumerable forms by illusion. The *Brahman* in the form of *chidakasa* is every thing. When this truth is fully known and firmly established by experience and erudition and when this truth is always meditated upon, who will come down to see the sons, friends, wife etc. as sons, friends and wife etc? Really there is absolutely no creation of things seen. What all you see is the unborn, birthless and deathless *Brahman*. Then where is the scope for attachment or detachment? The fact that Leela put her hand upon the head of her son was to let him know the eternal truth. That was due to the good of his previous birth. *Leela* had no attachment or idea that he was her son. So, she did not appear before him in the form of his mother. With the advent of the only right knowledge that every thing is the *Brahman*, the subtle, pure, immortal, indivisible and the One Absolute, like the sky, every one sees as that and that alone. What is experienced in the dream, in the imaginary town and all the seen is nothing but the *Brahman*.

27. Rebirths ; Past births

The two ladies disappeared from the house there. All the inmates of the house were happy thinking that the goddesses graced them and they attended to their work joyfully. Immersing herself in the sky of that home, Leela became wonder-struck and was silent. Saraswati, in the form of the sky said "Leela, you now understand what you must understand. You have seen the *drisya*. This is the nature of the *Brahman*. Ignorance leads to the illusion of the world; the illumination leads one to reality. What more do you want from me?" The conversation in dream or in imagination is false,

it results in action. In the same way, their conversation also had its results. Though they did not possess the physical bodies, veins and the *pranas*, as in the dream or imagination, they had knowledge in the form of conversation. Then Leela said "Devi, how is it that the inmates of my former house could not recognise me while my son could?"

Devi replied, "Leela, the practice of realising that every thing is one, not two or more, the only One, the Brahman was not strong in you; hence dualism did not leave you. Even now, it did not leave you completely. You can not have the result of Oneness till dualism lies in you. As long as one stands in the Sun he can not enjoy the coolness of the shadow. Due to lack of practice, the idea that 'I am the wife of the king; My name is Leela' did not leave you. You could not experience the reality. Now that you are able to experience the reality, and therefore your desire that 'my son should see me' bore fruit. If you now go to your husband, you can behave as before with him." Leela said "Devi, in the sky of this home, the brahmin became my husband. It is only here that he left the body and became the king. It is here in this home and in this world, in this capital I was his wife. It is in this harem that the king died. Here in this town in the sky of the harem, he became ruler of all places of men. Just as innumerable mustard seeds are in a small bag, the whole world is in the sky of the home. I trust that we are at a very nearer place than before to the place where my husband is. Let me see him from this place by your grace." Devi said "Leela, you had many husbands, now you have three. The first is the brahmin called Vasishtha. The next is king Padma. It is his dead body that is covered by the flowers, in the harem. He became king Viduratha in the world. He is now immersed in the

waters of his family life. He is under illusion in that ocean and is quite disturbed. His mind is polluted. He is deeply drowned in the ocean of *samsara*, like the tortoise. He is entangled in peculiar politics. He is unable to wake up from the illusion of the world. 'I am the Lord, I have all pleasures. I am mighty. I can get my desire fulfilled in a moment. I am happy.' These are the fatal ropes by which he is utterly bound. I can take you to your desired place, like the wind taking the fragrance from forest to forest. Where shall I take you? The places differ; the behaviour of the people differs. If you deeply think over, all the homes of the *samsara* are by your side; if you think in the worldly manner, all these are far far away from you. All these are only the forms of the sky. In them there are many *mandara* mountains, crores and crores. Just as in the Sun's rays millions and millions of particles of light appear. Thus, from the Brahman, from the atom, innumerable worlds appear as created. In the worldly sense, it is an arduous task, an impossible task and a wonderful creation but from the spiritual point of view, these worlds are the seeds of a big tree. All kinds of rays of the gem appear in the sky as a forest. In the same way, from the Brahman innumerable worlds appear due to illusion. In the spiritual sense, all these appear as a vacuum. The appearance of the world in the Brahman is only through illusion. In reality, there is nothing like the elements etc at the beginning of creation. Just as the waves in the lake rise and fall and liquidate in the lake-water, very peculiar divisions of time and earth rise from the *chit* or Brahman and liquidate in it.

Leela said "Devi, I now recollect in my mind my past births. This my birth is *rajasika*. Coming out of the Brahman, falling in innumerable female organs;

I had eight hundred births, I do remember now clearly. In one of my previous births, I was a Vidyadhari, the wasp roaming about the lotus of the world of Vidyadharas. Then spoiled by bad desires, I got the birth of a human being. In another birth, I was the wife of a Nagaraja. Once I was born in a hunter's family in a forest of many kinds of trees. In that family, we used to wear leaves as dress. I was very proud and arrogant. Hence I was next born as a creeper, with clustered flowers as eyes, leaves as hands etc. As I then happened to be by the side of a holy hermitage, I became pure. Burnt by the wild fire, I was next born as daughter to a hermit. Next I was born as a male in the royal dynasty due to my past good, I became king and ruled over Surashtra for hundred years. Due to the sins accumulated in that birth, I was next born as a mongoose in the forest of *palmyra* trees, by the side of deep water. Suffering from a bodily disease and living for nine years I died. I was next born as a cow in the Surashtra country and lived with the shepherds for eight years. Next I was born a bird in a forest. Falling in the nest of a hunter, I was able to break it and come out like a man breaking the mean *vasanas*. I was born as the female black bee and enjoyed male black bees on the beds of lotuses eating the filaments of the lotuses. Later I was born as a deer with wide and beautiful eyes and big and strong horns. One hunter hit me in the female organ. I died at once. Next I was born a fish. Playing on the waves of the ocean, I found a tortoise. I got over its back and sat comfortably. At once, a fisherman beat me. Escaping from his clutches, I fell in the ocean. Next I was born as a female hunter. I used to sing with melodious tone, enjoy my hunter-husband and drank the wine of the cocoanuts. Next I was born as a kind of crane or swan, roamed freely

with music and pleased my husband most. Sometimes sitting on the branches or shrubs I used to send slant and love-looks to my husband. I was next born as an *apsara*, heavenly damsel, like fully blossomed lotus with golden coloured and very enjoyable limbs, I used to satisfy many gods, the big black bees, or wasps. Sometimes I used to enjoy young men in the *kalpaka* forests of the Sumeru mountain on the ground decorated with gems and rubies, gold and pearls. Next I was born a tortoise in the cave situated in the forest of creepers drenched by the waves of the ocean. Next I spent happy time in swinging pastime on the waves of the lake and on a tree nearby the leaves of which are touched by the waves as a *Rajahamsa*, swan of the highest kind. Next I was born as a mosquito as I wanted to swing like the mosquitos found on the *salmali* tree. Next I was born as *Vetasa* creeper moving with anxiety hit by the waves of the hill-stream. Next I was born in the clan of the Vidyadharas as a female beauty. On the *gandha madana* mountain, in the homes surrounded by the *mandaara* trees, the best of the young *vidyadharas* used to fall upon my feet love-lorn begging for my acceptance. Like the moonshine in the orbit of the moon, though I was on beds of coolness and smell of camphor, I used to be sorrowful. In the fiercely blowing winds the deer ran hither and thither worried and wearied. In the same way, I was in many female organs of different kinds sorrowful and suffocated to have many births and after birth I was swept by the waves of the river of *samsara* falling and rising. I became weak, I roamed aimlessly and endlessly for long, full of misery and worry."

28. The Girigrama

Rama asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, will you please tell me how the two ladies broke away the orbit of the

worlds, which were spread over crores of *yojanas*, stiff as the *vajra* and very dense?" *Vasishtha* replied "*Rama*, where is the *Brahmanda*? Where is its orbit? Where is its stiffness as the *vajra*? They were there in the sky of the harem only, please understand.

In the sky of the *Girigramagriha*, the home in the village called *Girigrama*, the *brahmin* enjoyed his kingdom. In the vacuum sky platform, the *brahmin* became *Padma* and ruled over the kingdom extended over the four seas and the land in between them. The king and his wife enjoyed their capital and the harem. The same *Arundhati* became *Leela*, worshipped *Saraswati* and along with her crossed over the *akasa-mandala*, which was full of beauty. Really, *Leela* along with *Saraswati* in the limited sky of the home like the sleeping man seeing another dream in a dream, going to another great world, seeing the *Girigrama*, going to another great world, returning to *Girigrama* - all these experienced. All this is nothing but illusion. In reality, there was nothing except the sky. The great world, *samsara* and distance are all false. Due to the influence of the *vasanas*, all these beautiful incidents were reflected in their minds. Where is the *Brahmanda*? Where is the *samsara* in reality? The sky with movement is taken as wind. Thus due to their creation of the mind, the *chidakasa* is imagined as the great world without any covering. The *chidakasa* is always everywhere birthless and peaceful. This by the creation of the mind in itself shines as the world. If one knows this truth, he will realise that the world is more a vacuum than the sky. The ignorant man sees the world as stiff and hard. Just as in dream the towns etc. are seen very clearly, the world which is really false appears as true in the thing called *chit*. Just as in the waste and sandy land the idea of water and in gold the idea of ornament

appears. Thus, in the *Brahman*, these *drisyas* appear as true though very false. The two elegant ladies talking to each other slowly moving came out of the house, unseen and unrecognised by others. There was a mountain before them. It appeared as though it broke the orbit of the sky and touched the disc of the Sun. The forest on the mountain was full with many kinds of peculiar trees, fully blossomed flowers and was very calm. From the forest all kinds of sounds of different birds and peacocks were heard. Various clusters of flower-varieties appeared as groups of clouds, over which the *sarasas*, crane-like birds took rest. In the narrow strips of lands, the creepers were intertwined and stopped the wind. The groups of trees with fully blossomed flowers covered the clouds on the sky. The waters of the streams were falling from great heights; the scattered water-drops appeared as pearls. The trees on the banks of the rivers were moved by the winds. In the forests there the shadows always were cool. Then both the ladies visited the *Girigrama*, which was like that part of heaven that fell on the earth. In the village there was the sound of the pulleys by which water was drawn. The lakes here and there were full with water, from which sounds of birds were heard. At the place there the sounds of the herds of cows were heard. There were many shrubs and fields with some kinds of paddy, appearing as green. At some places there even the rays of the Sun could not enter. Some places were full with snow. The stones there were hence pale. On some trees, some creepers with many clusters of flowers were hanging down and appeared as knots of hair. In some places as the water fell from the heights into pits of stones, the foam-like water-drops that arose from the pits appeared like pearls and the drops of milk risen when the ocean of milk was churned. At some

other places, the trees before shone with fruits and flowers and appeared as though men came with the offering of flowers in abundance. The trees moved by winds sounding like the waves also appeared as men who shower the desire-flowers on those who were in need of them. Though there was absolutely no scope for fear of any kind, the birds sitting fearlessly hearing the sound of the fall of water from the hills began to cry aloud suspecting the sound as the sound of arrows of the hunter. At some places, the swans taking rest in the waves of the rivers in their hurry to drink water flew and got down here and there as stars. Children taking their morning meal, looking at the crows on the palmyra trees began to hide pieces of meat or cheese. At some other place, the children of the village were playing wearing the dress of flowers and flowers as ornaments. At some other place there a good varieties of trees existed; the atmosphere was quite cool. At some other place on the pathway itself the poor and hungry village girls, wearing dirty cloths and flower-ear rings were lying as mean creatures. At some other place, as the sound of the waves of the river was high, the words of one could not be heard by another. Lazy fellows who shirk to do any work were found at one place. At some other place the naked children with marks of dung were playing with flowers and creepers as their mouths, hands and shoulders bearing marks of curd. At still another place, as the waves of the river moved the green grass on the shore, pieces of grass began to draw lines in the sands. At some other place, scenting the smell of the curd and the milk, the flies began to rise slowly. At another place, children with fever were crying for food with eyes full of tears. At one place; looking at the lady whose hands and bangles of the hands were dirty with cowdung and who was

trying to mould her hair into a knot with the same dirty hands, other ladies began to laugh. The hermits were driving away with the throw of flowers or leaves the hill-crows that came down there to eat the wet grain rice left by them at the time of domestic rites-offerings. At one place on the pathway wild shrubs began to grow. At some other place the flowers from the nearby shrubs and creepers fell daily and as there were none to take them away, they formed as heaps to a height. In the forests, the deer and the *chamari* animals began to roam. The baby-deer fell asleep on the green grass under the shrubs and creepers. At one place as the calves of cows lying move their ears often, the flies used to move away. The flies used to fall on the mouths of the cowherd-boys, as their lips were with the marks of curd and milk and began to make noise. At some other place, the owners of bee-hives used to drive away the bees and taking the bee-hives returned home. At still another place buildings with lac in the pleasure gardens were being constructed for sport. At another place, the trees with fully blossomed flowers were being drenched by the water drops brought by the winds. The house-tops were full with the buds of the *kadimi* trees at one spot. As the obstructive shrubs were cut off, the *ketakti* shrubs were full with fully blossomed *ketaki* flowers, white fragrant and beautiful. At some other place, the water flowing in the canals was making sound. The clouds taking rest in the palaces came out through the windows. The lakes full with water were also full with fully blossomed lotuses, thickly grown and resembling the full-moon. The green-grassy lands under the shadows of trees were cool. The water-drops fallen on the grass appeared as stars. Due to the constant fall of flowers and the drops of snow, all the palaces bore white hue. At some places

on the trees, clusters of flowers very peculiar and fruits were hanging. The lovely ladies slept on the clouds gathered on the terrace-tops and there was no need for light there as the clouds always produced lightnings, without break. At some other place, the wind entering the caves of mountains resounded. The houses appeared very beautiful with the constant roaming of the deer, the *chakora* birds and the parrots. At another place the wind bringing the fragrance of the fully blossomed flowers of the plantain trees was moving the thin ends of the leaves. At one place, beautiful young ladies were hearing the melodious words of the parrots and other birds. At still another place, the crows and the koels made noises. At another place there were the palmyra trees and trees of darkness along with the trees of lemons. Another place was the place of beauty where the creepers embraced the trees tightly. The pathway was obstructed by the moving creepers. Another place emitted fragrance of many flowers. At another place, the houses were covered with the leaves of the palmyra etc. Another place was cool with fully blossomed flower-trees. The cows at another place were coming out of waters with loud cry of 'Amba'. Another place shone bright with blue flowers and green fields. The flow of the stream, at some other spot was stopped by the fall of the tree from the bank and at another diverted to a different direction. Flowers fully blossomed and very thick appeared as the above upper cloth of the costly pleasure-cot. At a different place, the pleasure-gardens were full with flowers and fragrance of many kinds sweet and happy. The wasps drinking the honey and becoming mad with joy covered the lotuses. Before the palaces of another place, the town of Indra, the lord of Heaven paled into insignificance. At a certain place the sky became red with the dust of the

lotuses. Another place was filled with white clouds. Another place had the homes of creepers before the palaces full with blossomed flowers. Another place was the source of joy where the birds sang melodiously with sweet tongues. The youngmen reclined on the beds of blossomed flowers awaiting their lady-loves who arrived with garlands of flowers hanging till the feet. Many places were the places of green grass. In one place, the creepers of the lilies intertwined closely. In some homes the clouds were like pictures; while another place wore the garland of snow. Another place was the place, where the ladies suddenly got surprised and stood aghast at the lightning of the clouds in the houses. Another place was beautiful with the sweet smell of the black lilies. At another place the cows grazed on the green grass with sweet sounds. At the fall of the water-drops of the fine streams, the peacocks began to dance thinking that it was rain, their dear favourite. The deer lay down happy without any fear before the houses. The touch of the wind with fresh fragrance drove away the sweat of exhaustion. On the walls there were creepers of lightning and hence there was no need for lighting. The nests of birds were filled with their noises. With the sound of the streams, words of others were inaudible. Due to the fall of the drops of snow like pearls, the trees, the creepers, the grass and the leaves were cool. As the trees were always full of flowers quite blossomed, they were always fair with undiminished glow. Such beauty of the Girigrama no body could ever describe.

29. The Paramakasa

The two ladies entered the village which was cool just as enjoyment and enlightenment enter man the peaceful knower of the Self. Leela, by the power of

practice had body full of knowledge and was able to understand the past, the present and the future. She could easily understand the state of the previous births; deaths and *samsara*."

Leela said to Devi "Devi, by your grace, I saw this country and recollected the previous births and actions. I was born a brahmin-lady here. My body was weak and worn out, dirty and pale. My hands had the stings of the dried up *darbha* grass. I used to churn the curd with a churning rod. I increased the tribe of my husband. I was the mother of many sons. I served the guests and pleased them. I used to worship with deep devotion the guests and served them to their satisfaction with devotion. I was always with marks of milk and ghee. I used to clean the utensils, the fire-place and the pots etc very carefully. I used to wear only one bangle which always bore the mark of a boiled rice-grain as I was always engaged in feeding the guests. I was with daughter and son-in-law, brother, father and mother, whom I served. Day in and day out, I was engaged in domestic duties. To get the work done quickly, I used to hasten the servant-maids. My husband also was engrossed in his daily duties. Who are we? What is this *samsara*? We never had the desire to ponder over such things even in dreams. My body was worn out. The bones became insipid and came out. To cover them, I used to wear the carpet. My duty was to collect fit sticks for sacrificial fire; vegetables, the fuel, and cow-dung carefully. Some times I used to take out and throw out the worms gathered in the ears of the calves. Sometimes I used to command the servants to drench the plants with water. I used to give grass grown on the banks of the rivers to the calves as food. Always, I used to decorate the house-gates and make the front yard look beautiful. I was never lazy to break

my daily routine. When the peons did wrong, I used to punish them. After some time my body was dried up like a dried up leaf. The head began to shake in old age; the ears began to swing. Like one driven by a threatening stick, I was driven by old age. Gradually many old age symptoms appeared". So saying Leela turned round the *Girigrama* showing the peculiar things to Saraswati thus "Devi, this is the pleasure-garden; these are the *paatala* trees; this is the platform in the garden full with blossomed *ashoka* flowers. See this calf, tied to the tree is just born. That calf is '*karnika*', the sweet name given to it. It is unable to bear my separation with her. This my servant-maid, is very much feeling my absence. In sorrow, she was lazy. With dust and dirt, she has been shedding tears for the last eight days. Devi, I used to take my food here. I used to sit here, roam here, sleep here, drink here and gather things here. This my son is weeping for me. In this forest my cow is grazing on the green grass. This is my house-gate. It has five windows and is like my body of the five senses. It used to please me most. But now it lost its glow due to the Sun's great heat. This is my kitchen, it may be said as my another body. The creeper I planted here grew up and spread over the top of the house. My relatives sorrow-stricken by my separation denounced their ornaments and wore the garlands of *rudraksha* beads, their eyes became red for weeping continuously for me. This is the *grihamandapa*, surrounded by a river. The branches of the tree on the shore spread down and hence the waves move them. Sometimes they touch the ground also. By the branches of the trees and the waters of the river the mid-day Sunshine also is here cool. The trees with flowers in full stand as if to hear the music of the wasps with admiration. The *kimsuka* flowers blossomed appear as

red pearls and make the place very beautiful. Drops of water stand on the creepers. As the waves touch the stones, there arises foam. From it come out sprinkles of water with the smell of the lilies. The children of the village were anxious to catch the fruits like mangos carried away by the flow. Big waves rise in the river and cause fear. The stones on the shore were made dirtless by the washing of the waters of the flood. The *grihamandapa* was cool as it was surrounded by many branches full of leaves. There were creepers of flowers also. In the windows hang down blossomed flowers and clusters of fruits. Here my husband's *jiva* shines in the form of the sky of the house. Though he is devoid of work, he rules over vast land surrounded by the four seas. I quite remember his strong desire to become king. Due to that desire he became king in eight days and enjoyed the kingdom of plenty as desired. In the sky, the wind and in the wind fragrance lie dormant, though a king, my husband lives in the sky of the house. The kingdom of my husband lies in the sky of the house the extent of which is only toe-like. But due to illusion it appears as having innumerable *yojanas*. Devi, both of us are the forms of the sky. My husband's kingdom also is in the sky. It appears due to illusion that it has innumerable mountains. When I see the kingdom of my husband I am led to desire. Let us go. Distance will never hinder the efforts of the strong-willed."

So saying to Devi Leela saluting her entered the *grihamandapa*. Like a sharpened sword and a bird in the clean sky Leela flew to the sky along with Devi. Then both of them piercing through the clouds which were like thin black eye-paste, the body of Vishnu and the tail of the wasp, crossed over the path of the clouds, which was like still ocean. They duly crossed over the wind-way, the paths of the Sun and the Moon, the world

of Dhruva, the worlds of the Saddhyas and the Siddhas, earth and heaven, the world of the creator. They reached then *Vaikuntha* where the everjoyful live. From there they went to *Sivaloka* and *Pitrloka*. Next they went to the worlds where the enjoyers of *Videha* and *sadeha* enlightened people reside. When they were going very far, all of a sudden Leela forgot her indivisible immortal body. When she turned back, she saw neither the Sun, the Moon nor the Stars. She saw indomitable thick darkness. It spread to all quarters. Leela asked "Devi, where is Sunshine ? or the Moonshine ? or the Starshine ? Wherefrom this thick darkness did come ?"

Devi said "Leela, we have come to the distant place where the Sunshine or the Moonshine can never enter. Can a man who is deep down in the depths see the light of the glow-worm of the earth ?" Leela exclaimed with wonder "Have we come so far ? where shall we go now ? How ? Please tell me." Devi said "Leela, we shall next see the wall above the universe. The Sun and the Moon etc. are the particles of dust risen from this."

So talking they went near the wall over the universe like two black bees reaching the hill-wall. They crossed over it like crossing a vacuum, or the sky. Those who have firm and true knowledge as firm as the *vajra* will see the reality of things. Unblemished true knowledge alone does it. The pure-minded ladies saw outside the universe a wall-like water infinite and beautiful. It is ten times greater than the universe and surrounded it like the skin over the seed. Then they saw fire ten times greater than the water. They next saw the wind and the *chidakasa*. In that *chidakasa*, there was no beginning, middle and the end like the presence of a barren lady's son. It is all-expansive, all-peaceful, unlimited,

eternal and in the Brahman. It has no delusions whatsoever. With all strength till the end of the *kalpa* even if stones were thrown forcibly, even if *Garutman* with all his speed flew and even if the fierce and fast winds of the Great Deluge blew towards it, they can never dream of reaching this place, the *chidakasa*, or *Paramakasa*.

30. The Peculiar Brahmandas

Leela and Saraswati in a moment crossed over the coverings of the five elements which were ten times greater and saw the *Paramakasa* in the *Brahmandamandala*. In that *Paramakasa*, this world and countless egg-like worlds were existent. They saw the coverings rising like the *trasarenu*s in the rays of the Sun. In that *Paramakasa* there were innumerable worlds rising. Some were above and some below. Some were across moving. Some were still. The happening is as per the knowledge of the *jivas*. As per the remembrance of the subtle thoughts of the previous births, people have such thoughts at such places, in such forms. But to men of knowledge there is no world above and none below. There is no going there. They see only the Brahman, the only one without a second. The worlds told above were only to the ignorant. In ignorance, they were born. Like the creation of the ghost to the boy, they are false."

Sri Rama asked Sage Vasishtha "Sir, please tell me about the creations above, below of the *jivas*. If they are not existent in the Brahman, how can they be in the great world?"

Sri Vasishtha said "Rama, by a peculiar disease of the eye, one sees in the sky clusters of hair. In the same way, to the ignorant man many worlds appear in the *Pure Brahman*. All things are as per the desire of the Supreme Being. In this world, the sky is above

and the earth below. The things are not independent. The world below is called the leg of the ant in the form of earth in the sky. In some worlds there are only trees and anthills, no men. In the sky above there are the gods, the demons and the *kinnaras* etc.

Just as some fruits will be born with thick skin, some worlds will be born with the just - then - created *jivas* of the four kinds, villages, towns and mountains. Just as the elephants will be born usually in some places of the Vindhya Mountain only, in the places with the great illusion of the *Brahman* only, innumerable worlds will be born resembling the *trasarenu*s. All these are in the *chidakasa*; are born in the *chidakasa*; are dissolving in the *chidakasa* only. For all the created things the *Brahman* alone is the cause; It is every thing. In the ocean of *chidakasa*, which is pure knowledge infinite, the waves of *Brahmandas* innumerable rise always and again dissolve themselves in it. In the ocean of the *chidakasa*, there are innumerable worlds which are yet to rise as waves. In view of the absence of *samkalpa* of the *Brahman*, some are sleeping in the vacuum in the form of utter darkness. The end of some of the world-waves and the sounds of them forecasting the Great Deluge are not audible to those who are immersed in enjoyment of the senses; with sense-pleasures their brains are unable to grasp it. Just as the baby-plant comes out of the wet seed, from the first created infinite worlds innumerable groups of *jivas* arise. Just as heat melts the ice-curd, some great worlds are melted by the terrible heat of the Sun at the time of the Great Deluge. The twelve Suns burn the earth entire and it becomes water, being melted in a moment. Some great worlds unable to catch hold of anythings, fall deep down

without any possibility of rising again. It is quite possible. As they are the forms of *chit*, there is every possibility for their rise and fall. Some worlds are static; the cluster of hair in the sky, movement in the wind etc shine. Therefore, the above mentioned creations are possible. This great world is created by one progenitor, who became *prajapati* as a result of his past knowledge, action, and penance. The creation of this *kalpa* and the creation of another *kalpa* may differ but it is a scientific truth. Some worlds are created by Brahma; some by Vishnu; some by the *Prajapati*. Some have no creator; they are full with beasts and birds. Some are created by the combination of some peculiarly. Some are full with the entire ocean. In some there is no creation at all. In some there are no men. Some are full with rocks. Some with insects; Some with gods only and some with men only. In some utter darkness prevails; in some there are owls etc. Some have light and are filled with men, and other *jivas*. Some are full with mosquitos and are like the fruits of the *Udumbara* tree. Some are vaccums; some have animals having no movement. Innumerable are the creations of such worlds. Even the *Yogis* are unable to visualise them. These are all in vacuum and are like the wide wide great sky. Even Gods like Vishnu and others in spite of their best effort for life can not know the extent of these. As the gems are bedecked in gold, the great worlds have mutual power of attraction. Hence the stay of the surrounding waters. This is how I described the worlds as much as I could. I have no power to describe them any more. I can not estimate how innumerable are the *Brahmandas* in the *mahakasa*, the great sky, just as it is impossible to estimate the *Yakshas* dancing in fierce darkness of the wood mad and invisible.

31. The unstable sky with the on-lookers of war

Leela and Saraswati talking to each other thus came out of the world they were seeing suddenly came to the harem, where they saw the dead body of king Padma covered with flowers, by its side the body of Leela immersed in *samadhi*. The whole night was long for all were immersed in grief and none had sound sleep. All the quarters were filled with the fragrance of various flowers. Leela wanted to go there and her body full of that *samkalpa* was there. Breaking the outer wall of the *brahmanda* she entered her husband's *samsara* of desires. Both Leela and Devi entered the vast *brahmandamandapa* with its covering. Leela saw the *samsara* of her husband, which was like a pit of dirt or mud. Just as the lion enters the cave dirty with clouds, the ant the *bilva* fruit, Leela entered with the body of the sky that *Brahmandakasa*. Devi followed suit. Before entering the kingdom of Padma, they went beyond the other worlds, the mountains, and the sky and reached the *Jambudweepa*, surrounded by the oceans, decorated by *Sumeru*, divided into nine islands. They then reached the *Bharatavarsha* and then the kingdom of Padma. By the time they went there, the king of Sind with his interdependent kings was trying to occupy the kingdom of Padma. Hence there was great war going on. The sky was full with those who came there to witness the great battle. What Leela and Devi found there was this: The sky was covered with the sky-roamers and was like being covered by the clouds. There were the *Siddhas*, *Charanas*, *Gandharvas* and the *Vidyadhara*s in the sky. The heavenly damsels were inviting the dead war-heroes. Tasting flesh and blood of the dead the groups of *Bhutas*, *Pisachas*, and the *Rakshsas* were dancing with joy. The *Vidyadhara* ladies took flowers

in their hands to shower upon the victorious. For fear that the arrows might fall upon them, the varieties of *Pisachas* like the *Kushmandas* hid themselves behind the mountains. The evil spirits began to run away from the place where the arrows were falling. The warriors with great enthusiasm and ego fought with each other giving joy to the lovers of war. 'It is a great war fierce' people used to say. The elegant and sportive ladies of the gods had in their hand *chamaras*, fanning instruments. The hermits who by the power of their penance were able to sit in the sky unseen, began to praise the Gods. The wives of the lords of the worlds also followed suit. The messengers of Indra were in a hurry to take along with them those who were to be taken to Heaven. Some of them were decorating the Divine Horses and Elephants. The Heaven-bound heroes were given a great ovation by the Gandharvas etc. The heavenly damsels were extending their love-looks to the heroes of the battle. They were eager to embrace them. Before the fame of the heroes, even the Sun appeared like the Moon."

Sri Rama asked Vasishtha "Sir, Who is called a hero? Who are the glory of Heaven? Who is unfit to be in Heaven?" Vasishtha replied "Rama, one who sacrifices his life in battle or victorious in battle fought on behalf of the king of the right and noble cause is a hero, who deserves the honours of Heaven. One who fights on behalf of an unjust king does not deserve heaven; he goes to Hell. The king whose behaviour is acceptable to the Sastras and the world and those who fight for their cause are called heroes, devotees of Dharma. One who fights and dies in battle for the protection of cows, for a good friend and for protecting the lives of those who seek refuge, is called the glory of Heaven. The king and the warriors who fight and die

for their country will go to heaven. The king who is a menace to the country and those who fight and die for him go to Hell. A king or a warrior who joins the unjust side in unjust war fights and dies will surely go to Hell. The result of just and unjust wars is quite different. Otherwise, people unjustly kill others with arrogance and egoism. It is wrong according to the Sastras to think that any hero dies and attains Heaven. Only one who dies in a just war goes to Heaven. The Sastras say so. The heroes are those who die for virtuous causes. They alone go to heaven. Others are cowards; they go to Hell. Their war is no war but criminality. Looking at the hero who dies in a righteous war the heavenly damsels compete with each other to have him and enjoy. Then in the sky the ladies of the Vidyadharas sing songs of joy. The heavenly damsels prepare garlands of flowers to decorate their loving heroes. The aeroplanes of the gods and the Siddhas are parked in Heaven. The sky shone bright as if it is a place of great celebration of a great festivity.

32. The Beginning of War

Leela and Saraswati saw the sky filled with such dancing damsels. The forest was filled with the armies. Hence it was fierce and like a second sky. The two armies were like great oceans disturbed and fierce. On both sides there were great kings, dressed in uniform, wearing shields, the warriors were like the flames of fire. Some were seriously looking at the wounds previously inflicted. Some were putting up with the sword-edges as water-falls. Weapons of many kinds were strewn here and there. The battle-field was very fierce like the forest shaken by the wings of the Garutman. Like the glow of the morning Sun, the golden-coloured shields were shining bright. The warriors looking at

each other with great indignation, left their arrows. Some exchanging fierce looks stood like statues. On both sides, there was strict adherence to the code of right conduct. As the heroic words of the warriors rose to a high pitch, other words were quite inaudible. Before the war, if the soldiers fought with each other against the war-morality, the sounds of the trumpets used to stop. The commanders-in-chief used to place the contingent of very strong soldiers on the forefront, next less strong and next still less strong warriors were kept. Just as the fierce wind of the Doom's Day divides the ocean into two, some space between the two armies like a bridge was of a terrible nature. At the ferocity of the war, kings on both sides were sorrowful. Their hearts began to shake like the throat-skin of frogs. Innumerable soldiers leaving aside their sweetness for life plunged themselves in war. The artillery used to leave the arrows drawing them till their ears. Some were looking at the fall of the arrows and the wounds that the arrows caused, without allowing the eyelids close the eyes. Some closed their eyebrows in war-madness. By mutual rubbing, the shields used to make sound. The cowards unmindful of the exhortation of the commanders were running away. The weak were sure of losing their lives in the battle. By the thick dust men and elephants appeared to be stout.

With the stoppage of the war-cries that witnessed the war at the end of the first three hours the place appeared as a town immersed in sleep. The sounds of conches, trumpets etc. stopped. The dust filled the quarters, the sky and the earth and looked like big clouds. The cowards took to their heels. The place, war was going on, in the strategy of a fish appeared like the sea. The flags rose and covered the sea. The elephants lifting up their hands made the sky a big

forest. The weapons thrust were bright in the sky and appeared as though they had wings. The sky was filled with the sound of the conches and the trumpets. Just as gods taking recourse to the strategy of a wheel *-chakravyuha-* killed the demons, the heroes of one side killed those on the other side. At another place with the strategy of the Garuda one side drove away those on the other side, and their elephants. At still another place, the warriors taking recourse to the *Syenavyuha* began to make great sounds. From another quarter the warriors used to enter the war with sounds of their shoulders. The warriors who came out successfully from these strategies were crying aloud. Some were turning round their weapons, the *mudgaras* in their hands. With the use of black weapons the colour of the sky became black; the Sun and the clouds also became black. The sounds of arrows were heard like the sounds of the grass bent by a gust of wind. The armies were like the clouds at the time of the Deluge, the disturbed ferocious oceans of that time, the wings of the Meru just cut off, the *anjana* mountain struck by fierce winds, the great darkness that just came out from the nether world and like the dance of the *chakravala* mountains coming out of Hell. The ocean of the light of the innumerable weapons used in the battle appeared as though it began to make the whole world submerge under its water.

33. The Casualties of the first day of war

Sri Rama asked Vasishtha to describe the war still as it was very interesting to hear. Vasishtha continued : "the two ladies in order to witness the battle made their aeroplanes made by their true desire, static. Then the enemies came and attacked the king and his armies. Leela unable to keep quiet began to beat them

with the weapons of warfare, as the plain of the hill was struck by stones. Both sides attacked each other with all ferocity, like two oceans at the time of the Pralaya, the great Dissolution. They exchanged arrows and swords, from which sparks of fire came out. The sky shone with the brightness of the weapons of warfare used by both sides. The sounds of the bow-strings and that of the clapping of hands, at some places the heroic sounds of the warriors were heard. The rays of the Sun reflected in the sharpened edges of the arrows appeared as the soft cloth-covering. The sounds of the shields and sparks of fire were heard and seen then. The swords rising above appeared as birds in the sky. Attacking each other they were becoming pieces in no time. The sky appeared as a forest due to the movement of the shoulder-trees of the heroes. By the fierce sound of the arrows, ladies in the aeroplanes were afraid and they began to scream. There was great hubbub on all sides, the sounds of the clouds appeared as the sounds produced by the wasps. Just as in *nirvikalp pasamadhi* no other sound except that of the Brahman will be heard, in the war nothing was heard except the war-sounds. By the hits of arrows, the heads of the soldiers were torn into pieces. By mutual rub, the shields produced sounds. The sounds of the rubs of swords dissolved in the sounds of the *hum hum* of the warriors. Innumerable weapons rising high spread like clouds in the sky. The attack of swords with swords produced the *jhum jhum* sounds. The sounds of the shoulders of the heroes struck with their hands produced *chat chat* sounds. The swords drawn from the sheaths quickly produced *san san* sounds. The arrows coming out from the bows made *khar khar* sounds. The fall of blood from the throats of those hit in battle produced *thak thak*

sound. With the limbs and weapons of the hit the sky has become full. The fierce rub of the shields of heroes produced sparks of fire which began to burn their turbans. The fall of the swords made *jhum jhum* sound. From the bodies of the elephants hit by the weapons called *kuntas* blood came out as waves. Some began to cry aloud with horrible pain as the trunks of the elephants hit them. So were those who were pounced by the weapons called the *musalas*. The heads of heroes cut covered the sky. The hands cut fly into the sky and appear as serpents. The clouds were covered with dust. Those who lost their weapons in warfare began to fight with each other catching hold of the hair. Some were hit by nails and the limbs were torn. At another place the strong-shouldered fought with each other winning and crying aloud victorious. When the proud elephants were hit and when they fell with agony the weak-minded soldiers shuddered and swooned. Blood began to flow through the path of the wheels of the chariots. The dust that rose high appeared as a fog in the sky. The weapons of warfare shone brilliantly. The sounds of clouds joined the sounds of war. Death with her crooked dance and laugh began to eat away men. The elephants resembling great clouds made sounds by which the pride of the sounds of clouds disappeared. The place was filled with all weapons like the *chakra* etc. Around the warrior-mountain, the arrow-spider webs appeared. The flags hoisted by the heroes were torn into pieces by the clouds. Unable to withstand the ferocity of the stones and wheels let off from the machine called the *kshepani* the birds took to their wings. The soldiers seriously hit but still living, began to cry for fear of death. The heads of the soldiers were off with the strokes of chisled axes. The raised swords kept for long appeared as if the stars rose in the sky. When the

warriors vehemently threw the weapons like *sakti* etc, hit by them the elephants fell on the ground which was filled by them. The female *Bethalas* began to throw the *mudgaras* on the soldiers. The raised *tomara* weapons appeared as *toranas*. The swords forcibly lifted by the weapons called the *bhusundas* appeared as hairs. The *kunta* weapons with their glow appeared as a forest of the bamboos, burnt by wildfire. The kings gave rewards to those who fought well. The heavenly damsels were trying for the hands of the heroes of the battles. Due to the snow of the maces, the lotuses of the faces of the warriors faded away. The soldiers wounded by the *praasa* weapons, began to fall unconscious. Hit and cut by the weapons the soldiers the horses and the elephants were cut into pieces. Hit by the sharpened axes the wild elephants began to fall. The soldiers with weapons in their hands were jumping into the war. With the stones thrown by the *kshepani* machines the flags on the chariots, the trees began to fall. The ends of swords cut into pieces the lotuses on the heads of the warriors, their umbrellas etc. Of those who run to embrace the falling and dying soldiers, some were hit. When the elephants, afraid of the wounds, were running, the heroes stopped them. But the moment they were hit by the chisled axes, they ran away again. Sorrowful at the death of their commanders, some fought fiercely. Some were dying cut by the weapons of chisled swords. Some began to dance with the weapons *trisulas* like Lord Siva. Some were running with their bows and arrows crying. Some touching their long hair with the roaring of lions appeared as the *urisimhas* in disguise. Some were hit by the fists of the enemies. The *pattisas* appeared as falcons in the sky. Soldiers, chariots and elephants hit seriously by the *ankusa* weapons were torn to pieces. Some heroes as

big in stature as great mountains hit the enemy with plough-weapons. Some were engaged in making the earth even by digging. Some were making the place clean of the stones and fallen weapons and men. The hand-saw-like weapons cut the elephants into pieces. Falling in the grinding pit of war, the soldier-rice grain became flour. The hero-birds falling in the nests of weapons, becoming food for swords were going to the house of Yama as guests. The dead bodies were taken away by the wild beasts for their food. The half dead were moaning. The sound when the arrows were left with the finger tips were happy as the curry with the powder of the spices. Burnt by the fire of the *kumbhas* some soldiers left their weapons flinging them far away, as some lost their eyes burnt by it. Some were showering poisonous water on the enemy. On the ground of the war, the clouds of heroes rained arrows, the headless limbless dead bodies like peacocks danced. The elephants like mountains began to roam; it appeared as though it was the Doom's Day.

34. The words of the War-seers from the sky

The kings, the soldiers, the ministers and the audience in the sky spoke to each other thus : The sky filled with the heads cut off is appearing like the moving lake of lotuses shaking and the swans flying and stars shining bright. See the blowing wind mixing with the red-blood-drops, the rays of the Sun at mid-day, and the clouds at dawn will be red; so the sky shines. One asks another 'How is it that the sky is full of *palala* (meat or grass)?' The other replies 'No it is not *palala*; it is the group of arrows used by the warriors. 'Those who had heroic death in battle will be in heaven as many years as the particles of dust drenched by blood in battle. 'Soldiers! do not be afraid. This is no

sword shining like the petal of the blue lily; it is the glow of the eye of the goddess of victory. 'Heroes, the heavenly damsels are very eager for your embrace and Cupid is loosening their waist belt.' The goddesses of the *Nandana* forest blessed with beautiful creeper-like arms, red sprout-like hands emitting fragrance of flowers awaiting your arrival cast their sweet love-looks singing and dancing. Just as a beautiful young lady easily captures the young man with her beautiful looks, this hero captures the enemy with hard hits of his chisled axe. Just as at the time of eclipse, time takes Rahu to the Sun, the lance-weapon of the enemy takes the head of this hero to the Sun.' 'See, lifting up his hands, wearing a garland of big stones hanging from head to foot, turning his stick around him is coming like Yama, the god of death, speedily killing the army. Let us run away from here. 'Big trunks of human bodies long as palmyra trees are dancing to the tune of the sounds of war-trumpets. The *kanka* birds fall on their throats to drink their blood full to the brim. The gods are discussing with each other as to who goes to what world and other things like this. Wonderful, see with the strategy of a fish and that of a crocodile, the army comes speedily like a river suddenly; but see the hero like the ocean coming fiercely is devouring the army-river. The innumerable arrows falling upon the throats of the elephants are like the water-falls on the mountain. A warrior cries out like a bird; the *kunta* weapon takes away my head but it is with life to witness the festival in heaven.' Another warrior cried aloud 'Bind tight with chains the army that showers the rain of stones from the machines.' One chaste lady dying before her husband died in battle, going to heaven and after becoming a heavenly damsel welcomes her husband after his death in battle fully recognising

him. The lance-weapons rising high in the sky and spreading there appear as though they are the stairs to heaven. "See this lady dying as soon as her husband's death in battle becoming a heavenly damsel searches for her husband." 'Wonderful, just as the waves of the fierce ocean at the time of Dissolution strike the ends of the Meru mountain, the enemy strikes at our army with fierce fist-hits'. 'Fools, do not go back. Go forward and fight. Remove the half dead. Stupids, what is it? You are trampling your own people under your feet. See, the dead heroic warriors are standing by the side of the damsels hurriedly knotting the hair of their heads. 'Exhausted this hero came from a long distance let us take him to the shore of the Ganges full of golden lotuses and good shade, sprinkle water, fan and see that he is happy' said the *apsaras* to each other. The mountains of bones, cut by innumerable weapons rise up to heaven sounding *kanat, kanat* and shine like stars. The waters of arrows, the whirlwinds of wheels flows this living river and if it falls on mountains they may become full of mud. The sky appears as a lake as the cut off heads of kings roam there as lotuses. The rays of light of the weapons are strewn with pins of the sword-edges. The flags are like beads of the lotus. The wasp-like arrows roam there. The ant in the mountain, the lady-love in the embrace of her lover become one. Thus, the cowards hide behind the dead elephants and become one with them. Forecasting that the ladies of the Vidyadharas will have the union with the most beautiful heroes, there was a fine breeze, auspiciously. The sky was full with white umbrellas. It seemed as though it is full with the moons. Some thought it to be the moonshine of the fame of the heroes. The warriors who fell unconscious in battle getting consciousness used to have divine bodies, as if in a dream town,

prepared by the sculptor, the personification of past actions. In the ocean of the sky heavy rain of weapons like lances fell, it appeared as it was disturbed by the fish and the crocodiles etc. The white umbrellas cut by arrows rose up to heaven like swans, they looked like many moons in the sky, shining. The feather-fans flying in the sky seemed like the fair waves moved by the winds. The umbrellas, feather fans, the flags etc cut to pieces by swords flying into the sky appeared as plants of fame planted in the field of heaven. See as the beauty of the grain is spoiled by the *salabha* insects, the rain of arrows was spoiling the power of the weapons like *sakti* etc. See the sound *chat chat* produced by the hit of this hero on the shield of the enemy is heard like the *hum* sound of death. At the time of all-destruction of men like this, by the fierce winds of the swords, arrows etc the elephants of mountains were hit and the streams of their teeth flow and the elephants get wounded. See the driver, the owner, the horses, the wheels of the chariots submerge in blood-lakes and were unable to come out. The *tam tam* sound produced by the hands and shields of the heroes was like sound produced by the war-lyre rung by the goddess of the deadly night. See, how much blood is flowing out from the dead men, horses and the elephants. The wind that blows is drenched by that blood, so the quarters with the blow of that wind become red. The sky became black like the hair of Kali, the goddess of death and like the spread of black clouds. In such a sky the buds-like arrows shake like garlands of flowers and look like lightnings. As the earth became red with arrows and full with blood, the world appeared as though it was full with fire. The various weapons of warfare like *bhusundi*, *sakti*, *sula*, *asi*, *musala*, *praasa* etc. in the hands of both the fighting and the fought clashed with each

other, become pieces and fall hither and thither. The war looks like a dream-war. The heroes of the dream are devoid of any action. Just as the illusion that kills the dream-heroes is false, the illusion of the waking state also is false. The sound '*ran*' '*jhan*' produced by hitting each other resembled the music produced by the war-dog Bhyrava feeling overjoyful with the destruction of men. The dust-pieces of the weapons of warfare appeared as particles of sand of the ocean of war and the torn umbrellas as waves of the ocean. The sounds of war - trumpets etc. coming from the four quarters and the war-music spread even to the worlds of the rulers of the quarters. The war-mountain with the wings of the armies of both sides at loggerheads with each other, at the approach of the great Dissolution appeared as though it is trying to fly away to the skies. 'Alas, our arrows going out of the bows with terrible sound are unable to break through the shields of the enemy; moreover being hit by the shields, burnt by the lightning produced by electricity, they break the hard stones nearby.' A coward says with another coward: 'friend, come away; we shall run away before the fiery arrows come and burn us to ashes. The war of this fourth *yaama*, three hours time, is devouring all like the feast-day to Yama.'

35. Description of the War

The ocean of war gradually became fierce and mad with pride. In it the horses appeared as waves, the umbrellas as foam; the arrows as fish and the riders on the horses as waves. Various weapons as rivers enter this war-ocean and flow; and turn round the whirl-winds of armies. The mighty mad elephants were like the great mountains. The heads that fell in the whirl-winds of the wheels appeared as pieces of straw.

The groups of clouds of the dust-heaps began to drink the water, the rays of the swords. The boats of soldiers fallen in the strategy of the crocodile became destroyed or half destroyed. To the sounds of whirlwinds in the ocean of the weapons, the mountain caves gave an echoing sound. Breaking the strategy of the fish, the arrow-eggs came out. The waves of flags broke themselves falling a prey to the waves of swords. In the flow of arrows here and there like clouds fickle the whirlwinds turn like ear-rings. The soldiers of rage turn round like fierce beasts in the water. The place was terrible with the waters of soldiers wearing iron shields. In hundreds of pits of the trunks of their bodies, their ornaments shine. All the quarters were dark due to the snow of arrows. No other sound was heard there except the war-sound. The cut-off heads of the soldiers looked like the fall and rise of water-drops in an ocean. In the whirlwind of *chakravyuha*, the sticks of soldiers turn round. The warriors were trying to cut into pieces the serpents-like bows of the enemy. The contingent of soldiers appeared as the wave coming out of the nether world. The war-sea became full of foam by the umbrellas and feather-fans coming and going. The warriors got into the chariots of trees floating in the stream of blood. The blood flowing from the elephants appeared as the bubbles of water in that war-ocean. In the flow of the armies water-beasts like the horses, elephants etc. turn round. The war, like the village in the sky was quite wonderful. The war-ocean began to shake like the mountains at the time of *pralaya*-earthquake. The bird-waves getting up the mountains of the falling elephants, hearing the '*ghur*' '*ghur*' sound of the soldier beasts began to fly away. By the arrow-wild-beasts the soldier-men were torn to pieces. The horse-wild-beasts began to swim. The

warriors with bows and arrows looked like the earth full of forest trees. The caves re-echoed the musical sounds of the black bees or wasps. There roamed the soldier-clouds and the hero-lions. The dust-clouds began to spread. The soldier-mountains fell; the limbs of great charioteers were broken; heaps of swords fell. The flower-feet of the soldiers fell; the clouds of banners and umbrellas were rising. The elephants were crying in the flows of the river of blood. Then the war-*pralaya* appeared as devouring the worlds. Here and there the pieces of banners, umbrellas fell. The weapons fallen on the ground shone with pure lustre, like the Sun. With the wounded and the suffering the minds of others also suffered. From the bow-clouds of rain the arrow drizzle fell always. With the lustre of the swords, the sky was full with lightning. In the blood-ocean of the dead, the elephant-mountains and the blood-drop-stars fell. The warriors burnt by the arrow-fire of Dissolution went to the next world. The clouds of *chakras* were full in the sky. The earth and the mountains were covered with the rain of arrows. With the fall of elephants and mountains, people were torn to pieces. The rain of arrows and the clouds of soldiers spread throughout the space between the sky and the earth. As the army-ocean was full of roaring, it appeared as though there was great danger befalling. As the battle field was filled with mutually-attacking weapons of warfare, the ocean serpents hit by the fatal winds went and stayed with the mountain firm in the ocean as it were. The weapons of warfare hitting each other desiring mutual destruction, making terrible sounds reaching the quarters, turning round shone like objects uplifted by the winds of *pralaya*.

36. The description of the Countries

On the hills of the elephants fallen in the war the heaps of arrows appeared as their ends. The cowards ran away to the quarters. The clouds of the dead bodies of the elephants were at rest. The *Yakshas*, the *Rakshasas*, the *Pisachas* were jolly in the ocean of blood. On the other hand the righteous, the good-natured, the strong, the never-going back-heroes; the ornaments to their noble families fought with each other roaring like lions. They attacked each other like two streams of water one desiring to engulf the other. Like the waves of the ocean roaring join one another, elephants with elephants, horses with horses fought with each other. They looked like the joining of two hills with forests over them in fighting. The warriors began to fight like the bamboos moved by wind with weapons. Just as the chariots of the demons were cut to pieces by the big chariots of the gods, the soldiers were hit and cut by the heroes, their chariots by those of the heroic enemy. The arrows left by the bows rose high and appeared as strange clouds. Even the flags of the chariots of the two parties appeared to fight with each other, covering the entire sky. Unable to withstand the onslaughts of the bow men the cowards took to their heels. The war-field was like the wildfire of the *pralaya*. Then the bowmen with bowmen, wheelers with wheelers, sword-holders with sword-holders, the *bhusundi* weapon-holders with their enemies, the *musalis* with the *musalis*, the axe-holders with the axe-holders, the lance-holders with the lance-holders, the *sakti*-holders with the *sakti*-holders, the stone-handed with the stone-handed, the rope-holders with the rope-holders, the bamboo-stick-holders with the bamboo-stick-holders short sharpened knife-holders with short sharpened knife-holders, the dividers

with the dividers, the *vajra*-handed with the *vajra* handed, the *ankusa*-holders with the *ankusa*-holders, the plough-holders with the plough-holders, the *trisula*-holders, with the *trisula*-holders, the shakles-holders with the shakles-holders fought with the ferocity of the fierce waves at the time of *pralaya*. The war-ocean engulfing the entire space between the earth and the sky, with the whirlwinds of turning wheels, the arrow - heaps of winds with the sprinkled snow, the crocodiles of moving swords, with the waves of leaving arrows, the fox-water beasts was quite unfordable even to the gods. The two armies stood apart in rows with fierce faces and angry looks. Above them in the sky the *Yakshas*, *Rakshasas*, *Pisachas*, etc in one row and the gods the *Gandharvas*, *Kinnaras* etc in another row were discussing as to who would win and who would lose. Those who came to help king Padma from the East were the heroes from Kosala, Kasi, Magadha, Mithila, Utkala, Mekhala, Karkara, Madra, Mukhyahima, Rudramukhya, Tamralipta, Pragjyotisha, Vajamukha, Ambashtha, Nishada, Varnakoshtha Savisvotra, Amameenasana, Vyaghravakta, Kirata, Souvera, Ekapada, and many countries and from the seven mountains Malyavanta, Sibi, Anjana, Vrishaladhwaaja, Padmanya, Udaya, Astachala; from the East-west warriors from Vindhya, Chedi, Vatsa, Dasarnava, Anga, Vanga, Kalinga, Upavanga, Pundraka, Jathara, Vidarbha, Mekhala, Sabaranana, Sabaravarga, Karna, Tripurapuraka, Kantakasthala, Pridhagdweepa, Komala, Karna, Andhra, Chouluka, Charamanvata, Kakaka, Hemakudya, Kishkimdha, Nalikera etc. From the west came the warrior of Vindhya, Kusumapeeda, Mahendra, Dardura, Malaya, Suryavanta, Avanti, Sambavati, Dasapoori, Radhachakra Reshika, Atura, Kacchapa, Vanavasopagiri, Bhadragiri, Nagara, Dandaka, Gana-Rashtra, Nrirashtra, Saha, Saiva, Rishyamooka, Karkota, Vanabimbala, Pampa,

Kairaka, Karka, Swairika, Yaska, Dharmapattana, Panjika, Kasika, Trishnakhallula, Yada, Tamraparnaka, Gonarda, Kanaka, Deenapattana, Tamraku, Dambhara, Keerna, Sahakara, Enaka, Vaitundaka, Tumbana, Lajee-nadweepa, Kanika, Kanikabha, Sibi, Kemkana, Chittrakotaka, Karnata, Mantavataka, Mahakatakika, Andhra, Kolagiri, Achalantaka, Viseshika, Devanaka, Krounchavaha, Sila, Ksharoda, Bhonanda, Mardala, Chittrakoota, Lanka etc. From the West-South and Central countries came soldiers of Maharajya, Surashtra, Sind, Souveera, Sudra, Aabheera, Dravida, Keekata, Sidhha-khanda, Kaliruha etc., and the mountain-dwellers of Hemagiri, Raivataka, Jayakatcha and Mayavarda; the Yavanas, Bahlikas, Marganas, Avantas, Tumbakas, the Lajaganas and the dwellers near the ocean. From the west came warriors of Manimanta, Kurapoorna, Vanokaha, Meghabhava, and the Chakravala mountains on the side of the enemy of king Padma. Also the warriors of Panchajana, Kasi, Brahmachaya, Aantaka, Bhara-ksha, Paraka, Santika, Saibya, Ramaraka, Chaya, Guhaka, Haihaya, Muhyagaya, Tejaka, Hoonaka, Karka, Giriparna, Mlechha helped the enemy of Padma. In addition to these, the warriors of the vast region of two thousand *yojanas*, of the Mahendra mountain, the land of pearls, gems etc., the mountain called *Radhaswa*, of the ocean and of *Pari-yatra* all joined the enemy to fight king Padma. The west-north mountains region-dwellers, the warriors of Venupati, Maheepati, Phalgunaka, Mandavya, Aneka-netraka, Purukunda, Para, Bhanumandalabhavana, Varmila, Nalina, Visishta, Ranga, Stanika, Guruha, Looha, Strirashtra etc also joined the enemies of Padma. The enemies were still strengthened by the warriors of the northern regions like Himavanta, Krouncha, Madbumanta, Kailasa, Vasumanta, Meru, Madravara, Malava,

Surasena, Trigarta, Ekapada, Malava, Swabhra, Abala, Prakhala, Saka, Kshema, Dasadhana, Danada, Saraka, Natadhanaka, Antara-dweepa, Gandhara, Avanti, Takshasila, Godhana, Nadhamati, Kahaka, Surabhootapura, Ratikadarsa, Antaradarsa, Pingalapandavya, Hematara etc. They were further reinforced by the armies from the North - East regions like Kaluta, Brahmaputra, Kulida, Khadina, Malava, Randhra, Navarajya, Kedavanta, Simhaputra, Savaka, Apalavaha, Kameera, Darada, Abhisada, Charvaka, Palola, Kuvikoutuka, Kirata, and Yamupata etc.

Many gods from many places like Devasthala etc many Gandharvas like Viswavasv etc and the Vidyadharas of Kailasa etc came to witness the war on earth, which was like the aeroplane of the gods.

37. The Description of the Countries (Continued)

In the war-front full with the dead soldiers and elephants, living soldiers came forward saying "I will fight first, I will fight first" ran into the fierce war and were burnt to ashes by the fire of the weapons like the *salabhas* in the fire. I will now tell you about those who came to help Padma from the central countries. They were Tadehika, Soorasena, Aswadyanayaka, Guda, Jyotibhadra, Madamadhyamika, Saluka, Kedyamala, Dourjyeya, Pippalayana, Mandavya, Pandunagara, Segreeva, Gurugraha, Pariyatra, Surashtra, Yamuna, Udumbara, Rajyanama, Ujjihana, Kalakoti, Madhura, Panchali, Dharmarayana, its north and south, Panchalaka, Kurukshetra, Saraswata etc. The chariots of the Avantis were driven away by the Kunta, Panchanada dwellers and they fell in the narrow strips of the mountains. The soldiers of Kosa and Brahmavasana were torn to pieces by the soldiers of the Vastravana and when they fell on the ground, they were trampled.

by the elephants. The warriors of Dasapura were beaten by the Banakshiti warriors, fled in confusion and fell in the deep pit very wide. The *pisachas* began to chew the bones of the stomachs of the dead at night. The war-field became as it were a burial place. It was dreadful and desolate. The warriors of Bhadrakiri immersed in the sacrifice of war, roaring like lions caught hold of the warriors of Urugapura and threw in deep ponds just as the tortoises are thrown in the wells. The warriors of Haibaya beat the warriors of Dandikanagara and drenched their bodies in blood. They ran away like the deer chased by the gust of wind. The warriors of Darada were torn into pieces by the teeth of the elephants and were floating in the rivers of blood. Severely hit by the enemy the Chinese like dead bodies threw themselves in the ocean. The soldiers of Nala and Karnata, having their necks torn by the lances fell down like stars from heaven. The soldiers of Dasaka, and Saka, like elephants in the strategy of crocodiles, lost their weapons and began to fight with hands, catching the hair of each other. The soldiers of Dasarna and Papa spread their nests, fearing which their enemies, like fish disgusted in wandering lie tired in the *vetasa* forest, hid themselves in the mud of blood. The warriors of *Tungana* with varied weapons killed the *Ghurjaras* and cut their hair. The soldiers of *Nigada* with their bows, the strings of which they drew up to their ears, showered arrows on the *Guha* soldiers like the clouds pourforth heavy rain. The *Bhusundi* weapons of the enemy covered the orbit of the Sun and killed the cowardly *Aabheeras*, who were like the deer in the grass fields. The army of the *Yavanas* called the *Tamras* came to fight with all kinds of gold ornaments, but the *Gowdas* vanquished it and made it their own. The *Tangas* had innumerable weapons. Chakras capable of

making the mountains dust. But the *Bhasas* made them into pieces and made them food for crows and falcons. The *Gowdas* made fierce noise, by turning round their sticks, hearing which the Gandharvas ran away like cows. Like ocean in the sky while the Sakas with black uniforms were getting down the hills, the *Paraseekas* wearing white uniforms had the illusion of darkness. Like the Mandara mountain churning the ocean of milk, the weapons turned round and round appeared like the Himalaya mountains. The weapons turned round in the sky looked like the waves in the ocean. The sky-forest was covered by the sakti-weapons. The white umbrellas gave the impression that hundred Moons arose in the sky. The arrows in heaps appeared like locusts in thousands. The *Kekayas* beat the enemy with the *kanka* arrows, severely wounded they began to cry aloud. The cries filled the air. The *Angas* approached the *Kiratas* and made their ladies devoid of their organs and began to cry aloud like the group of dogs. The *Kakas* scattered the *Taddehikas*, just as the wind scatters the dust, taking the shapes of birds by their power of illusion. The *Narmadas* with great anger using their weapons began to dance, jokingly. The *Salvas* raining the sakti weapons cut to pieces the small bells of the enemy making sound with the blow of the wind. The *Saibyas* were hit by the weapons of the *Kuntis*, and dying they went to heaven like the *Vidyadharas*. The *Aaheen*as, experts in occupying the places of others and courageous went with overwhelming joy and hit the *pondnagaras*. Like the elephants uprooting trees, the *Panchanadavasis* destroyed the *Tandehakas*, while the *Saakas* hit by the weapons of *chakras* of the *Neepas* fell like trees with flowers. The *Jatharas* with their *Kuhas*, axes tore to pieces the faces of the white bodied. The *Bhadresas* who were by their side burnt

them by the fire of their arrows. The *Matangas* like sticks caught by the enemy were burnt to ashes like the fuel falling in the burning and flaming fire. The *Mitrageartas* were seized by the *Trigartas*, who fell down like pieces of straw falling headlong from above in the nether world. The *Vanilas*, like the ocean moved by the happy slow breeze, when the *Magadhas* moved, were caught in the mud of them and appeared like elephants fallen in deep mud. The *Chedis* stole away the activity of the *Tanganas*, just as the elegance of the flower fallen on the way is stolen away by the Sunshine. The *Kosalas*, though were like *Yamas*, could not at all withstand the roars and rain of arrows of the *Pouravas*; With injured bodies and limbs, they appeared as Suns red with their blood oozing. They ran to the hills and then they appeared as red sprouted trees. They trembled as wasps with black bodies. Then they appeared as either clouds filled with the rain of arrows, male-goats with the hair of arrows or trees with leaves moving and roaring. The limbs of the *Kandakas* were occupied by the old age-*Vanarajyavasas* and were being cut into pieces like small threads. The wheels of the chariots were broken in the mud and the chariots fell. The enemy then used to fall on them just as the clouds fall on the mountains of forests. The tall warriors, as tall as the palmyras, entered the warfield which looked like a forest and were cut down by the soldiers there. The warfield forest appeared as with big trees. The proud young ladies with their lovers in the plains of the Meru mountain used to think with their lovers thus: "The army-forest as long as it is not burnt by the enemy-wildfire is shining with great glory. The *Dasarnas* fighting with the ghosts-like *Kamarupas* are hanging their ears like the calves of the cows. The soldiers losing their commander in battle made pale by

the strength of the *Tanjigishas* are like the lotuses in a waterless lake. By the fierce weapons of the *Tushakamekhalas*, the *Katakachchalanas* are running and beaten by the *Narakas*. The *Kountakshetrins* overcome by the *Prastha* heroes became weak like the virtues overcome by great vices. The *Dwipas* using the weapons *Bhallas* cut off in a moment the heads of *Bahudhanees* like the lotuses and ran away. The heroes of the shores of the river *Saraswati* are unperturbed and invincible like the great scholars never tire themselves inspite of arguing throughout the day. The mean *Kharvagas*, though defeated in war, having the help of the *Rakshasas* of Lanka are again shining like the extinguished fire by the dried up fuel again shines with flames." Indescribable was the war, Rama, even the thousand-hooded *Adishesha* can not describe it even with his thousand tongues.

38. The Fierce War

The ferocious war spread dread everywhere. Just as the Sun pierces through the bitter darkness the arrows tore asunder the shields and made the blood flow out. The rain of stones tore away the lotuses in the lakes. The clashing arrows produced sparks of fire. The rivers of arrows flowed on all quarters. The sky-ocean was filled with the cut-off head-lotuses, and the sword-whirlwinds resembled the rivers like the Ganges. The sky was full with the heated sighs of the *kapikat-chavasis*, with the weapon-clouds, and the *Siddhas* were afraid anticipating the Great Deluge. The eighth *yaama* was over; the day waned like the soldiers hit by the weapons. The elephants and the horses became dead tired. The light of the swords dwindled. The soldiers also lost their vigour. The commanders on both sides in consultation with the ministers sent

emissaries to stop the war. As the spirit of the heroes and the soldiers dwindled, all agreed to a cease-fire. Then standing high from both the armies two heroes got up the poles of the chariots of both the parties shone like the Dhruva stars. They announced cease-fire by turning the moon at night. Then the trumpets were sounded producing great sound like the roaring of the clouds at the time of Pralaya. The quarters echoed the sound. From the wide sky, the weapons fell down like the streams from the above. After the earthquake, the quake of the forests, in the *sarat* the movement of the ocean came to a stop. Thus, with the announcement of the cease-fire, the movement of the shoulder-trees of the heroes came to a standstill. At the time of Pralaya, water goes out in floods from the oceans. In the same way, the armies quickly went away from the battlefield. Like the ocean of milk becoming calm after the churning rod, the Mandara Mountain was taken away from it, the hubbub of the soldiers stopped with the announcement of the cease-fire. The battlefield gradually became fierce in the beginning like the belly grown by disease and now it became vacant like the ocean drunk by Sage Agastya. Groups of dead bodies lay here and there. The rivers of blood flowed. It appeared as though it is a forest with the sounds of locusts. The rivers of blood made sounds. The half-dead began to cry for others in desperate tones. Blood became streams flowing out from the dead and the half-dead. The dead bodies near the living appeared as living. The clouds thinking the elephants as mountains began to take rest on them. The broken chariots looked like forests hit by gusts of wind. In the flood of the blood, the elephants and horses began to float. The place was filled with swords and other weapons. The dead bodies were covered by the flags and other

things. When the wind entered the arrow-case, the sound as from the bamboo wood came out. On the beds of blood, making the dead bodies as pillows, the *pisachas* slept. Lustre from the crowns and the ornaments created the illusion of rainbows. Dogs and foxes came and extracted flesh from the dead bodies. The wounded while dying moaned. In the blood-mud dead-men-frogs appeared. The eyes of the warriors looked like peculiar shields. The shoulders and thighs cut floated in the rivers of blood. The relatives of the half-dead and the full-dead warriors began to weep for them. The battle-field was filled with various weapons like the arrows, pieces of broken chariots, dead bodies of horses etc. As the dead bodies appeared as dancing lifting up their hands, the sky appeared like falling. The smell of the elephant's musk teased the noses. Those who were still alive with a bit of life died with the rub of the fallen horses and elephants. The trumpets though ceased to sound began to sound again hit by the waves of the rivers of blood. In hundreds of blood-streams the crocodiles of horses and elephants floated. Blood flowed from the mouths of the crying half-dead soldiers. As the arrows struck the mouth of some their cries were inaudible. The bad smell of the flesh made the blood hard. The half-dead elephants were dragging the dead bodies with their trunks. As there were no drivers, some horses and elephants fell on the dead bodies. From the various crying and dying bodies blood profusely came out and formed as streams. Embracing the dead husbands' throats, their wives were putting an end to their lives by cutting themselves with swords. Those who came there to take away the dead bodies of their kith and kin to burn them were hastily searching for them in the lots of dead bodies. When some were found still living, they were taken away by

their relatives lifting up and taking by their hand. In the river of blood, the hairs of the dead looked like moss, faces as lotuses, the wheels as whirlwinds, the horses as waves. The half-dead were trying in vain to pull out the arrows from their bodies. The warrior who came from a far off place and lying half-dead here was giving away his ornaments as charity to others. Some who were on the verge of death were uttering the names of their parents, their dear and near ones and the names of gods. Some were crying with unbearable pain. Some were ascribing their present lot to fate. Those who were badly hit by the elephants were praying to their family gods as they were sure of death. When the enemy fell some were insulting by putting their foot on them. Seeing this, some were running, unmindful of their fall in the pool of blood shed, some were blaming their fate, hit by the fatal blows of the arrows. The ghosts were separating the heads with trunks of the bodies to drink blood. In the flow of blood, the banners, umbrellas and the feather fans appeared as lotuses floating. The reflection of the red colour of the dawn in the river of blood, it appeared as though red lotuses were strewn all around. The ocean of blood with the wheels of chariots as whirlwinds, the banners as foam, the *chamaras* as bubbles appeared as the great eighth ocean. The chariots becoming topsy turvy looked like small towns, covered with mud. The multitude of soldiers appeared as forests, the trees of which were moved with a gust of wind. The battle-field appeared as the world burnt by the fire of the *Pralaya*, the water of which was drunk away by sage Agastya, the country which suffered from the over-flooding rain. Arrows and ornaments were scattered everywhere. So were the *bhusundi* weapons; the dead bodies like elephants, the *tomaras* as serpents. By the

side of the blood-river, the *kunta*-trees rose, appearing like palmyra trees grown on the top of the hills. The place was filled with the sword-trees attached to the elephants, which put forth rays-flowers. The falcons etc were dragging out the bodies of the dead; the sky appeared as a big nest-covering. The *kunta* weapons looked like trees grown by the side of the river of blood; the banners as the wasps; those who were covered by the mud of blood were calling their friends to help. Those who fell from the elephants were again looking at them. The trunks of the dead bodies appeared as trees, the branches of which were cut off. The floating mouths of the elephants in the river of blood and the decorated cloths and ornaments created the illusion of a ship. The white cloths floating in the river of blood were like the foam of water. The servants were placing apart the dead and the living. Here and there, the trunks of men fell like peculiar demons. The half-dead were vomiting blood with a noise. The birds were raising dust by the flapping of their wings; they were drinking the blood flowing from the arrows. The ghosts as tall as the palmyra trees were dancing with joy; that was disturbing to the soldiers living. Those who were with the last breath were moving dreadfully. Some were helping the half-dead submerged under the mud of blood to get out of it. Some half-dead were looking at the crows and dogs nearby. The meat-eating animals were fighting with each other for the meat. In the fight that thus ensued, some were losing their lives. Thus, with men and animals dead and from their throats blood coming out profusely and in that blood-river the weapon-sprouts appearing, the battle-field looked like the pleasure-garden of the goddess of death. It also appeared 'as

the world with all its mountains etc. became topsy-turvy and hanging down.

39. The War-front at night

Then the Sun also like the heroes became red and disappeared. The lustre of the weapons faded into the ocean of heroism and disappeared. The head of the horse-Sun was cut off and the red light that reflected in the sky-mirror left the sky. At once the dawn appeared. Then the *Betalas*, a kind of mean heavenly beings, came from all sides clapping their hands in the form of a circle like the ocean at the time of *Pralaya*. The day-front part of the elephant was cut off by the night-sword and the red star-pearls fell scattered here and there. The heart-lotuses of the warriors having no *prana*-Sun were submerged in the darkness of ignorance and became shut, and contracted. The weapons stuck up to the bodies of the dead appeared like birds sitting in their nests holding their heads high. The lilies with the coming of the moon-shine became fully blossomed like the goddess of victory becoming bright-faced with the seeing of the heroes. The face-lotus of the war-field full of water became contracted like the lotus having the arrow-wasps in it. The sky-lake above was decorated with the star lilies; the below-lakes were shining with lilies-stars. The over-flowing water in the absence of a hindering bank flows to all sides. The ghosts came from all quarters and assembled there. The battle-field was filled with the singing *Betalas*. Birds like falcons got down and sat on the dead bodies and skeletons in sport. The flames coming out from the burning places of the dead were going to the sky to illumine it. When the meat and bones were burnt in the fire different sounds were heard. The women-folk of the *Betalas* were bathing in the waters of the flames of the burning

bodies. The hubbub caused by the dogs, crows, *betalas*, *bhutas* etc. was terrific. With the coming and going of the *bhutas*, the place was like a forest grown thick with trees. The ghosts were too anxious to drink the blood, which was flowing from their mouths. In the light of the flames of the burning bodies, the dead bodies and the blood were visible. The ugly *pisachas* were carrying the dead bodies on their shoulders. The most fierce Kumba *Pisachas* were roaming. From the burning flames different sounds came out. The fog of the burning bodies, the clouds as it were, was formed. As the feet of the sky-roamers were in deep mud of blood entangled, they were also like earth-roamers. The dead bodies, carried by the *betalas* were dragged by the *kanka* birds. The *betala* boys slept in the boxes-like bodies of the elephants. The demons drinking to the full blood were dancing. The *betalas* taking out the burning sticks from the pyres were trying to burn each other. The air was filled with the smell of blood, meat and burning fire. From the *pisachas* the sound of 'rata, rata' was heard. The *yakshapisachas* began to fight with each other for the meat of the half-burnt bodies of the dead. The night-birds waving their wings got down on the bodies of the *anga*, *vanga*, *kalinga*, *tangana* and other countries' warriors. The laughter of the *pisachas* looked like the fall of stars. When the *betalas* fell by the slip of their feet, in the blood-mud the *pisachas* began to laugh. The *pisachas* invited the leaders of the *yoginis*. When they dragged the weapons from the hands of the heroes, the sound like that of the musical instruments was heard. As they thought of the *pisachas*, the dead too took the form of the *pisachas*. By looking at the fierce *pisachas*, some footmen became half dead. The *betalas* and the demons joined together in dance-enjoyments. While the dead bodies fell on the

shoulders of the lady-demons, the demons were afraid, the sky was filled with the boxes of the *bhutas* to preserve their easily-got meat, blood etc. The *pisachas* were immersed in collecting the flesh with great effort; before the old *pisachas*, the young *pisachas*, their kith and kin placed the dead bodies. Those who were wounded in battle and became unconscious and later gained consciousness, appeared like bunches of the *ashoka* flowers in the light of the faces of the foxes. The *betala* boys began to play attaching severed heads to the trunks of the dead bodies. In the sky, the various groups of *pisachas* shone like fire. The sky, the hills, the shrubs, the caves etc. were filled with clouds of darkness in the form of lumps. The battle-field was filled with the speed of the *bhutas*. It was so fierce that it looked like the world which was shattered by the fierce winds of the *pralaya*.

40. Remembrances after the War

Thus in the war-field very fierce and fraught with evil consequences, the *pisachas* and the servants of Yama were on their duties at night just like the worldly people during the day time. In the night-house the walls of which are the lumps of darkness, possible to take by the hand, the *bhutas* began to dance with joy as they had enough food of flesh and blood. As the four quarters were filled with darkness, all the living beings began to sleep; calmness prevailed everywhere. Then king Padma, husband of Leela began to think of the work of the morrow with his learned ministers. After a time, in the beautiful palace resembling the moon in full on the white bed resembling the snow, the king closed his eyes and slept for a while. Then Leela and Devi leaving aside the sky entered the house through a hole just as air enters the lotus bud.

Rama asked Vasishtha "Sir, how can the stout body enter the house through a hole?" Vasishtha replied thus "Rama, those who are under the illusion of the physical body can not go through a small hole. But those who have the *samskara* of the *aativahika* body can go and return to and from the remotest and the smallest places. Every thing goes on according to nature. Water flows down and never above. The flames go up and not down. One who is in the shadow will not feel the Sun's shine. If the reality is known, there will be no sorrows. The mind follows the *chit*. It is only by knowledge that the serpent in the rope and the absence of serpentness in the rope are known. By practice the idea of the physical body perishes. Just as the mind follows the *chit*, the effort follows the mind. This is known even to a child. One who takes the form of the sky, like the dream-man or imaginary man can never be obstructed by any one or any thing at any time. The *aativahika* body which is the form of the mind has no hindrance anywhere. By the power of knowledge, the physical body becomes *aativahika*. As per the desire of the *Paramatma*, the birth and death of the physical bodies take place. It is ignorance that is responsible for *Panchikarana* and the division of the physical body. Know that *Chidakasa*, *Chittakasa* and *Mahakasa* are one and the same. The idea of mind-body is prevalent in every thing. The desire for knowledge leads to knowledge. This mind-body is too small; it is in the middle of the *trasarenu*; it is dormant in the sky; it is alloyed with the seed; it is the juice in the sprouts; it is in the form of waves in water; it is prevalent in the middle of the stone; it is raining in the form of the cloud; it remains static in the form of a stone. It can roam in the sky as per its desire; it can enter the caves of mountains; though it is the all-embracing sky-form, it can change as an

atom. It can become a mountain touching the sky taking the hardest form and can wear in and out the hair-forests. Just as the whirlwinds are not different from the ocean, though there are crores and crores of Brahmandas they are not different from the mind, which can easily take the form of the Brahmanda. It is this mind that shines in the beginning of creation as calm form of knowledge, expand in the sky and can behave as per its previous actions. The idea of water in the mirage is born out of falsehood; there is the idea of the son of a barren lady; thus the *aakasatmaswaroopa* spreads as *Brahmanda* on the basis of falsehood in him."

Rama asked "Sir, do our minds have this power? Do they experience different worlds or the same world? Why is it not a true form?"

Vasishtha replied "Rama, every mind has this power and every mind experiences different illusions of worlds. I will now tell you about the creation after the *pralaya* and the birth of innumerable worlds in a second and their destruction. In this world all are experiencing the unconsciousness of death; this is the *pralayayamini*, the Dark Night. After its end, all are creating for themselves different creations. Just as the man of the perturbed mind sees the dance of the mountains, all these see the *drisyas* as per their past *samskaras*. As the *Hiranyagarbha*, the form of the mind of the whole, after the Great Deluge, spreads the joys and enjoyments of the whole, the individual also after death creates his own joys and enjoyments.

Sri Rama said "Like the creation after death, the creation of the world occurs as per the remembrance of *Viswagarbha*. It has no reason; the Brahman can not be the reason for it, it can be said."

Vasishtha said to Rama "At the time of the *mahapralaya*, the gods including Hari, Hara etc. will become the *Videhamuktas*; hence there is no question of their remembrance remaining. The knowers of Self like us become so. Then it need not be said that Hari, Hara etc. will be *Videhamuktas*. Generally, remembrance is the cause for the birth and death of ordinary beings bound by the chains of *samsara*. This is due to the absence of one's Self-realisation. After one's death, the creation that the *jiva* sees is called the *Prathana*. It is also called *Vyoma Prakriti*, the nature of the sky. It is *avyakta*, invisible, *jada*, inanimate, *ajada*, animate. Thus, remembrance and non-remembrance are the sequences of birth and death. When this sky-nature is reflected in the *chit*, egoism, the *Panchatanmatras*, the subtle ideas of quarters and time are born. When it spreads further, the *sukshmendriyas*, subtle senses are born. This is called *aativahika sareera*. After some time, it is becoming *aadhibhoutikadeha*, physical body, like a child becoming a man. Then the five senses like the eyes, ears etc., things that are dependent upon them, are born from it, though false just like the movement is born in the wind. Thus, the illusion of the world increases in vain. This is experienced no doubt but false like the copulation with a lady in a dream. Wherever the *jiva* dies, he has this knowledge at once and sees the illusory world. Thus the *jiva* as subtle as the sky has no birth etc. but becoming subservient to the body etc. which are quite illusory and falls a prey to the illusion of birth etc. The illusion appears as the town of the gods, the Meru Mountain, the Sun, the stars etc. with all beauty. It also appears as the hole of the earth troubled with birth, growth, old age and diseases. The small animate and inanimate beings always try for the gain of objects of their liking and eradication of things

which they do not like. The illusion of day and night, rivers and mountains, earth and quarters, minutes and seconds etc. 'I was born to him' 'he is our father' 'he is my friend' 'this is my mother', 'This is my desire, 'These are my good deeds and sins' 'I was a boy then' 'Now I am an young man' etc., appear in the mind when he dies. This is common to all. In the forest of the illusion of the world, the stars are the flowers, the clouds are the sprouts; the men are the beasts; the gods are the birds; the light is the dust of flowers; the darkness is the creeper-house; the ocean is the lake; the mountains like the Meru are the pieces of straw; the mind is the seed of the lotus; the inner *samskaras* are the sprouts. Wherever the *jiva* dies, he sees this forest-like *samsara*. Brahma, Rudra, the Maruts, Vishnu, gods like the Sun, hills, oceans, islands etc. appear in crores and disappear. In the formless *Parabrahma*, how many false things are born and will be born, no body knows; no body can prove. The world which is physical like a wall is not other than that is created by the mind. The mind is fickle; thus the world is eternal, you may say but it is not so; think well you will realise that the world is momentary. The *chidakasa* is the prop for the mind; it is the *Paramapada*, it is said. Water is the whirlwind; the seen is the seer; there is no difference between the two. Just as the magician shows in the sky of the gem, by creating many holes innumerable wonderful things, the really non-existent, beginningless illusion also in the *chidakasa* or *chittakasa jivabhava* is created which sees names and forms. In the *Paramarthaswarupa*, which has the knowledge of 'aham', the meaning of the word 'world' is experienced. But, if you have the knowledge of 'you' the word 'world' is false; it is just attributed. Thus, Leela and Saraswati as per their desire entered the house. The *chit*

is spread all over, true knowledge, true desire and true ideas are born from it. The all-spreading, the invincible, the smallest, the *aativahika*, who can hinder or obstruct?

41. 'All is illusion' explained

When the two ladies entered the house, it shone very bright as if two moons entered the house. The cool west wind bringing along with it the fine fragrance of the *mandara* flowers began to blow. Except the king, due to their influence, all were sleeping. The place shone like the *Nandana* pleasure-garden and devoid of all woe. Like the pleasure-garden in the Spring season, the blossomed lotus fresh in the morning, the place appeared. By the cool moonshine-like light of their bodies, the king opened his eyes and saw them to his utter surprise and became very happy as if he is drenched by the flow of nectar. He saw them seated on two precious chairs like two moons on the two Meru mountain-tops. Wondering and thinking for a while, the king got up from his bed like Lord Hari from his Serpent bed. He set in order the garlands and necklaces and his dress, took like a gardener, the fine flowers from the bouquet, sat in the lotus pose on earth, saluted them both and said this "Victory to you, the destroyers of birth and death and their miseries. You the moon-faced. Victory to you, goddesses, the destroyers of the darkness of ignorance in and out, the Sun-bright." So saying, he placed the bouquet of flowers on their holy feet, like the tree by the lake-side showered flowers on the two lotuses of the lake. Then Devi woke up by her will the minister sleeping near the king to tell Leela, the story of the birth of the king. The minister waking up, seeing the ladies, saluting them came forward and offered the bouquet of flowers. Devi asked the king "King, Who are you? How were you

born ? How did you come here ?" The minister hearing the questions said "Goddesses, with your grace, I shall now tell you the story of our king. Pray hear. In the Ikshwaku race, a king was born with lotus-like eyes and full of glow. He was Kundaratha. He conquered the earth by his valour. He had a son Bhadraratha. His son was Viswaratha. Brihadratha was his son. His son was Sindhuratha. He had a son called Sailaratha. His son was Kaamaratha. Maharatha was his son. His son was Vishnuratha. His son was Nabboratha. His son is our Lord Viduratha. As the moon pleases the ocean of milk, this our king is noted for his virtues by which he pleased all. Just as Kumaara was born to Gouri, this king was born to Sumitra. His father gave his kingdom to his son while he was only ten years old and went to the forest for penance. From that time onwards, this king is ruling the kingdom justly. Our tree of good bore fruit by your coming here. Even long and severe penance can not bring your presence. By your presence and grace, our king this great Viduratha became holy." The minister kept quiet. The king also was silent. Then Devi said "King, by the power of your discrimination, please recollect your previous birth" so saying, she touched his head. At once, the ignorance rampant in his mind disappeared; his heart became pure. He could recollect his previous life, that he was a king; his wife was Leela; his loss of kingdom and body, the grace of goddess Saraswati etc. and was very happy. "Wonderful, I am able to realise the illusion of *samsara* by the grace of these two goddesses" the king thought for himself.

The king said "Only one day passed after my death. How is it that I am seventy? I am able to recollect my past deeds, my great grandfather, my boy-

hood and youth, friends and relatives." His recollection said "King, after the unconsciousness of your death, the *chidakasa*, which you ascended disappeared and you were able to see the brahmin-house in the Girigrama as the kingdom of Padma, its important house as the sky of the house were reflected in the sky of your heart. All what you see are in that *Brahmanda Mandapa*. There your jiva was worshipping me. There the kingdom of Padma and his palaces etc were. In your *chidakasa* which is purer than the pure sky, all these illusions appeared. 'This is my name. This is my birth. I was born in the Ikshwaku race. My father gave me his kingdom while I was only ten. He went to the forest, and became a recluse. I conquered the enemies and ruled the kingdom doing sacrifices. I completed seventy years. The enemies fell upon me. Fierce war is going on. Returning from battle, I saw the goddesses here. I worshipped them. The gods bestow boons when worshipped. Like the Sun making the lotus full, my past remembrance or recollection made me understand all these. I am now lucky. I have no doubts. I will immerse myself in everlasting enjoyment.' Such illusions in thousands spread in you. You had such idea as this when you were dead. Just as water goes from one whirlwind to another, the flow of knowledge presents one *drisya* after another. Just as one whirlwind of water joins another and shines, the glory of creation also shines in combinations as well as individually. At the time of your death, all the worlds reflected in the Sun of *chit* are all false forms. In a dream many years appear to pass in a minute. By mere imagination many births and deaths seem to pass. In the town of the Gandharvas, the walls seem to appear. When the boat sails, to the men in the boat, the trees on the shore appear to move on. Due to the eye or

brain - disease the mountains appear to dance. In a dream one sees that his head is off. In the same way, this illusion which seems to be real is all false. In reality, you have no birth or death. You are the ever alive; the form of pure knowledge, the ever peaceful *Paramatma*. You see the world and do not see it again. In yourself you are shining as you are the soul of all. Fully lustrous like the gem, light shedding like the Sun; the whole earth is false. These hills, these villages and all of us are false. In the home-sky of the brahmin of *Girigrama* appears the world of Leela and her husband. The home-sky platform is shining as capital. We are in that world. It is nothing but the Brahmin in reality. In it there are no hills, earth, town, forest, rivers etc. The movement of men, their mutual meeting all are false. All is full with *chinmatra*. Know this well."

Viduratha asked Saraswati. "Devi, are all my followers then born from the Atman and living in it? Or is there anything else the prop for their stay? If the world is false like the experience of a dream, are the people existing in the Atma as the forms of truth, though they are false like the dream things? How is it? Or is the Atma also false?"

Saraswati replied "King, there are no real things in the Atma, which is the real form of pure knowledge, the knowledge to be known, the One, the *chidakasa*. There can not be the illusion of the world to the One which is the real form of true knowledge. When the illusion of the serpent is gone; it can not come back. When the falsehood of the mirage-water is known, there can be no illusion of water in a mirage. After one wakes up from dream, he will not believe his own dream-death. It is only for the living that there is a dream and death, in dream. If the cloud of ignorance disappears, the

knower of truth becomes pure as the glow of the sky of the *sarat* season; he becomes full; and the only One. There can not be the false ideas like 'I' 'the world' etc. Then it was dawn. The Sun went to the setting hill. The audience saluted and went to perform the duties at the time of dawn. As the night passed they came again with the rays of the Sun.

42. The truth of the dream-person

To the fool, to the unrealised, to the brainless the false world appears to be real; their belief is as strong as a *vajra*, the strongest precious stone. Just as the false ghost creates fear to the boy till his death this world to the fools gives all sorrows till they realise its falseness. Death in a dream gives the dreamer great sorrow. In the same way, the world to the fool brings great sorrow. The ignorant man can not see gold only in all ornaments but sees the ornaments only. Thus, the fool does not see the *Paramatma* in all things of the world, but sees only the towns, cities, villages etc. The mentally diseased man sees in the sky pearls, clusters of hair etc; thus to the ignorant only the world appears as world; to the wise, it appears as the Brahman. The world is a long dream full of egoism etc. How far are the men in dream or the non-Brahman are true, you will realise. The real form of *chit*, the ever Peaceful, the all-great, the only true is in every thing; he is all-mighty and the all-soul. Hence, he appears to be born by his own *maaya* to do certain things. As per his will, they will be done. The dreamer sees in his dream the people as the citizens, they appear to be so for a while. The real form of *chit* of the seer is in the middle of the dream-sky; as per the *vasanas* of the dreamer joining with the mind, the real form shines. Hence, the seer realises that he is a man. By the power of *chit*, one

feels that he is a man and that the three stages of sleeping, waking and dreaming are true."

Rama asked "Sir, what is wrong if we say that the dream man, wearing an illusory body is false?" Vasishtha replied "Rama, in a dream citizens etc, appear as real; it is only experience. There is no other source to prove it. At the beginning of creation, the self-born appears to be of a dream-experience. By his desire the world is born. Hence, like him the world also is dream-like. You appear before me as true. In the same way, others appear before others as true. If the citizens in a dream do not appear to be true, the worldly people such as a dream-people would not have appeared as true. You are true before me; so also the other things. For the dream and for the world, this is the authority. In the vast dream-world, I am true before you and you before me. This is the way of the dream."

Rama asked "After the dreamer's waking up, will the dream towns etc remain true? As they are true forms, I trust they will," Vasishtha said "Yes, Let it be so. What you think as the waking stage is equal to a dream stage. Though all the things are false, they appear to be real like the dream-lady's copulation. Every thing is within and without the body; the *chaitanya* is true. It appears as equal in all. One who sees the ore, takes all the money; the *chidakasa* shows every thing that is within." Then Devi taught Viduratha knowledge, by which he got sprouts of *viveka*, discrimination said "I have described all this for the sake of Leela, who realised the truth now. May you be happy. We shall go." King Viduratha said "Devi, the presence of the good will never go in vain, much less the august presence of divinities like you. Just as one goes from one dream to another dream, I shall leave this body and have the

previous body. Pray command. I am in distress. I seek your refuse. The boon-givers will never look down upon the boon-takers. Like me; my minister and *namari* must follow me to the place I go. Please grace me with your favour".

43. The devastating Fire

"King, you are to die in the war. Later you will get back your previous kingdom. Then yourself, your minister and daughter will enter the dead bodies of yours. We shall go as we came. You will wear the *aativahika* bodies and go there. Our ways are different just as the walks of the horse, donkey, caravan and the elephant are different." As they were saying so; the messenger of the king came and informed him thus: "Be on the alert, Sir, be on the alert. The enemy's armies like a fierce ocean turning the weapons in their hands are coming this way. On all four sides of our town, flames are encircling from the fire of the enemy. The beautiful town is burning producing '*chat, chat*' sounds. The smoke is like the thick cloud at the time of the Deluge. The mountains of smoke fly up like birds in the air."

While the messenger was thus informing the king, there was great hubbub outside. The fierce sounds of the strings of the bending bows raining arrows and the terrific noise of the wild elephants were heard. Moreover, the '*chat*', '*chat*' sounds of the fire burning the town, the crying sound of the husbands while their wives were burning in the engulfing devastating fire, the '*dhag*' '*dhag*' sounds of the burning fire were heard.

Then the two ladies, the king, the minister looked from the window what was happening outside. At that midnight, the whole town was filled with deadly sounds. It was like the ocean at the time of

feels that he The flames of fire sleeping, as the clouds formed distress. I seek as, spread to the sky burning every look down fierce fire of the Dooms Day burning the *Meru* tain. The thieves were busy in trying to steal articles, like clouds, they were hesitant. The sky was filled with thick clouds, resembling the *Pushkalavarta*, of smoke and flames of fire were rising high with the colour of gold. With the star-like burning sticks, the sky was full. The flames burning the houses joining together appeared like mountains. The men who were spared in war were returning to their homes. The burning fire-fumes looked like holes in the clouds. The men who were half-burnt were crying aloud and roaring fiercely. The arrows of fumes filled the entire sky. The wounded by the swords and the stones were falling down. The war-elephants in groups crushed the warriors to the ground. The running thieves were being killed and the booty they carried was scattered hither and thither. When the fierce fumes fell on them, men and women began to cry. Burning sticks with sounds '*chat, chat*' began to fall on all sides. The fumes turning round and round in the sky appeared as many mini-Suns. With sparks and fumes and fires, the earth was filled. The burning beams and bamboos of houses were making sounds. Men and beasts were seen burning, roaring and crying. The devastating fire turned the king's fortune into ashes. The glutton, the Fire-God was devouring every thing but was not at all satisfied in spite of it. The thieves entering the house-holds, beating the inmates were taking away their fortune while they were crying helpless. While the fire burnt every thing the remnants also some threw in the fire. The king heard the words of the running to see their burning wives and children. "Alas, the wild gust of

wind is coming this way to uproot my house, which has been protecting us from the inclement weather. The ladies suffered from icy cold before and are now being burnt by fire. They are running to hide themselves behind the elephants just as good ideas hide themselves in the minds of the great, for fear of falling to be wasted in wicked minds. Alas, alas, the fiery arrows caught up in the meshes of hair of the ladies, kindled by the wind-arrows are burning the hairs and ladies too, like the dry leaves and dry grass. See, see this smoke-Yamuna river, raising itself up with wild waves is running towards the sky-Ganges river. The smoke-river running up high taking along with it the flaming sticks leaving aside the fume-bubbles is making the pilots of the planes blind. See see this lady is not burnt by fire while her parents, brothers and the sucking babes were destroyed; but she is burnt by the fire of sorrow. Come come friend, your house has become coal and is tumbling like the Meru at the time of *Pralaya*. Alas the weapons of warfare resembling the clouds at the time of dawn are going through the windows of the houses. As the flow of the ocean falls in the *Badaba* Fire swords and other weapons are falling in the fire burning the houses. The smoke enters the clouds. The ends of flames are touching the ends of palaces and are entering them. The lakes and wells with water also are drying up and becoming weak like the heart of a sick man. The elephants thinking that the trees are their binding rods are destroying them. The trees full with fruits and flowers and having strong trunks are burnt and are losing every thing like the householders becoming desperate by losing every thing. The children who lost their parents alas, searching for them on the path of the chariots fall down and die under the debris of the falling walls. The elephants make loud noises with fear

while the fumes of fire fall on them blown by the wind. Horrible, horrible, on the shoulder cut off by the sword, the fiery fumes are falling and above it a big stone falls. The cows, the horses, buffalos, caravans, goats etc. are unable to find out the path and are frightened and turn fierce as if they desire to fight the enemy. Fearing fire, the ladies, wearing wet sarees are going as if covered by ground lotuses. 'Pat' 'pat' sound is heard from their sarees. As the caravans begin to eat the branches of trees, the flames of fire licking the forehead hairs are giving them the beauty of the *ashoka* flowers to the faces, the flames of fire are trying to burn the eye-lids of the ladies resembling the wings of the *bhramaras*, wasps. Seeing his wife engulfed with fire; see he is trying to save her; he is unable to come out without his wife. How strong are the bonds of love between husband and wife! The elephant, seeing that the tree to which it is bound having fallen, making into pieces is proceeding to cool down its trunk going into the lake of lotuses. The smoke-clouds taking the lightning, the ends of fire is showering the arrows of fumes and sparks of fire. In the smoke that covered the sky, the big spark of fire turns round and round like a whirlwind; hence the sky appears to be an ocean of gems with the waves of flames. The sky wore the colour of the fire-flames. That appeared as if the God of Death on the occasion of the killing of beings decorated the bride, the quarters with the box of *kumkum*. Alas, what is this injustice, the enemies are carrying the women of the harem with fire-weapons in their hands! The half-burnt clusters of hair of the ladies are covering their chests and breasts. Their garlands torn lie here and there, on the way. As the ladies of the harem wore fine thin dress, their thighs and other parts are visible. With the torn-garlands of gems etc.

the earth was filled. The pearls are falling from their torn-garlands. Golden rays are coming out from their breasts and other parts. With their cries, the cries of war pale into insignificance. Their cries are really heart-breaking. With the blood-mud and tears, the cloths they wore were drenched. The enemy-kings are taking them away on their shoulders by force. "Are there no heroes to save us?" their looks appear to ask. Looking at them, the warriors weep for their incapacity to save them. Quite elegant and pure and beautiful are their high corners, which covered by thin cloths appear as sky-lotuses. The garlands and dress etc. of the ladies are moving. The front hair-rings falling on their faces, become wet and are oscillating. They are like royal goddesses coming out of the ocean of love, churned by the churning rod, the *Mandara* Mountain.

44. The Description of the World-Brahman

Meanwhile the garlands and dresses moving this side and that side, fear-stricken and fully young the queen, with her friends and attendents entered the royal palace like the personification of the sky, like the Goddess Lakshmi entering the heart of the lotus. Her breasts were moving due to the speed of her exhaling. Her teeth were shining like the stars. Then her attendant told the king thus: "Oh king, swinging by the gust of wind, the creeper depends upon the tree; thus your queen along with us came away running seeking your protection. Like the waves of the ocean taking away the trees, creepers etc. grown on the shore, the warriors with their many weapons in hand carried away your other ladies. Just as a gust of wind makes the trees fall in a pellmell, the enemies crushed the guards of the harem to the ground. As the rain at dead of night pouring forth makes the lake of the lotuses

spoiled, the enemy coming from far off lands, falling upon us is devastating the city and plundering. The flames bent upon devouring the whole world shower smoke and occupy the town with fierce noises. The warriors wearing black shields resembling smoke, wearing swords in their hands are siezing the town from the four quarters. Just as the hunters take away the beasts and birds which they hunt, the enemies are carrying away our ladies catching hold of their hair tight. You alone can save us from the ever increasing dangers ahead." The king said "Ladies, I am going to wage war against the enemy. I shall keep the queen as the wasp at the lotus-like feet of you. Save her." Saying this with reddened eyes with anger, the king went out like the lion going out of the cave to fight with the wild elephant.

Leela along with Devi Saraswati looking at the queen of the king said to Saraswati "Devi, See, she looks like me exactly. She behaves as I behaved in the past. Why so? If I see the ministers etc, I feel that the kingdom is the same. They appear like shadows in and out of me. Are they alive?"

Devi replied "Leela, just as remembrance occurs in the heart, so also experience. At the time of dream, the mind takes the form of the things seen in the waking state, the power of *chit* also takes the form of the mind. Just as *chaitanya* reflects in the *chit*, the world reflects in the mind. The length and breadth of time and place and the peculiarities of things are not hindrances to this. The world appears in and out like the things in a dream. The dream-created objects, though they are in, they also appear as they exist outside as well. Thus, the world that is verily created in appears outside also as *chaitanya* is all-pervading. Therefore, the false world that appears in the mind appears

outside also due to the nature of practice, as true. Your husband appears to you in this form as per the *samskaras* at the time of his death. So also the ministers. All these are the true forms in *chaitanya*. The things you see at the waking stage, unlike the dream-stage, are quite common; they have their end later on. So, they can not be said as true. Hence, all the things of the three stages are quite false. At the time of dream, the waking stage is false; at the time of the waking stage, the dream-things are false. At the time of birth, death seems to be false. At the time of destruction, first the limbs of any thing will be destroyed next the thing disappears. The change is experienced at the time of pain. Thus the world is true as well as false. It is neither true nor false. It is merely illusory. At the time of great dissolution, that which does not exist is false. So, the Brahman alone is true. The world is the Brahman. In it the illusion of creation appears. Just as waves rise in the ocean, the worlds are rising in the Brahman. But like the pearls or clusters of hair that appear in the sky are false, they are also false. The particles of dust rise and fall again in the wind, thus the worlds come out of the Brahman and again dissolve themselves in the Brahman. Hence, the division of the Atman into 'you', 'me' etc are all false. Trusting the world which is nothing but ashes, is great ignorance. The state of the complete absence of illusion is the highest state. The boy misunderstands the thick darkness as a ghost; really it is nothing but darkness. Thus, if the world full of birth, growth, death etc. disappears, the remaining is the Brahman, which has absolutely no birth etc, ignorance and illusion. This is the only truth. There is no other truth. What you see is not true. A thing can never be true and false at the same time. In the sky, in the middle of the small atoms of things, the

jivanu resides; it can realise the nothingness of the world. Fire thinking about itself can elicit heat. In the same way, the pure *Chidatma* can realise that the world is nothing but itself. As soon as the Sun rises, the *trasarenu* wander in the house, in the *Paramakasa* the *trasarenu*-worlds-are wandering. Just as the wind has movement and fragrance, the sky has emptiness, the world without limbs lies in the Brahman. To know that the world-form is the formless Brahman, realise that it is not different from the Atman. The world that is born by the power of imagination stands in the full Brahman and so it is not meaningless. Like the illusion in the rope as serpent it is neither true nor false. If false experience is tested by truth, it appears to be false. The *jiva* devoid of *Maya*, illusion, is the cause of all causes, the root cause. It is by illusion that *jivatwa* is possible. Whether the world is true or false, it is in *chidakasa*. This *jiva's* pleasure-mongering is the cause of the world. It has nothing to do with the truth or the otherwise of it. Pleasure is the cause for creation. The *jiva* feels happy with his desire, which later comes to experience, which sometimes is complete and sometimes as before. Sometimes, the experiences may be quite different. But all these are myths as they depend upon the *jivakasa*. So, you have the illusion that the ministers etc are as before with the same caste and customs. All these happen in the Atman, the only true and eternal. In the mind of the king, there is the illusion of truth. In the same way, in the *Iswara*, there is the idea of truth. Hence, Leela, this lady appears like you. In the power of the Atman which is all-spreading, the glory reflects always. The different forms appear as per the time and place. The idea occurs in the *jivakasa* first and out-side next reflecting in the *chidakasa*. That is the reason for the appearance of all these. Leela, yourself, myself, the

sky and the earth etc all are the forms of *chinmatra* and appear due to *ahambhava*, egoism. The wise knowers of the self understood this as the sky of the *chit*-container of the seed of the *bilva*. Knowing this as that, you can shine remaining in nature, pure and peaceful.

45. True and strong will gives results

Devi said to Leela-like Leela thus "Leela, this Viduratha, your husband leaves his body in the battle-field. He enters the harem and becomes Padma again." Leela saluting her said "Devi, I was worshipping the goddess of remembrance regularly. She comes to me at night during the dream. She is just like you. You must be she. Please grant me boons." Devi was pleased with her recollecting to her mind Leela's constant devotion towards her, said "I was pleased with your lifelong devotion towards me. I shall give you boons. Ask." She said "Devi, you said that my husband leaving his body in the battle-field, enters the harem and becomes Padma again. If so let me be his wife with this body." Devi said to her "Leela, you worshipped me with devotion for life with flowers, incense and other items. So, your desire shall be fulfilled." That Leela was much pleased. The previous Leela said to Devi "Devi, You are the form of the Brahman. Your will is true. It always happens. Please tell me why you did not take me to *Girigrama* with my previous body." Devi replied "Leela, I do not do any thing on my own accord. People get their desires fulfilled by themselves with their will-power. I am the goddess of remembrance, presiding over the *samvid*. The power of *chit* is in the form of the power of *jiva*. That kind of power in *jiva* fructifies in that way. When you worshipped me, your power of *jiva* wanted salvation. I gave you that. You got that. As per the effect of the

jiva, he gets the fruit at the opportune moment. The power of your *chit* becomes penance or goddess and gives you the fruits of your efforts, like the sky giving fruits in vain. Except your own effort of the power of *chit*, there is nothing else. It is this that gives fruits at once. So, put forth effort as per your desire. The idea of *chit* is everywhere in creation. As per its effort, the result will be. Think of the good and the bad. Desire the good, put forth effort accordingly. You shall get that."

46. Viduratha goes to War

Sri Rama asked Vasishtha "Sir, what did Viduratha do going with growing anger?" Vasishtha said "Rama, coming out of the house Viduratha, like the moon accompanied by the stars, accompanied by the army, wearing shields to protect his every limb, ornaments and garlands shouting victory, victory went forward like Indra, getting into his chariot, commanding the heroes, hearing the news of war from the ministers, seeing the brave warriors. His chariot was as high as a mountain. It was decorated with pearls and gems. Five flags were flying. It was like the aeroplane of the gods. The wheels had golden flats, at the beginning of which there were pearls. The eight horses of the chariot drew it with all speed as if they take the chariot to heaven or as if the gods were going in the sky. Their speed excelled the speed of the wind. While the horses were going, the quarters were filled with the sound of their neighs and they appeared as going to drink away the sky. The sound of the trumpets mixed with the roaring of the clouds to which the elephants were compared was echoed by the caves of the mountains. The sound, produced by the warriors of the army, of the small bells tied as garlands to the

elephants and horses, of the swords, the '*chat*' '*chat*' sound of the bows, the '*jhan*' '*jhan*' sound of the shields by the rub of the warriors, the '*tun*' '*tun*' sound of the fire, the '*cheet*' '*cheet*' sound of the wounded, the heroic welcome - sound of the warriors to their counter-parts, the cries of pain of the fallen, the weeping of the very painfully wounded - all appeared as though they made the sky as hard as stone. They seemed crystallized so that one might catch them with his hand. Moreover, the earth appeared with great dust as if it was going up to obstruct the way of the Sun. Immersed in utter darkness, the town seemed to live in the stomach of its mother. Darkness spread greatly as ignorance spreads quick in the youth. The lamps disappeared; stars appeared during the day; the strength of the night-roamers increased. The two ladies, Leelas and the Kumari by the grace of Devi saw the war. As Viduratha went to the war-front, the mischief of the thieves ceased just as the thirst of *Badaba* ceases when the whole world becomes water at the time of *Pralaya*. At the time of Great Dissolution, the Meru enters the ocean. Thus, Viduratha entered the war to ascertain the strength of both warring parties. Terrible sound of the strings of bows were heard. The enemies creating the arrow-clouds roamed freely. The varied arrow-birds roamed in the sky. The rays of the weapons became black probably for the sin of taking away or stealing the lives of others. Fires broke out by the ruptures of weapons. The hero-clouds began to roar raining the arrow-flow. Fierce arrows like sharpened saws pierced through the bodies of the warriors. The '*pat*' '*pat*' sounds of the clash of swords spread in the sky. As darkness disappeared with the light of the weapons, the warriors appeared with the arrows-hairs, as it were. The bodies of which the heads and limbs were cut off appeared as actors

celebrating the festival of death and the *Pisacha*-actresses joined hands with them. The rapid rub of the teeth of the elephants produced big sound. The fiercely thrown stones like rivers began to flow in the sky. Like the withered leaves falling by the wind, men fell in war. As there was incessant death-rain, from the war-mountain rivers of blood began to flow. By the fall of blood, the dust on earth ceased; by the fire of the weapons, darkness ceased; as the warriors were immersed in actual war, their war of words ceased; many were afraid of death. The war-field became calm and shone with the rays of the swords of heroes and so it appeared as a cloud unmoved by the wind. There was heard the 'kad', 'kad' sound of the weapons; with 'tak', 'tak' sounds the *bhusundi* weapons fell; with 'jhan', 'jhan' sounds great weapons fought with each other. With 'tim', 'tim' sounds the war-field was terribly intolerable to the cowards.

47. Viduratha meets the king of Sindh

While the war was seriously going on, the two Leelas asked Devi why their husband was not conquering inspite of her grace. Devi replied "The enemy of Viduratha worshipped me for a very long time for success in war. I must give him success. Viduratha will be defeated. I am in the heart of every one. I shall bestow boons as per one's desire and prayer. My nature will never change like that of the fire. Viduratha worshipped me for the gift of salvation, his enemy Sindhuraja for success in war. So, after Viduratha and all of you will attain salvation, the king of Sindh will rule over your kingdom."

The war was being bitterly waged. The Sun appeared on the Eastern mountain as if to see the war. The thick darkness, during which like stars in the

night, the ghosts appear and which was the enemy of the Sun, disappeared. The caves, the mountainous regions and the sky became bright. As darkness disappeared without any trace, the world seemed as lifted up from the ocean of the darkest waters. Just as the battle-field witnessed the blood oozing out of the bodies of the fallen warriors, the golden coloured rays of the Sun fell on the mountains. The serpent-like shoulders of the heroes moved hither and thither. The rays of the Sun fell like the golden lustre. The gems of the ear-ornaments fell here and there. The heads fallen on the ground appeared like lotuses. The weapons like wild beasts roamed. The locusts-like arrows fell here and there. The four quarters became red with blood and it appeared as though it was evening dawn. The dead bodies appeared as the ascetics in deep meditation. The garlands that fell on the ground looked like the white cover of the snakes. The place was full with fallen shields; the lots of banners looked like creepers; the cut and fallen thighs seemed to be arch-decorations. The arrow-forest has the sprouts of hands and feet. It has the rays of the weapons as pastures; the lots of arrows as sandy places. The battle-field with the garlands of weapons looked like the mad dancer *Kaalabhairava*. The clashed arrows producing fire appeared as the *ashoka*-forest. Roaring like the ocean, the *Siddha*-heroes were running. With the light of the weapons resembling the early rays of the Sun, the battle-field appeared as a golden town. With the sounds of weapons the sky reverberated. The dead bodies floated in the flow of blood. The war became fiercer still with *bhusundis* etc. With the hits of lances and swords, the trunks of the dead were torn to pieces. The *betalas* danced with ugly noises. Gradually the war-front became empty. Only the chariots of Sindhuraja and Viduratha

appeared as the Sun and the Moon in the sky, with their paraphernalia. The heroes surrounded them, which ran encircling; Falling under the wheels of the chariots, some were wounded; some were half-dead and some were crying. The chariots in the rivers of blood went like mad elephants. In the rivers of blood the hairs of the dead were like green cabbage; the wheels looked like the discs of moon reflected in them and the *chakravaka* birds. The elephants fell hit by the blows of the wheels. The 'jhan', 'jhan' sounds of pearls and gems, the 'kir', 'kir' sounds of the joints of the chariots and the 'pat', 'pat' sounds of the banners were heard. Some warriors with the cowards used to hide behind the chariots with the *kuntas* etc in hands; Then the two chariots circling first stopped before each other. The two heroes rained arrows roaring like the fierce clouds and oceans. They exchanged rains of stones. The arrows and stones covered the sky. Both of them looked like the prototypes of *Nrisimhamurties*. Their arrows were of different faces; some were sword-faced; some were *mudgara* faced; some were wheel-faced; some were axe-faced; some were lance-faced; some were stone-faced; some were *trisoola*-faced and some were great stone-faced. The arrows fell here and there like heaps of stones hit by the wind of *Pralaya*. Both of them were like two fierce oceans at the time of *Pralaya*.

48. The description of the War-weapons

As the king of Sindh stood before him, Viduratha was like the mid-day hot Sun with great rage. Just as the gust of wind of the time of *Pralaya* strikes the shore of the Meru mountain with all vehemence, he made great sound with his bow-string. The quarters re-echoed. Just as the Sun at the time of *Pralaya* sends forth the hottest rays, he sent forth from his bow, which

appeared like a contracted lotus, many arrows which looked like wasps. When he left an arrow, it became thousand in the sky and hundred thousand when it fell on the earth. The king of Sindh also had the same power. Both of them got great weapons by worshipping Lord Vishnu. The *musalas* which they left covered the whole sky making terrific sounds. The golden arrows going up above the sky, making great noise fell down like the stars falling from the sky hit by the gust of wind at the time of *Pralaya*. From the bow of Viduratha arrows came out like rays from the Sun, water from the ocean, flowers from the tree highly shaken by the gust of wind, sparks from the iron rod when burnt in the fire and beaten incessantly, drops of water from the flowing stream and fumes from the burning fire. Hearing the 'char', 'char' sound produced by the bows of the two kings, the warriors on both sides kept quiet, like an ocean. The arrows of Viduratha making 'ghar', 'ghar' sounds fell before the king of Sindh like the flow of the sky-Ganges. From the cloud of his bow golden coloured rain of arrows fell incessantly. Leela saw the flow of the arrows of Viduratha going to finish the king of Sindh. Leela thought that her husband would win. She looked at Devi saying "Devi, my husband wins. His arrows are capable of making even the Meru dust." The goddess and the other Leela smiled. Then the king of Sindh drank away the ocean of the arrows of Viduratha, just as Agastya drank the ocean and Jahnu the Ganges. He showered the rain of arrows, cut into pieces the clouds of arrows and threw them in the ocean of the sky. When the lamp is extinguished, where does it go? None knows. Thus, where the arrows went, no body knew. The arrows with hundred ends tore off the clouds of arrows spread in the sky. Viduratha also just as the *Pralaya* wind drives out the clouds, made them calm by

using greater arrows. Thus the two kings wasted much time hitting and countering the hits of the other. Then the king of Sindh used the *mohanastra* got from Gandharvas, his friends. Except Viduratha, all were immersed in *moha*, illusion. All of them threw away their arrows and fell down like painted pictures or dead people. Finding no alternative, Viduratha used the *Pralobhastra*. Then all woke up and shone like morning lotuses. The king of Sindh was angry with Viduratha. He then used the *Nagastra*, capable of binding the enemy. The sky was filled with mountain-like snakes. Snakes moved on earth like the lotus-plants in the lake. The hills were full with black serpents. All things became full of poison. The hills, the forests and the earth were in confusion. Even the wind with the particles of ice emitted sparks of fire, it appeared. Viduratha, expert in the science of archery then used the *Garudastra*. At once on the four sides the Garudas as big as mountains appeared with golden coloured wings, flapping and creating deadly winds. The winds dragged the serpents together and drank them away. The earth devoid of serpents appeared like just uplifted from the ocean. Then the Garudas disappeared like the lamps extinguished by wind, like the clouds in the *sarat*, the mountains for fear of the *Vajrayudha*, the world of the dream, the town of the imagination. Then the king of Sindh used the *tamostra*, which spread utter darkness. Then thick darkness spread throughout between the earth and the sky. The world appeared as one ocean, vast and wide. The warriors appeared as fish and the stars as gems in it. The thick darkness created the impression that the quarters went down and struck in the black mud, and the winds of Pralaya scattered the mountains of black lead. All were as it were in the dark well, fallen. The place appeared to be calm at

the end of Pralaya. Then Viduratha used the *Suryastra*, the light of the house of the Brahmanda and made the world again conscious. Just as the calm *sarat* drinks away the black clouds, the Sun-Agastya drank away the ocean of darkness. All the quarters then leaving aside the cloth of darkness shone bright in Viduratha with fine breasts. Like the minds of the good without the scar of *Lobha*, the interior forest places shone bright. Afterwards, the king of Sindh used the *Rakshastra*. Fierce Rakshasas, like the much agitated ocean when the quarter-elephants roused the waters came from all sides. With dreadful clusters of hair, they showed their tongues, which looked like flames burning the fuel with sounds of '*chat*', '*chat*'. At the time of the burning of the Three Puras, great smoke rose and made all the quarters utterly dark. Thus, the Rakshasas filled the quarters with darkness and roamed in the sky circling. On their faces, their jaws-like plants of the lotuses appeared; just as useless plants grow in abundance around the spoiled lake, their bodies were covered with ugly hair. With big clusters of hair, roaring like clouds, they began to eat men as if they are born for that. Viduratha used the *Narayanastra* capable of preventing the demons. At once, like the darkness that disappears by the rise of the Sun, the demons disappeared. At the *sarat*, like the sky that becomes devoid of the clouds, the three worlds became devoid of the demons and calm.

The king of Sindh next used *Aagneyastra*. At once it appeared as though the sky and the quarters were burnt by the fire of *Pralaya*; all the quarters were covered by the clouds of smoke and the darkness of the neher world came out and spread everywhere. The burning mountains with golden hue seemed as blossomed *champaka* flowers. It also seemed that the sky

filled with flames, the mountains and the quarters becoming red were created for the festival of destruction and garlands coloured in *kumkum*. Looking at the huge fire, people began to suspect that the *Badaba* fire lying in the ocean was brought out in many boats and that made the world full with fire, nothing but fire. Then Viduratha used *Varunastra* to combat the *Aagneya*. At once like the flow of darkness, water glowed. It appeared as though the mountains from all quarters fell as water. People doubted whether the speed of the clouds became greater or the oceans were uplifted. It also appeared as if the stones of the great mountains were falling; the black forests were flying; all the time became night; the black substance was falling from the *chakravala* mountain and the caves of the *Patala* came out with great sounds to see the sky. As the thick darkness of the second fort-night drove away the little light of the dawn, the water made the fire disappear. As sleep conquers all the limbs, the water goddess conquered all the elements. Then the soldiers of the king of Sindh, his body-guards floated in water like pieces of straw. The chariots also were submerged under water.

In reply to this the king of the Sindh used the *Soshanastra* to escape from the effect of it. As night disappears with the rise of the Sun, the illusion of water disappeared. The dead lay as before; the earth became dry. Not only that, the *Soshanastra* made the water hot by the increase of heat of the arrow, like the anger of the fool. The heat of the arrow, like the golden things and the paste applied to the bodies of the queens, submerged the quarters with redness. The soldiers of king Viduratha having horrible sweat fell unconscious. Then, Viduratha sounding the string of his bow used the *Meghastra*. At once clouds big and black rose up and created thick darkness, as if many

dark nights joined together. The clouds full of water bending and roaming began to rain with roaring sounds. The wind with the sprinkles of water belittled the ferocity of the clouds. From the clouds lightnings came out, like the garland of golden snakes and the slant looks of a beautiful red lady. The clouds spread on all the four quarters screaming like the elephants, roaring like the lions, and making noises like bears. Big rain with stout water-falls then appeared. Like the looks of Yama, hails began to fall. With the first rainfall, great heat came out as if from the nether world to fight with the clouds. The heat disappeared at once as the *vasanas* of *samsara* disappear with the knowledge of the Self. Everywhere there was mud which prevented smooth walking. Just as the ocean will be filled with the flow of water, the armies of the king of Sindh were filled with the falling rain. The king of Sindh then used the *Vayavyastra* like the fierce *Bhairava* dancing at the time of *Pralaya* and it spread in the sky. Then fell great thunderbolts. The limbs of people were crushed; the stones everywhere became pieces. Fierce winds forecasting great *Pralaya* blew, like weapons used to cut the enemy into pieces with the sounds of 'tam', 'tam'.

49. The third war with weapons.

Then winds with dewdrops and dust waving the sprouts and the trees began to blow. By its great force the trees began to fly like birds; the soldiers fell, palaces dwindled; clouds were shattered. Like a dry leaf turning round and round in a whirlwind, the chariot of Viduratha turned round in the flow of wind. Then to undo its effect, Viduratha used the *Parvatastra*, which appeared as ready to devour the sky resembling the water of the cloud. The wind ceased just as the life-

wind ceases with the cessation of the illusion. Then the trees uplifted by the wind began to fall down on the dead bodies like crows. The towns, villages of all quarters ceased the sounds like 'sut', 'dat', 'bham' and 'ut'. Just as the ocean looks at the flying mountains the king of Sindh saw the mountains falling like the leaves from the sky. He then used the *Vajrastra*, which left many *vajras*, invincible weapons like Indra's *Vajrayudha*. Just as fire devours dry sticks, the *vajras* devoured the darkness like mountains. By the strokes of the *vajras* the mountains fell down like fruits torn asunder. Immediately, to combat it Viduratha used the *Brahmastra*. Both stopped at the same time. The king of Sindh used the very black *Pisachastra*. Many fierce *Pisachas* came out. As if of their dread, like the time of dawn, the day became black. Like groups of darkness, the army of *Pisachas*, like dark pillars, clapping their hands began to dance. They were fierce; their limbs were weak; it was not possible to catch them. Their hairs were straight; some had beards; some were black and dirty like beggars some were able to roam in the sky too. Their hands were full with bones etc. They were like fools and ugly villagers; they were thick-skinned. They lived in trees, dirty places and ruined houses. Their tongues came out and were dirty. Of them the *Pretas* were like lightnings appearing and disappearing. They began to occupy the armies of Viduratha. The soldiers of Viduratha with confused minds left their weapons as well as their dresses, showing signs of being under the control of the *Pisachas*, which began to dance leaving urine and wretched stuff. Viduratha saw them coming nearer and nearer and was reminded of his knowing the reprisal to it. He used another weapon, by which his army was rid of the evil influence of the *Pisachas*. Moreover, the enemy became infected with the *Pisacha*

trouble. Viduratha then used *Rupikastra* also. As a result of it, the *Putanaganas* came out from the sky and the earth. Their hair was up and straight; their eyes were deep; their cries moved the clouds. Some of them were young, some were old; some were stout; some were lean; their thighs were as ugly as their faces. Their navels and female organs were very wide; in their hands there were heads and blood. Their bodies were red with blood. As they chewed meat, blood was coming out of their cheeks. Their limbs were curved like snakes, and hard like stones. Those who could bend the heads of others by force bent their heads before them. They wore the garlands of the dead babies; with their hands they were drawing out the tissues and sinews of the dead. Their faces resembled the faces of dogs and foxes. Their mouths were topsy turvy. The *Putanaganas* loved the *Pisachaganas* as their husbands. Both the parties joined together in dance and love sports dragging each other. Next they dragged the dead bodies, danced with joy, spread their tongues and exhibited many ugly acts. Their bellies were long; their hands were hanging; their noses, ears and lips were also long; they swam in the blood-water. They embraced each other falling in dirty ditches. Then fierce sounds were heard like the sounds of the churning ocean by the *Mandara* mountain.

The king of Sindh in reply to that then used the *Betalastra*, by the effect of which many dead bodies with heads and without heads rose up. Then the *Pisacha*, *Putana* and *Betala* armies appeared as if they devour the earth in one swallow. Then to combat it, Viduratha used the *Rakshasastra*, capable of devouring the three worlds. Many *Rakshasas* came from all quarters and they were mountain-like. It appeared as

though the hells from the nether world, took the form of the *Rakshasas*. The army was a dread to the gods as well as the demons. The headless and head-full bodies of the dead began to dance with the accompaniment of the outcries of the *Rakshasas*. The *Betalas* followed suit chewing bones with meat and drinking blood. The *Bhutas* bathing in the waves of blood that arose from the dance of the *Kushmandas*, appearing as the black light of the dawn-time appeared as the bridge to the flow of blood.

50. The death of Viduratha

The king of Sindh looking at the ferocity of the war, to protect his army and to destroy the army of the enemy used the *Vaishnavastra*, the great destroyer like the terrific *Kala Rudra*. Innumerable weapons came out of it. The *chakra* weapons that came out of it began to brighten the quarters with hundred Suns. Maces came out of it and the sky appeared as if full with innumerable bamboos. The *Vajrayudhas* seemed to be petals of lotuses covered by green grass. The *Pattisa* weapons, appearing like the sky-trees shone with heaps of flowers-like sharpened swords and the leaves-like dark swords. Viduratha also used the *Vaishnavastra*. From it flowed the river of weapons, quite capable of conquering the enemy's weapon. The two flows of the two *Vaishnavastras* attacked each other making the sky spaceless, and the *Kulaparyatas* coming to the point of being broken to pieces. Arrows, lances and swords began to fall; The swords and *pattisas* were becoming particles; the other weapons followed suit, the ocean of weapons was churned by the Mandara mountain-like *Mudgara*. From the maces came out swords without break. The *kuntastras* like the moon began to move as if to drive away the fear

from the army. The *Chakrastras* began to cut into pieces the weapons that rose cutting into pieces the other weapons. The sounds of mutual attack of the weapons seemed to be the result of the breaking away of the *Brahmanda* and the *Kulaparyatas*. The swords cut into pieces the lances and stones. The *Bhusundi* weapons killed those who wanted to create differences in the army. The invincible lances and *soolas* destroyed the group of weapons, which fell pell mell. With the speed of their '*chat*', '*chat*' sounds, the speed of the flow of the sky-Ganges stopped. The swords became pieces and covered the sky as clouds. As the weapons fought with each other like lightnings, fumes of fire fell. The sounds were so fierce that the *Brahmanda* and the *Kulagiris* broke down. The king of Sindh thought that Viduratha was only engaged in counteracting the weapons and not trying to kill him. Then Viduratha left *Aagneyashtra*, like a thunderbolt. As a result, the chariot of the king of Sindh began to burn like a dry grass-piece. Meanwhile, the warring weapons became silent like the rivers by the rainy clouds of the season. The fire, burning the chariot attacked the king of Sindh like forest-fire attacks the lion after burning the forest. The king of Sindh extinguished the fire by using the *Varunastra*, got down from the chariot, took the sword and was ready to fight. Viduratha also got down from the chariot and took a sword to fight. Thus both of them took the same weapon and roamed, roared and fought; the swords lost their sharpness. Viduratha threw off his sword and hit his enemy with a *shakti*. Like the wave of an ocean and a thunderbolt it hit the enemy on the chest. It did not harm him as a wife would not harm her husband. Though the king of Sindhu did not die, his mouth emitted blood. Then Leela said to the other Leela with joy, like darkness is

hit by the moon, the king of Sindh was hit : "Devi, see My husband pierced through the heart of the king of Sindh with *Shakti*, like the Lord *Nrisimha* tore into pieces his enemy *Hiranyakasipu* with his nail - swords. Just as water comes out from the trunk of the elephant dipped in water, his heart broke and blood flowed out from his body. He is getting into another chariot, which looks like the *pushkalavarta* cloud occupying the end of the Meru Mountain. See, see by the arrows of *Partha* the town of the *Nivatakavachas*, the golden town was burnt to ashes; thus the chariot was broken to pieces by the hits of *mudgaras*. My husband deceiving the king of Sindh was going in that chariot. Alas, alas the king of Sindh getting into that chariot is hitting my husband. His banner, the chariot, the horses, the driver of the chariot, his shield and his limbs are cut asunder. See my husband is helpless and hopelessly falling. Alas, my husband fell down by the arrow of the king of Sindh hitting on his chest and head, though they are as hard as *vajras*. Viduratha getting consciousness is getting into the chariot. The king of Sindh alas! cut off his shoulders. My husband's body emitting blood appears like the mountain of the *Padmaragas*, variety of gems. Alas, alas, like the axe cutting the tree, his sword cut the knees of my husband. I am dead. I am dead. My fate. His thighs are cut of." Saying so she fell unconscious on the ground like the creeper cut off by the axe. Viduratha fell down like a tree cut off to the root. The driver of his chariot somehow put the king into it and was driving home. The king of Sindh came and cut off his head. The driver somehow drove the chariot home and entered it just as the rays of the Sun enter the lotus. As the king of Sindh could not enter the house protected by the goddess Devi, he went back to his place. Blood flowed from his body and drenched his dress. The

driver of the chariot placed the body of Viduratha on the death-bed opposite Devi.

51. The description of the Country Sindh

The king of Sindh began to ball out "Viduratha is dead, Viduratha is dead". The town became fear-stricken. Men began to run away bag and baggage in carts. Women in distress began to cry. The citizens hurriedly running way filled all the paths. The running young and fair women were raped and stolen. People began to loot each other's property. The soldiers on the side of the king of Sindh danced with cries of victory. Elephants and horses with their riders dead cried aloud. The sound of breaking of houses were heard. The thieves robbed the treasuries. Unable to attack them the guards ran away in self-protection. The harem was robbed and devastated. It became full with loafers and low cast people. The hungry beggars stole food-stuffs from the harem and began to eat. Even the children of the royal family were not spared. They were beaten and robbed of their jewelry. Young men of the thieves dragged the young women catching their hairs as they refused to yield to them. The gems while in the process of stealing fell pell mell here and there. Some were driving the elephants and horses to one place, where the chariots were kept. The ministers of the king of Sindh began their preparations to crown him the king in the place of Viduratha. The arts and crafts experts were entrusted with the renovation of the capital. Sitting in the windows some were witnessing the renovation of the capital. The king of Sindh wanted his son to be crowned. Great sounds of victory were heard. The people began to obey the orders of the new king. The relatives of Viduratha hiding in the remotest villages also were not spared. They and the villages were robbed,

The highway robbers stopped people on the high road to rob them of their monies. It appeared as though grieving for the death of Viduratha the day's Sunshine became dull. The cries of the relatives of the dead, the overjoyful hubbub of the victorious and the sounds of the horses, elephants and chariots joined together and became crystallised as it were. "Victory to the king of Sindh" cried people with sounds of trumpets. Just as at the end of the *Yuga* another *Manu* comes, crowning his son here the king of Sindh went back to his place. As the gems enter the ocean, all the gifts and presents of the people, like elephants, horses etc came in abundance to the king of Sindh. The ministers were busy with the installations of towers, inscriptions and arches depicting the glorious victory of the king of Sindh. In every town and village strict martial law was imposed to suppress any rebellion at any place. If the gust of wind disappears the leaves and straw come out of the whirlwinds. So with the imposition of strict laws, the country became calm. The quarters became calm like the ocean becoming calm with the taking away of the rod of churning. Then good winds like with the sprinkles of particles of snow, moved the wasps of the lotus-like faces of the women of Sindh and driving away all inauspicious signs from them.

52. The body after death

Then Leela said to Devi "Devi, my husband is breathing hardly and is unconscious. He is likely to die soon." To this Jnapti Devi replied "Leela, the fierce and wonderful war, the catastrophe of the country are not real. The world is dream-like, there is nothing which is true in it. The kingdom of your husband is in the household of Padma and the household of Padma is in the sky of the house of Vasishtha. At the place

where the Vasishtha Brahmin's dead body lies, lies the imaginary world of Padma and again there lies the world of Viduratha. Yourself, myself, this Leela, Viduratha, the earth surrounded by the oceans all these are in the sky of *Girigrama*. The soul on its own accord shines in vain; some times it does not shine anywhere. This soul is the Soul (Atma) having neither birth nor death. This soul appeared in the house in the interior of *mandapa*. The sky that is in between the two *mandapas* is the cause for the actions stated above, but still it is a vacuum. Really there is no world; it is only an illusion. If there is none with illusion, there can not be the illusion of illusion. Hence there is no reality in illusion. The only one that remains is the Soul or the Self. *Drisya* is the source of the result of the business of *Drashta*. The *Drashta* can not in himself create the action and the contradictory cause of the subject and the object. Hence, the idea of *drashta* and *drisya* is false in itself, naturally. Therefore, the *paramapada*, the Supreme Self is birthless, deathless, self-effulgent, Peace, the first and devoid of disease. The Self of the living beings of the *mandapagriha* appeared as per their nature only. They lived as per their whims and fancies. The wise, realised souls will never experience the world or creation in it. Therefore, the world is no other than the *Parabrahma*, which is birthless, deathless and the form of the sky. The *drisya*s like the Meru mountain etc. came out of ignorance. The great town of the dream has no walls in reality; in the same way, all the *drisya*s are vacuumes, false. In the sky that pervades between the neck and the heart, the Atma in the form of *chaitanya* sees the world full with mountains, rivers etc. Thus, even in the smallest place as small as the atom, the world with innumerable forms lies dormant like the many leaves of the plantain tree. Like the towns in a dream, the worlds are dormant in the atom of *chit*.

The world is full with atoms of *chit* and the atoms of *chit* with many worlds. In one of such worlds, there lies the dead body of Padma. Your co-wife Leela went there. When she fell unconscious before you, the *jiva* of Padma went near the dead body". Then Leela asked "How did she possess the body? How could I become her co-wife? How are the people in the house of Padma looking at her? And what do they say of her?" Devi replied "Leela, you will now realise the story of Leela's dream-state and ills after death. Your husband Padma in the form of Vidurathā in the house where the dead body lies sees the illusion of the world. The war, the people, the deaths etc are illusory like the wars in dreams. Due to illusion Leela appeared as his wife. You and she are both false like a dream. As all this is a dream to your husband, all this including myself is a dream to you. The world thus appears to be so, hence it is called *drisya*. If you realise this, the entire *drisya* ceases. The eternal truth is only the SELF, ATMA. It alone is complete truth. Yourself, myself, this king are nothing but the Self. Like us, Leela with her beautiful smile, delicacy, fair face, youthful charm, noble nature, sweet looks, very pleasant tone, swan-like movement, exceptionally fair countenance, dark eyes, bulky breasts, golden colour, red lips, queenship appears. She appears due to the mental attitude of Padma. As soon as your husband died, his mind took the form of Leela and Leela appeared to exist. As per his desire, he is able to see another Leela resembling you, outside. When the mind takes the idea of reality that which is not real, it imagines the real as false, illusory. When the mind thinks that the physical is false, it automatically takes the spiritual or *aativahika* as real. Your husband after his unconscious death fell in the illusion of re-birth got Leela who is the form of *vasanta*. Hence you are that

Leela. As the Self is all-pervading, you also saw another body like you as per your *vasana*. So she saw you. The all-pervading Self or the Brahman is seen as in a dream in that form in which such *vasanas* exist. The Self or Brahman is all-mighty and all-pervading. It appears as per strong *vasanas* and shines bright and exists. This couple after the death-unconsciousness thought like this by the power of their will: "These are my parents, this is our country, this is our money, this is our previous action, thus we are united in wedlock and these are our acquaintances." Leela, the example for this is dream. This Leela worshipped me and prayed not to become a widow. I granted her boon. So she died before the death of her husband. I am the goddess capable of making your strong desire real. That is my nature. I am hence worshipped. Later the *jiva* of Leela joined the *prana* and went out of the body. After the death-unconsciousness, as per her desire, she experienced *chittakasa*, the sky of the mind. Next, she like the fully blossomed lotus by the rays of the Sun, became fully bright went to the household of Padma as per her past remembrance and met him there.

53. Illusions of the Worlds

Then Leela getting the boon, in order to have her husband king Padma went in the sky with the body formed of her *vasanas*. With the joy of meeting her husband, with a strong desire for him flew in the sky like a bird. She saw there self-daughter sent by *Jnaptidevi*. She was like Leela's mind-mirror-born lady. She said "I am your dear daughter, friend of *Jnaptidevi*, Oh the fair one welcome to you. I am awaiting you in this sky-path." Leela said "Devi, the lotus-eyed, Please take me to my husband. The meeting (presence) of the great will never go in vain." "By all means". Saying

Kumari lead the way and Leela went behind. Just as auspicious lines enter the palm of the lucky, Leela following her entered the sky. Both of them, passed over the way of clouds, entered the wind-path, got over the way of the Sun, went over the place of the stars passing over the paths of the wind, Indra, the gods and the Siddhas with ease, passed over the worlds of the Trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara and reached the end of the earth. Leela, her desire being fulfilled came out of Brahmanda; just as the coolness of the ice comes out even though the pot containing it has no holes. Leela having body only in mind, experienced all the illusions in her mind. Thus, she crossed over the worlds of Brahma, got over the outer cover of the world-group, passed the passages of water and reached the *chidakasa*, the end of which can never be seen even by *Garuda* flying with high speed crores and crores of *kalpas*. In the pleasure-garden there will be innumerable fruits and flowers; in the same way, innumerable worlds were there without one seeing the other. In one of the worlds they entered just as the insect enters the apple fruit, making a small hole. Again going over the worlds of Brahma entered the kingdom of Padma situated under the sky. They entered the town of Padma, his house and the place where the dead body was lying. All of a sudden she could not see the Kumari, who disappeared like the illusion disappears when it is known as illusion. Leela saw the face of the dead husband and by her own power realised that he was her husband, killed by the king of Sindh, attained the world of heroes and was happily lying there; that she could go over there with the mercy of Devi and that there was none more fortunate than she and thinking so taking a fan in her hand began to fan her husband just as the sky taking the moon as fan and fanning the earth.

The first Leela asked Devi, "the maids of Padma and his attendants were there. What did they think of Leela? How did they behave towards her?" Devi replied "Leela, the king, Leela, the maids and attendants felt as familiar with each other as *Paramatma* is pervading, as they have our goodwill, the reflection of the *chit*, and the instigation of *Niyati*. Myself, myself and that Leela only know this; others do not know." Then Leela enquired why that Leela could not go over there with her physical body. Devi replied Leela, just as the shadow can not go into the sunshine, unrealised souls who go to the worlds of Siddhas can not go with their physical bodies. The creator attained that truth can not be mixed with untruth, in the beginning of creation. The boy has the false illusion of *hetala* but those who have no illusion can not see the *hetala*. As long as there is in the Self the heat of the fire of indiscrimination there can not be the coolness of the moonshine of discrimination. 'I have a physical body of the five elements. I can not fly in the sky' men such thinking can not fly to the sky. Therefore, men going to the other worlds by knowledge, discrimination, good, boon and the power of non-sinful bodies. Just as the dry leaves will be destroyed the moment the spark of fire falls on it, the moment the *aativahika* body is attained, the physical bodies are burnt to ashes. Boon and curse also occur by the *vasanas* of old; they cause remembrance of old *karmas*. Though the rope is mistaken by the ignorant as serpent, it does not behave as serpent. That which has no original form can not do any action. 'This is dead' is a false experience emanating from past practice. The self-experienced illusion of the worlds is easily got. All the creations are thus created by the *Hiranyagarbha*. In the hearts of the ignorant alone the illusion of *samsara* arises. The moon

reflected in the waters creates the impression that the moon is really in the waters. In the same way, the *samsara* is created only in the mind, appearing falsely that it is real.

54. Some reflections on death

The knowers of the Self and the followers of *Dharma* alone can go to the *aativahika* worlds and not others. The false and illusory physical body can not exist along with the *Sat*, just as the shadow can not be in the Sunshine. Our this Leela is the knower of the Self and the follower of *Dharma*. As such, she could go to the town created by her husband."

The first or *Prabuddha* Leela said "Devi, What you said may be true but my husband is ready to die. How do you account for it? How do good luck and bad luck in the form of happiness and unhappiness exist and disappear in the world? How is nature prevalent? How is the truth of things established? The heat of fire etc., the eternity of things like the earth etc., the coolness of snow etc., the existence of the things like time and the sky are experienced. How? How do the acceptance of the things like silver which are true and the rejection of the illusion of silver of *sukti*, cowshell, the subtlety of the senses and the *drisyas* exist? How do the uneven forms of grass, shrubs, creepers, human beings etc. formed in the world?"

Devi replied "At the time of the great Dissolution, all things will perish. Then the Self alone remains in the form of endless sky and extremely peaceful atmosphere of *Sat*. Just as you experience roaming in the sky in your dream, the Self experiences in itself the effulgent minute beings. The Self which takes the form of the minute things becomes physical by the power of its creative capacity in the form of water etc. which

spreads and encroaches by nature appears as the seen world. Though it is really false, it appears to be real. Then that Self being in the Great World, thinks itself as *Hiranyagarbha* and expands the kingdom of the mind. This expanded kingdom of the mind is called the world. As in the beginning of creation, the principles of thought and action remain even now with no alterations whatsoever. The activity of the Self appears as per the ideas of the mind. Hence, there is no action in the world which is not destined. The world which is from times immemorial in the Self as illusion can never be, even in Dissolution, a vacuum. The gold does not exist in other form than in the form of ornaments. How the things were in the beginning of creation are so even now; they are as they were born. Hence it is wrong to say that the Self loses its original power. As long as the activity remains, this *nityati* destined principle will never go. The fire, its heat, the ice, its coolness can never leave behind their nature. They have been so since creation up to now. The earth etc the forms of the sky are now as they were at the time of creation. There is no change. This is on account of *Niyati* the destined principle. Birth and death also take place thus. All the *jivas* follow this principle without fail. All this is said about the illusory seen world. In reality there is no world much less its birth. What we experience is the play of *Chidatma*. Every thing experienced is as false as the copulation with a lady in a dream. The above said birth, death etc. the experiences of the principle of *Niyati*'s nature are all false but appear to be real due to the influence of *satta* and *samskara*. *Niyati* is that which is *chaitanya* expanded and which remains unaltered or changed up to this day. This *chidakasa* at the beginning of creation thought of becoming the sky; it became the sky; so it thought of becoming Time and

Water. So it became Time and Water. Just as the sleeping man in his dream sees these very things in himself, the *chit* thinks and becomes the sky etc. in itself. The *chamatkara*, power of *chit* is such. It creates non-existing things and dissolves them in self. The sky, the water, the earth, the fire and the wind are all false; the power of *chit* creates them in itself and enjoys as in a dream, imagination or meditation. How the *jivi* experiences the fruits of action after his death, I will tell you. Hear carefully so that your doubts are cleared and you attain the unattainable.

At the beginning of creation, it was ordained that the longevity in the *Kritayuga* to be four hundred years, in *Treta* three hundred years, in *Dwapara* two hundred years and in *Kali* hundred years. The ordained longevity may be enhanced or reduced. As per *desa*, *kala*, *dravya*, *kriya* i.e. as per the sanctity of the place, time, action and the material the effect of previous actions changes for the better. The impropriety of place, time, action and the material changes for the worse. So also the longevity as per the sanctity or otherwise of the above things is enhanced or reduced. As per the holy actions and righteousness and other virtues, longevity increases; unholy and unjust actions decrease longevity. If virtues and vices are equal, the longevity remains as ordained. The results of very bad deeds are the child-deaths; the results of doing the very forbidden actions of the scriptures are deaths untimely and unholy in boyhood and young age, accidental and horrible. By sincerely performing good deeds as prescribed by the scriptures and leading a holy life, one will attain full longevity. For the sinners, as longevity is reduced, at the time of death, there will be unbearable and horrible pain called the torture of Death.

Hearing this Leela asked "Devi, Please tell me some thing about death. How will it be happy or unhappy physically? After death what happens? Are the pangs of death common to the saints as well as the sinners?" Devi replied "Leela, there are three kinds of men; the fools, the practisers of *dhaarana*, concentration of mind on God and the *yuktiman*, the wise men. The second and the third kinds of men when they die feel happy; they will not be sorrowful at the time of death or after death. The fools at the time of death will be full of sorrow, their minds greatly perturbed by their previous vasanas which make them think always of their past misdeeds and they become weak like faded lotuses. Men and women who are devoid of the knowledge of the scriptural virtues and the unwise men of bad company suffer hell at the time of death, like men who are thrown in fire, with troubled throats, reduced sight, becoming pale, desperate and diffident as death approaches them. They feel that the quarters are full of darkness, the sky full of dark clouds and stars even day-time. With unbearable agony, they see the sky as earth and the earth as sky. Their eyes have the sensation of turning round and round. They feel that the quarters turn round like wheels, that they float on the waters of the ocean and that they are immersed in sound sleep. They also feel that they are fallen in a dark well or covered by hard stones. Words do not come out though they want to say some thing. They feel that their heart is broken to pieces. They feel that they are straw thrown by the whirlwind, fallen while trying to get into the running chariot and like a snow ball melting away. They try in vain to reveal their sorrow to their near and dear. They feel as though they were thrown out from the mechanism of throwing stones, from the windmill and from illusory machine.

They feel that their tongue is dragged out by someone by force. They imagine that they were straw thrown out by the whirlwind, they suffer as if thrown in the machine of sharp-edged swords and pieces of grass drifting in heavy rain and reaching the ocean fearful. They will be sorrow-stricken as if they fell from the endless sky, in the middle of the vast ocean deep and dreadful and in the middle of a terrific whirlwind. They see the ocean above and the earth as the sky. They feel that they go up and down always without break. They are afraid of their own exhaling. Their organs give them great pain and sorrow. As when the Sun sets and the quarters become dark, their own limbs become extremely weak, useless and painful. They forget every thing; they are devoid of sense of touch. They lose their sight as well and their minds do not work but fall in the ditch of confusion, illusion and dread. They lie thus in unconsciousness. The illusions, attachments and *vasanas* keep them so like a stone till death. This has been happening since the beginning of creation."

Leela asked "Devi, the body is of eight limbs: the head, the two hands, two feet, the genitive organ, the navel and the heart. How is it that the body is suffering from pain; attachment, unconsciousness, illusion, disease and dullness?"

Devi replied "Leela, Iswara, who has mainly the power of action desires that the jiva who is not different from him should experience the fruits of his actions in boyhood, youth and old age. Then the jiva experiences sorrows born out of his own desires like the trees and creepers of imagination. The sinews in the body of the jiva due to disease do not draw out the juice of food and drink, with expansion and contraction, the *samana* wind loses its action. When the wind that

enters the sinews stops going out or does not at all enter in, the action of the sinews stops. At once, the senses the eyes etc stop their action; the power or the knowledge of the senses stops. When the action of tissues and sinews stops and when the wind stops its action, it is said that the jiva is dead. "I was born. I die this moment" is the ordained principle of the past desire of *chit* that is responsible for death. "I shall be so here" this power of illusion of desire had been from the beginning of creation. It will never be destroyed. This indestructible power of illusion does not cease. This is not different from birth, death etc. Just as the waters of the river at some places appear dirty with high waves and at some other places clear, the jiva sometimes appears pure by constant practice of yoga, and at other times becomes putrified by thinking that it is a powerless jiva with attraction and repulsion. Just as the long creeper has joints in the middle here and there, this inanimate power has the joints of birth and death in the middle here and there. In reality the *chaitanya jiva* has neither birth nor death. Like the illusion in a dream, he is seeing them both. He has no destruction whatsoever. Masculine, feminine or neuter gender should not be attributed to the *Chaitanya*. *Chaitanya* will never be destroyed; it is the body that is destroyed. If *chaitanya* is dead, all must die at once as all *chaitanya* is one. The jiva is eternal; he is neither born nor dead. The wonder of the *vasanas* appears to be so. The magical wonder of *vasanas* is called death. The jiva thus has no birth or death; he gets confused and confounded falling in the pits of *vasanas*. By good discrimination and great determination one should realise the falseness of the *drisya*; then all the *vasanas* disappear; *drisya* also follows suit. The all-pure *jiva* by the knowledge of the Self realising that the world

is false and that it is nothing but the Self gets rid of dualism and becomes liberated from the fear of *samsara*; he gets salvation. The liberated SELF alone is true; all other things are false.

55. The State of death in Samsara

Leela asked "Devi, kindly tell me again how the *jivas* are born and dead. A clear knowledge of it increases wisdom." Devi said "Leela, when the tissues and sinews in the body stop working, the *prana* stops; the *chaitanya* of man appears to stop. Really, *chaitanya* is Pure, Eternal and has no birth or death. It is spread in all animate, inanimate things, the sky, fire, mountains, wind etc. When the wind ceases, the movement of the *nadis* stops; then the inanimate body is called dead. This death is the quality of the body, not of the soul. The body becomes dead, the *prana* joins the great wind, but the *chaitanya* with the *vasanas* lives in the soul. The too minute *chaitanya* mixes with the *vasanas*, the causes for rebirth and is called *jiva*. Though it is not different from the *chaitanya*, It remains due to the power of the *vasanas* in the sky above the dead body. It does not go to another world. This *jiva* is called 'Preta' by the wise. The *chaitanya* is mixed with the *vasanas* of the *jiva* just as the scent is mixed with the wind. The *jiva* stops looking at this body, sees another enters it and experiences happiness and unhappiness as per his *vasanas* in another or this world. There as before, he gets the remembrance of birth and later the unconsciousness of death and feels getting another body. The sky, the earth or the whole world appears in the soul of the dead as the clouds in the sky. Others can not see it; they see only the sky of the home. The 'Pretas' are of six kinds: the ordinary sinner, the medium sinner, the great sinner, the average good man, the

medium good man and the great good man. There are two or three kinds in them again. The great sinner becomes inanimate like a stone and feels the unconsciousness of death for one year. In due course he will become conscious; he lives in the *vasanas*, suffering hell for long and getting hundreds of births and experiences woes. In course of time by the grace of God his dream of the world ceases. Some others after the death-unconsciousness feel in their hearts the ideas of stones, trees etc. Then experiencing hell as per their *vasanas* they are born on earth in different forms from different female organs. The medium sinners after the death-unconsciousness suffer stonelikeness for some time and in due course get consciousness and are born as beasts etc. The average sinners after death get the *aativahika* bodies as per *vasanas* experience birth and death like a dream or imagination. The great good men and men of virtues after death as per their previous remembrance experience the happiness of towns of heaven or of the Vidyadharas. Later experiencing the results of good deeds in the *Ilavrita* and *Kimpurusha* worlds, they are born on earth as rich and good and wise fellows. The medium good people after their death, taken away by the wind of the sky are born as *kinnaras*, *kimpurshas* and *yakshas* in the *chaitraratha* and the *nandanavana* which grow medicinal plants and leaves very useful. After experiencing there the results of their good deeds, they fall and enter the grains of the *vreehi*, *yava* and other kinds, enter the heart and the semen of the fit persons, enter the wombs of the ladies through their genitive organs, live there for nine or ten months and are born. However great the individual is; he will inevitably undergo this process, which may just differ slightly here and there. After getting consciousness after death-unconsciousness, the *jivi* thinks "I am dead". After the

offerings of *pindas*, boiled rice twisted with one hand, he thinks "I got the body". Going to Yama he thinks "I am being taken to Yama by his servants binding me with the ropes." The good among them experience having got into aeroplanes and enjoying pleasure-gardens as per their past deeds. The sinners think "As per our misdeeds, we are experiencing going through snow-fields, thorny paths, pit-paths and the forests of sword-ends. The medium good-doer experiences "I am brought to Yama through the path of coolness covered by green grass, happy and beautiful. Yama is going through my past actions to cast me in the good or bad worlds which I deserve." Thus those who die, later experience different kinds of enjoyment or suffering, but all think of the world as real. Had they been the knowers of Self, they would have realised that Atma alone shines, that it is formless, sky-like, the only One and that the actions of time, place etc. and the *drisyas* with short and long, stout and lean etc. are all false. The ignorant people feel that they go to Yama and think "Yama makes us experience the fruits of our past actions. We are quickly going to heaven. To the hell we go. I have come to the world of men. I have become grain." This grain of rice is eaten by man and becomes his semen, which going into the stomach of the lady through her female organ injected by the male organ. It becomes a child male or female and is born lucky or unlucky as per the past actions. It experiences moon-like youth and is destroyed by old age, like the lotus ruined by the thunderbolt. Again death after disease, the death-unconsciousness and having another body by the offering of boiled rice-lumps by the relatives-happen as if in a dream. The world of Yama, the illusion, the process of going through innumerable female organs etc. will be a routine. The sky-like Atma experiences

the illusion of *jiva* in the sky itself and till the attainment of immortality, the same process continues."

Leela asked "Devi, in the beginning of the creation, how is this illusion born?" Devi replied "Leela. The mountains, trees, the earth, the sky etc. are all, you see, the forms of Pure Consciousness, which appears to be born with infinite forms by the power of illusion. Iswara, full of consciousness is spread everywhere. In whatever form he likes to appear, he appears so and is called so there. Like the man in a dream, he appears like the progenitor and then becomes the seven worlds himself. That thought of enhancing creation remains even to this day. The wind goes in through the holes of hairs and moves the limbs. Such a body is called *Jivati*, living. It is also called *Jangama*, moving. Though with life the trees etc. will not go anywhere. They are called the *Sthavaras*. Iswara divides the *jivas* thus. As per different bodies, they are divided into *chit*, *jada* etc. The *chidakasa* which enters the cave of *Buddhi* and illumines the towns of the bodies of men and women and the things outside by occupying the senses like the eyes etc. The senses like eyes etc. are not capable of shining themselves. So the cause of all causes, the desire of *chit* is the cause for all this. The desire of *chit* to be vacuum has become the sky; the desire to be earth has become earth and the desire to become water has become water. In the same way, the desire of *chit* to become *Jangama* and *sthavara* has become *Jangama* and *Sthavara*. Thus, the *chit* took the forms of trees, stones etc. The *chit* in whatever form it wanted to be that form it took. And the same form appears to this day. As a matter of fact, there is no *jada* or *chetana*. Both are one and the same Self. Hence *jada* has no meaning. The mountains and the trees etc are filled with the only juice of *chit*. To call them *jadas* is nothing but ignorance.

The minds in different things make them believe that they are the trees, the stones and they appear to be so and are called so. On account of the differences of minds in the creatures, worms and insects, they have such names. The animate as well as the inanimate are unable to realise their true forms as the people of the northern side of the ocean can not understand the people of the southern side. All the animate and inanimate beings immerse themselves in their ignorance and can not realise their true nature. In the *Parabrahma*, the wind etc have no individual power though they appear to have. The frog in the stone can not see the frog outside. In the same way, the outside frog can not understand the frog in the stone. Thus all things are unable to understand each other. At the time of the great Dissolution, all minds join in *maya*, illusion. That component mind is the smallest form of this world. At the time of re-creation, the component mind, as imagined by the *chaitanya* in the *chidakasa*, it becomes the wind etc. The forms of wind etc. are now the same as when they were at the time of creation. The sky also is so. The wind moves only the dry grass-piece etc but can not move heavy things. Thus, the mind is spread everywhere and can go anywhere but, it is divided into animate and inanimate, *sthavara* and *jangama* as per the movement and non-movement. In the *chaitanya* of *buddhi*, the objects of the world purely illusory came out at the time of the creation; they remain so to-day and forever. They shine so. Thus though false the things of the world, their birth and spread are treated as real by the unwise. Now Viduratha is dead; he is going to enter the lotus of the heart of Padma, who is covered by flowers." Leela said "Devi, Come along, let us see how he goes to the place where the dead body is." Devi said "Leela, this *jiva* who is the real form of

chit thinking "I am going to another world which is far far away," follows the path as per his past *vasanas* remaining in his heart. We shall go this way. Your desire will be fulfilled. If the desire is not fulfilled, friendship will not continue." Hearing these words, the woe of Leela vanished; she became enlightened. Viduratha became unconscious.

56. The institution of Preta

Viduratha's eyeballs began to turn. His lips were dried up. Only life remained. The colour of his body was like the colour of the dried up leaf, pale and weak. Like the wasps sounding, sounding his main breath was coming out of his nostrils. His mind was absorbed in the death-unconsciousness. The work of his limbs stopped. As the limbs stopped moving, he appeared as a picture, a stone doll. why more, his main breath left him like the bird leaves the tree. The nose which the capacity to grasp good smell grasps the good smell dormant and minute in the wind. Thus, Devi and Leela by divine sight went to the sky and saw the *jiva* of Viduratha mixed with the wind in the sky, as per the *vasanas* went far in the sky. Like the wasps following the fragrance in the wind, the two ladies followed *jivachaitanya*. In a moment, he woke up from the death-unconsciousness and experienced in the sky thus like fragrance in the wind "The body is formed by the offerings of my relatives after my death previously. The servants of Yama took the body to Yama's world which is dense with population and which is the place where the good and the bad of one will be considered. Yama saw and said to his servants" This fellow has no sins, he always did good deeds. He had the boon of Goddess Saraswati, His previous body was covered with flowers. Leave him so that he will enter that body. "At once like a stone

cast by the machine, the *jivachaitanya* fell in the sky. while it was going, Leela and Saraswati followed it which could not see them. After the *jiva* they passed over the sky, the other worlds, entered another big world and entered the earth, the kingdom of Padma, his house and finally the harem like the particle of wind entering the lotus like the sunshine falling on the lotus and the fragrance joining the wind."

Sri Rama asked "Sir how did the *jivachaitanya* find out the way and enter the place where the dead body lay?" Vasishtha replied "Rama, in the *jivachaitanya* of Viduratha by the power of the *vasanas* there was the egoism that king Padma was himself. Hence he was The seed of the *vata* tree has in itself the great *vata* tree dormant in miniature and it will see the full-fledged vast tree at the proper time. In the same way, the *jivachaitanya* also which has the *vasanas* in itself sees them fructified at the appropriate time. The unspoiled seed sees in itself in miniature, the plant and the vast tree that would be. The *jiva*, whose real form is *chit* sees the three worlds, which are in him in the form of *samskaras* by the power of his imagination. Man by the powers of his imagination is able to understand the place where monies are hidden. In the same way, the *jiva* even after many births and deaths, falling in illusions and delusions is able to see his desires fulfilled. It is illusion in fact but to him it is real."

Rama asked Vasishtha "Sir, to the *jiva* whose body is formed by the offerings of the lumps of boiled rice etc. by the relatives of the dead, will there be such *vasanas*? Then how did he get his body?" Sage Vasishtha replied "Rama, even if lumps of boiled rice are not actually offered or offered, if the dead man thinks that they were offered, he gets the benefit of the

offerings. *Jiva* and *chitta* are in the same form say the wise. This is true with the living as well as the dead. If the dead man thinks that offerings were made to him, he will have the result; if he thinks that offerings were not made to him even though really offered he will not get the benefit. So for every thing thinking is important which also has its rise from things which are the causes. By the power of imagination poison becomes nectar, thus false things become true by imagination. Without reason, none will have any imagination. The Brahman alone is the eternally true thing and ever lustrous; it has no cause. Nothing happens without cause in the world. The Pure Consciousness in the form of *vasanas* takes the idea of cause and action and shines as the world."

Rama asked "Sir, 'I do not believe in the offerings of my relatives after my death. I wish that there should be no effect upon me even if they offer thousands' believes a dead man. His relatives perform his obsequies in thousand ways wishing him all happiness. Will they be fruitful and will they have any effect on him? What the relatives do is sincere, true and good. His thinking is false. Then what will be more powerful, his thinking or the actions of his relatives?"

Vasishtha said "Rama, the things offered and the deeds done by the relatives as per the injunctions of the *Sastras* is more powerful than the thinking of the dead man. The *vasanas* of the *preta* are not righteous. So, they will be defeated by the more powerful good deeds of the relatives. Therefore, with great effort, the relatives must perform more good deeds intended for the benefit of the dead." Rama asked "if the *vasanas* are born as per the place, time etc., how did the creation

come? In the beginning of creation are there no time and place? Wherefrom did the *vasana* come for the first creation? If you say that all the *drisyas* are the result of *vasanas*, the same question arises. Wherefrom did the *vasanas* come even without the co-causes of time and place etc.?" Vasishtha said "Rama, what you said is true. At the beginning of creation there were no time and place. As there is no reason, there is no creation for the objects seen. When there is no creation how can there be destruction? Therefore all this is the Self in the form of *chit*; there is nothing else. I shall prove it beyond doubt. Hear attentively."

Devi and Leela entered the house of king Padma very beautiful covered with flowers and fascinating as if it is the spring season, cool and calm and saw thus: Almost all the citizens were there leaving aside their royal duties; the dead body was there covered with the *mandara* flowers, the jasmines and others. On all the four sides of the dead body, there were the *Purnaa-kumbhas* etc. auspicious things. The doors of the rooms and of the windows were carefully locked, or bolted. As the light was becoming dim even white walls appeared to be black. All the sleeping people were producing sound by their inhaling and exhaling. The building was so beautiful that it is defeating even the *vaijayanta* of Indra and the place on which the moonshine fell from outside appeared like the navel-lotus of the lord and shone bright. The moon-white palace was calm and serene.

57. Reflections on the meaning of dream-things

Devi and Leela saw Leela who died before her husband Viduratha sitting by the side of the dead body of the king. Her form was the same; her dress was the same; so was her behaviour, the movement of her limbs

the ornaments were the same. She was fanning the king's body. The place shone bright by her presence there like the sky becoming bright by the moon. She put her head in her left hand and was quite silent. The lustre of her ornaments was like the colour of the fully blossomed lotus. Her looks cast around were like the rains of the flowers like the *malati*, *utpala* etc. She was like Goddess Lakshmi or the *Vasanta Lakshmi*, the Goddess of the Spring with fully blossomed flowers. She was looking at the face of the dead body with concentrated attention. As her face faded, she looked like the moon becoming pale due to darkness. Devi and Leela saw her but she could not see them as she was not of *satya samkalpa*, pure, true, divine desire.

Sri Rama asked "Sir, you said that the former lady Leela left her body and by the power of her meditation went to the house of Viduratha. What happened to her body, where did it go?" Vasishtha replied "Rama, If Leela's body is true, you may ask where it is. Like the water in sandy desert, it is only an illusion. The whole world is the Atman; there is no place for the creation of bodies etc. Whatever you see is the Self, the form of bliss. As the knowledge of Leela increased, her body melted away like the ice at the sight of the Sun. She now possesses the *aativahika* body and what all she sees were previously with the names of the earth etc physical. She now possesses none of the previous illusions. Really there is nothing physical. The words and their meanings were not true; they are as false as the horn of the hare. One who thinks that he was a deer in a dream will never search for the deer after he wakes up. Just as the illusion that the rope is the serpent is got rid off by knowing the truth, as soon as the illusion vanishes, the real knowledge alone remains. The physical world

is created by unawakened mind. It is false but by ignorance the false thing is thought to be real. Just as people ignorantly think that the earth is turning round and round, it is only the ignorant who think that the dream-like creation is true."

Sri Rama asked "Sir, you said that after the realization of the Self, the body of the Yogi becomes *aativahika* leaving aside the idea of the physical body, that it can not be seen by others and that it is indestructible. If so, how can people find it? Will it remain at the time of salvation also?" Vasishtha replied thus "Rama, in a dream without leaving aside the previous body, one will have another body; in the same way, the Yogis also will have the creation of another body while they were in this body itself. Just as the drop of snow in the sunshine, the piece of cloud in the *sarat* season are only momentary, though seen may be counted as unseen the body of the Yogi also is, though seen may be treated as unseen. Some Yogis wish that their bodies should disappear and due to the power of their will, the bodies disappear like birds flying in the sky. The bodies will not be seen by the Yogis themselves much less others. One says "The Yogi is alive" another says "The Yogi is dead." It is due to the illusion of their *vasanas*. As soon as one realises that the rope is a rope and never a serpent the illusion of the serpent will disappear, after realisation the illusion of the previous body disappears at once. Then, after all what is body? What is its existence? What is its destruction? All these are senseless. The real exists; the false ceases. This knowledge then prevails".

Sri Rama asked "Sir, will be the physical body of the Yogis change into the *aativahika* body or will it come differently?" Vasishtha said "Rama, I told you many times that the only existing is *aativahika* and never

the physical body. The illusion of the physical body exists due to ignorance. If the ignorance is off, one will think of the *aativahika* only and never the physical. Just as one after waking up from sleep will not feel the worries and hardness of dream, as soon as one realises that his body is only *aativahika* never the physical, the consequent worries and hardness cease. As soon as one realises that it is only a dream, the illusion that it is real vanishes. Thus as soon as the *aativahika* sense is realised, the physical idea disappears. The bodies of the Yogis who realise that their bodies are only *aativahika* become light like a piece of cotton. At the time of dream if one realises that he is experiencing a dream, his body becomes light and never heavy. Thus as soon as a realisation is experienced, one can fly in the air. Even the layman when his body is dead or cremated he gets a subtle body. Then will not the Yogis get a subtle light body? Due to their glory of Self-realisation they get such bodies while still alive with the physical body. The knowers of Self in their dream think that they are full of the power of wish, they feel that they possess subtle bodies capable of flying in the air, the same power will dawn on those who are real knowers of Self. Just as the appearance of serpent in a rope is only an illusion, the experiences of the physical bodies are also illusory. If this is fully realised and experienced, all the illusions of the physical bodies vanish; then there will be no troubles or sorrows. If it is not realised and experienced there will be all troubles and woes."

Sri Rama asked "Sir, Leela has gone to the harem of king Padma in her *aativahika* body. By her desire people there might have seen her. Then what will they think of her?" Vasishtha replied "Rama, they think that she is their queen full of grief. The other Leela

might have been her friend or attendant. They will not think or have any doubt about the second Leela. Like the ignorant cattle, they have no thinking capacity; they behave ignorant of reality. If you strike a tree with a lump of dried up mud, it will not stick up the tree but will be dust and fall down. In the same way, the cattle-like ignorant people will not enter into the depths and find out the truth. They experience the bodies as they are but not realise the true nature. Just as no body knows where the things seen in the dream have gone, no body knows where the bodies of the *Jnanis* go; they are apparent not real".

Sri Rama asked "Sir, the mountain we see in a dream will not appear after we wake up. Where will it go? Just as the wind drives away the piece of cloud of the *sarat* season, kindly clear off my doubt". Vasishtha said "Rama, the movement of the wind dissolves itself in the wind. Thus the mountain seen in the dream disappears dissolving itself in *chaitanya*. In the wind without movement the wind with movement penetrates. Thus, false dream-things becoming the surroundings of *chaitanya* are entering *chaitanya*. The *chaitanya* of Self is appearing as the things of the dream. When they do not appear so, they remain in the *chaitanya* of Self only. Between water and liquidity, between wind and movement the difference is invisible. So is the difference between the *chaitanya* of the Self and the objects found in the dream. The knowledge of the difference between the dream things and the *chaitanya* of the Self is the greatest ignorance. This is also called *samsara* full of false knowledge. This knowledge is vain as it does not possess even the casual causes. There is absolutely no doubt in that the dream things and the waking stage things belong to the same genre. As the towns etc.

appearing in a dream are false, the existence of the world in the beginning of creation is also false. The things of the dream can not be true; they are false. The *chaitanya* of the self alone is true and eternal. The mountain seen in the dreamy state becomes the sky after one wakes up. Thus, with the dawn of knowledge, the physical body becomes the sky vacuum, nothing. The body of the great man who attained the idea of *aativahika* will never rise to the sky nor will it be a dead body. To see it either as this or that is nothing but ignorance. Like the objects of the dream the objects of the world are false, illusory and unreal by all means. Man falling in the abyss of illusion from eons, times immemorial, before the death-unconsciousness attains the *aativahika* body but experiences innumerable creations of beasts, rivers etc which are all in his own mind not outside; by illusion he thinks that they are outside.

58. King Padma regains life

Just as one controls the freedom of the mind by firm determination, Devi prevented the *Jiva* of Viduratha from entering the dead body. Leela asked Devi to tell her as from how long she was in *samadhi* while the king lay dead. Devi replied that a month passed and two of the servant-maids watch the dead body of the king. "Your body after leaving behind, became dried up and turned itself into tears, lifeless lay on the ground; it became stiff like a log of wood and became icy cold. The ministers then decided that she was dead and took the body away, placed on a funeral pyre and burnt it to ashes with sandalwood sticks and ghee. Then your retinue saying that the queen died performed all funeral rites weeping bitterly. If they see you now they will feel that you came from the other world and feel

wonderful. As you are in your *aativahika* body they can not see you. If you appear before them by the power of *satyasamkalpa* they will be wonderstruck seeing this *aativahika* body. As per your attachment and affection for your previous body, to this body of yours you have fairness and elegance. All as per their *vasanas* see the objects suitable to their *vasanas*. The fit example for this is the boy and the ghost, *betala*. Leela, you attained *aativahika* body now; you attained salvation. You forgot the body with the former *vasanas*. If the idea of *aativahika* becomes strong, the physical body ceases to appear. Though it appears to the ignorant, to the wise it is only the piece of cloud of the *sarat* sky. If the idea of the *aativahika* is strong all the bodies appear as clouds without water and flowers without smell. To those who have good *vasanas* and to whom the *aativahika* idea is very strong, they forget the physical body as one in youth forgets his childhood and boyhood. Thirty-one days have passed. This morning we came to this sky. I made your two servant-maids immersed in sleep. Come along. We shall appear before the other Leela by the power of our desire. Behave aptly."

"Let this Leela see us" wished Devi. They then began to walk briskly, and appeared before Leela. By their brilliance, the place shone bright. The other Leela looked around. The house appeared as befallen from the moon, or is drenched in the melted gold and the walls drenched in cold lustrous flow. She saw them and gladly lay prostrate at their feet. "Oh Devis, you came to do me good. You are the givers of my life. I came here before you. Welcome to you. Please be seated" said Leela. Both Devi and Leela sat on the chairs like creepers on the Meru mountain top. Devi asked the second Leela "Dear daughter, how did you come here before us? Who are you? What did you see in the

way?" She said "Devi I fell unconscious there like the crescent moon at the end of the *kalpa*. I was quite unaware of every thing. Later, I closed my eyes. After the death-unconsciousness I woke up and saw myself flying in the sky. I then got into the chariot of *prana* and came here like the particle of fragrance. I saw this house bright with lights with the owner of the house and none else full with costly cushioned beds. I saw Viduratha, my husband here. Like the god of the Spring Season he occupies the throne of the pleasure-flower-garden, Viduratha is sleeping amidst flowers. As he is dead tired in the war, I did not wake him up. Meanwhile, both of you came here. This is all what I experienced," Leela then said to both Leelas "The fair eyed and the swan-like walkers, my darlings, I will wake up your husband from his death-bed." So saying she allowed the *jiva* of Viduratha enter the dead body. The *jiva* like the creeper of the wind through the nostrils of the dead body entered him, like the wind entering the hole of the bamboo stick. Just as the ocean has innumerable gems in it, innumerable *vasanas* were in the *jiva*. As the *jiva* entered, his face became bright like the lotus becoming bright with the fall of rain at the time of rainlessness. Gradually, all his limbs became bright and invigorated, like the creeper in the spring season. Then the king like the full moon made the world bright by the lustre of his face. Fine, bright, strong and luminous as the colour of gold, his limbs, like the sprouts in the spring became more fresh and fair. Like the world opening the two eyes like the Sun and the Moon with bright pupils and wide fair eyes, the king opened. Rising up he looked like the growing Vindhya mountain bright and with the voice of a roaring cloud asked 'Who is there?'. Then both the Leelas came before him and said "Command My

Lord." The king saw before him two Leelas of the same behaviour, the same shape, the same beauty, the same speech, the same joy and every thing the same, the same humility and asked 'Who are you?' 'Who is she?' Then Leela said "I am your old wife. Life the word in itself will always have the meaning, I used to be always with you. This second Leela also is your wife. I have created my reflection for you. The lady who sat beyond you is Goddess Saraswati, the mother of the three worlds. She appeared before us by our rare and extreme good. She brought us from the other world." Hearing these words, the king got up trembling fell prostrate on the feet of Devi while the garlands and royal robes were hanging, and prayed to her thus : 'Saraswati namastubhyam Devi sarvahitaprade Prayaccha varade medham deerghamayurdhanani cha.' 'The all-merciful Devi, the all-benevolent Goddess, to you my respectful salutations. Pray grant us long longevity, enough riches and high intelligence.' Devi touched with her hand the head of the king saying "Have all your desires fulfilled living in your house. All your troubles and sinful ideas shall disappear from you and at once all pleasures, happiness and auspicious things shall be at your door-steps. Your people shall be happy and the goddess of wealth shall live in your kingdom forever."

59. The Death of King Padma

Having thus blessed the king, Devi then disappeared from their sight. The day dawned. The lotuses as well as the people became fresh and happy. The king embraced Leela, who reciprocated and embraced him again and again. Then the Rajbhavan was filled with happy and joyful people and the blowing of trumpets etc. All very auspicious musical sounds, sounds of

victory and 'hail hail the king' sounds, sounds of joyful people and other friendly kings their congratulatory sounds etc. filled the place. The Siddhas and the Vidya-dharas rained flowers abundantly. All kinds of musical instruments were sounded at their highest pitch. The elephants lifting up their trunks made joyful sounds. The damsels and the dancing girls danced with great joy. People from all quarters came bringing rare presents to the king throwing each other due to overcrowding. Many brought many flowers and garlands. The ministers, the subordinate kings, the aristocrats and the citizens showered the *lajas*, *akshatas* and the flowers. The sky appeared as covered with a silk cloth. The dancing ladies had in their hands lotuses of red colour and so the sky appeared as filled with lotuses. The ear-rings of the dancing ladies shone bright and made all bright on whom they fell. The way was full with the mud caused by trampling by feet of flowers etc. For dancing on raised platforms white cloths like the clouds of the *sarat* season were hung. With innumerable moonlike fair faces of females in thousands and thousands, the royal house was filled. People of other places began to sing in praise of the king and the queen from the other world. King Padma hearing briefly about his death and coming back to life bathed in the water brought from the four seas. Just as the gods poured sacred waters on Devendra, the king of heaven, brahmins, ministers, kings etc poured forth sacred and scented waters on the king, with all auspiciousness. The king and the two queens enjoyed hearing and talking about their past experiences as much as they copulated with love. Thus king Padma by his effort and the grace of the Goddess attained life again wonderful in the three worlds, his kingdom and salvation. With the Self-knowledge attained by the grace of Saraswati he reigned

for eighty thousand years with both Leelas happily. Later with unshakable self-realisation, the three attained *Videhamukti*, salvation after death, performing good deeds for the welfare of the people, winning their appreciation and admiration, completely blameless, winning great name and fame, righteousness and glory while they lived.

60. The Purpose of the Story

"Rama, I told you the story of Leela to eradicate the defects of *drisya*. Now that you have heard the story, never commit the blunder of thinking that the world is true. Eradication of *drisya* is possible only when you will never believe that the *drisya*s are true. There is no other go for it. As long as there is the idea that the *drisya* is true, it is impossible to remove it. The moment that the *drisya* is known as utterly false, there will be no difficulty in eradicating it. The wise realise, that the form of the *drisya*s is the sky (the vacuum, nothing.) The whole world is bright in the *Paramapurusha*, equal to the sky. The self-born, who is devoid of the elements like the earth, and who is only the *chinmatra* bodied, created in himself, lies in himself. Whenever and whatever and however he makes effort he will change then, thus at once. If he tries to create, creation; if he tries to make it grow growth and if he tries to destroy destruction occur. Though the world appears in the pure *chidakasa* which is Self, in reality it has no place even in the Brahman. As this is only the perversion of the mind, it has its existence only in the *jiva*, who is taken as true only in the mind. Thus this is vain illusion, how can it have reality or *vasana*? How can it be permanent? Where is the *niyati* for it? What is its necessity? The whole world appears to be so

due to illusion, in reality it is nothing. The creation is the work of *maya*, illusion, which also is not real."

Rama exclaimed "Revered Sir, you have given me the highest vision, *Paramarthadristi*, which gives peace of mind just as the moon's rays cool down the horrible heat suffered by the grass and leaves etc burnt by the wildfire. Happy am I, who realised the realisable after a long time. It is really wonderful, I possessed the fit understanding with the best examples by your grace. The rightly described story with the comments having all spiritual authority and good pondering over it, finally realising the true philosophy gave me the happiness of enjoying the Supreme Bliss. I have drunk the nectar of your teachings with the cups of my ears. However, I am not fully satisfied. I have a doubt. Kindly clarify it. In the three kinds of creation, what is the nature of the time spent by Padma? Is it a day and a night? Is it a month or year or a moment or a very long time? Kindly enlighten me on the point. Though you might have said it before my mind could not catch it as the drop of water in the dried up lump of mud". Vasishta replied, "Rama, whenever and wherever the manner of thinking of an object makes the object appear so. If you always think that poison is nectar, poison becomes nectar. If you think of even an enemy as your friend, he will surely become your friend. All things become as you think of them and are becoming useful thus. Things take their shape as you think of them and become useful. If one imagines a moment as a *kalpa*, it becomes a *kalpa* indeed. And vice versa also, That is the nature of the mind. For a sorrowful man a night will appear as a *kalpa*, for the happy man, a *kalpa* becomes a moment. In dream also, a moment appears as *kalpa* and *kalpa* a moment. In a dream one believes "I am dead and born again, I became an young man; I travelled

hundred *yojanas* of distance." King Harischandra felt a night as a twelve-year-period. King Lavana experienced one night as one hundred years of life, a moment of Prajapati is the life - time of Manu; Brahma's life is a moment to Lord Vishnu; Vishnu's life is a day to Siva; In *samadhi*, there is no day or night, for him only the Self is real; to a man of renunciation, sweet things are sour. If thought in a sweet manner, the very difficult control of mind showers the enjoyment of the Self when it ceases to be difficult. The thought of friendship makes even the deadliest enemy a friend; friends and relations encouraging enjoyment of the senses are becoming enemies. Rama, the world is full of thought. The lessons of *sastras*, *japa* etc if not practised appear to be very difficult; if well practised they will be very easy. Men in the boat think that the shore is going; those who are on the shore think that the boat is going. Lack of understanding, as in dream, the vacuum also appears to be full. Due to the defects in understanding, the yellow colour may appear as blue or white. The boy even in auspicious situations like his birth-day or a festive day weeps. To the indiscriminate, even the wall appears to be the sky; the false ghost also takes away the life. Thus, even the lady in the dream like the lady in the waking state gives the happiness of union. Whatever is thought as it should be appears to be so permanently. The world is as false as the sky. This world-sky spreads the form of the world, like the dance of the false dancer in the shadow of the cloud, seen by the power of imagination. The world is nothing other than a phase, a change of the mind in the sky, which is the form of the sum total of Self. It is not a different thing. The boy's seeing the ghost, which is not real is also the changed phase of the mind. The wise knowers of the Self know fully well that the world, created by illusion and

which has no power of enlightening and the formless, as a previously never-seen dream of a sleeper. Just as the inanimate pillar shows in itself the picture, a *salabhanjika*, the Self, which is the root of all and every thing and full of *chit* and the only eternal truth also shows the creation or the world in itself. In a dream, the hero who is wise generally believes that the enemy-hero is troubling him due to his ignorance of reality, the creation or the world also is in the Self just as the power is dormant in the earth to make the spring glorious by making the trees and the creepers sprout and flower and brighten the grass, the shrubs and the vegetarian world. Just as liquidity is dormant in water and ornament in gold, the world is dormant in the smallest *chaitanya* of the Self. Just as the limbs are not different from the body, the world is not different from the Self. But the Self is limbless. If one dreams that he was fighting with his enemy, he feels then that it is cent per cent true, but to the other people it is false. Thus what is true to the view of illusion is false to the view of enlightenment. At the time of creation or at the time of Dissolution, the world is dormant in the Self as animate as well as inanimate. In one *Hiranyagarbha*, though the power of another *Hiranyagarbha*, is created, the world appears as created by the remembrance and recollection, it takes the power as per the *samskara*, as it has no power of its own."

Sri Rama asked, "Sir, why was it that the genealogy of Viduratha appeared in the same way to the ministers as well as the citizens?" Vasishtha replied "Rama, the ordinary piece of wind follows the wide big wind, thus, all knowledge follows the main mind. Therefore, for all, the genealogy appeared as the same. "This is our king, born in such a caste" this idea is in

all the citizens. We need not search for the reason for it; this is its nature. Though the gem has no idea of spreading its lustre, it sheds its lustre. The touchstone or *Chintamani* fulfills the desires; thus the idea, 'I will be born in this family thus' the idea, the power of this *vasana* Viduratha's *jivachaitanya* was born so. At the time of creation, all those that are dormant in the form of *jivachaitanya* will be mutually reflective, as the *chit* is all pervading. The *jivas* who shine as the form of Self and who are far away from the contamination of senses remain so till the end and then dissolve themselves in the Self. As we think, the *chit* appears in that form, therefore the *jivas* naturally reflect in it. Thus it is quite evident that the *chit* shines as the world, it does not lose its truthfulness. As the ocean receives all the rivers and streams and remains unaffected by them, the Self or the Brahman remains unaffected by the illusion of the world. Those who try for realisation of the Self with constant effort will be able to succeed. Others only try for it not so seriously as the most sincere. From the minute part of the atom this illusory world appears and disappears. There is no gain for the *jiva* from it whatsoever however much he tries. There is no meaning in getting or not getting a false thing. Only the *chidakasa* shines having no gap and being all Peace. This constant dream appearing due to indiscretion remains till one is able to become the Self. The cause of this dream, the Self is true; the dream is experienced previously, but it is *mythya*, false. The tree is only one though it is full with leaves, flowers, nuts and fruits. In the same way, though appearing in different forms, in different places with all power, the Self or the Brahman is one and the same. It is all-spreading there is no dualism or many-ism in it. We can never forget the Self when once it is realised, inclusive of

illusion and the *pramana*, *prameya* and *pramatru*. The Self or the Brahman has no rise or fall, no birth or death it is the darkness as well as light, it is the form of the quarter, the time etc but at the same time it has no beginning, middle and the end; it has no second; it is all Pure, all-calm and delicate waves-full ocean-like. From the mind which is the cause of thinking of dualism and non-thinking of the only One, the Brahman, the world in which there are the ideas of 'he' 'you' 'me' etc seems to appear. This is nothing other than the lustre of the Brahman which is all-Pure and which is the real form of all knowledge. Though the sky is a vacuum, in it appears by illusion the necklace of pearls, in the same way, in the Brahman the world appears".

